Nov. 3, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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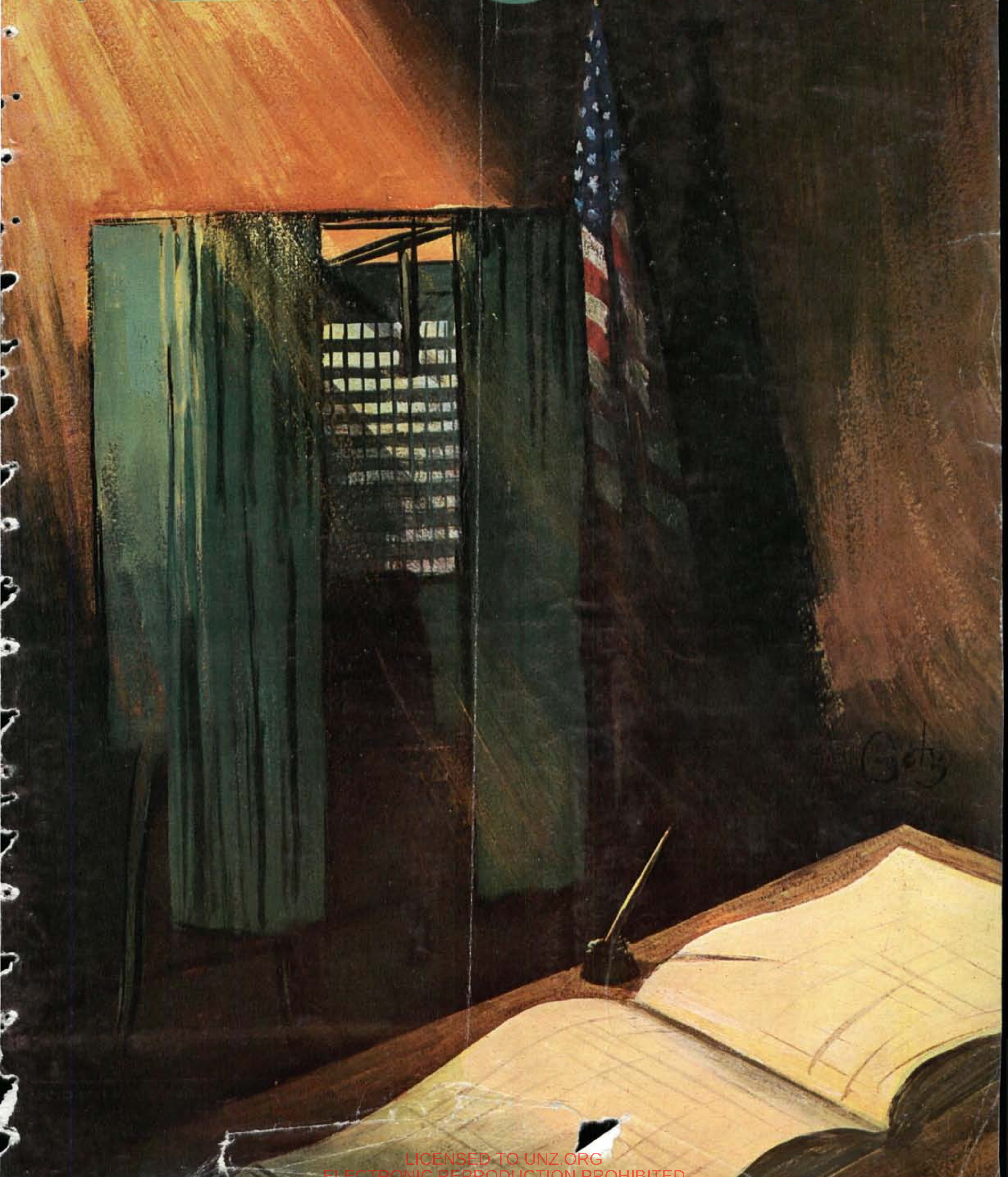

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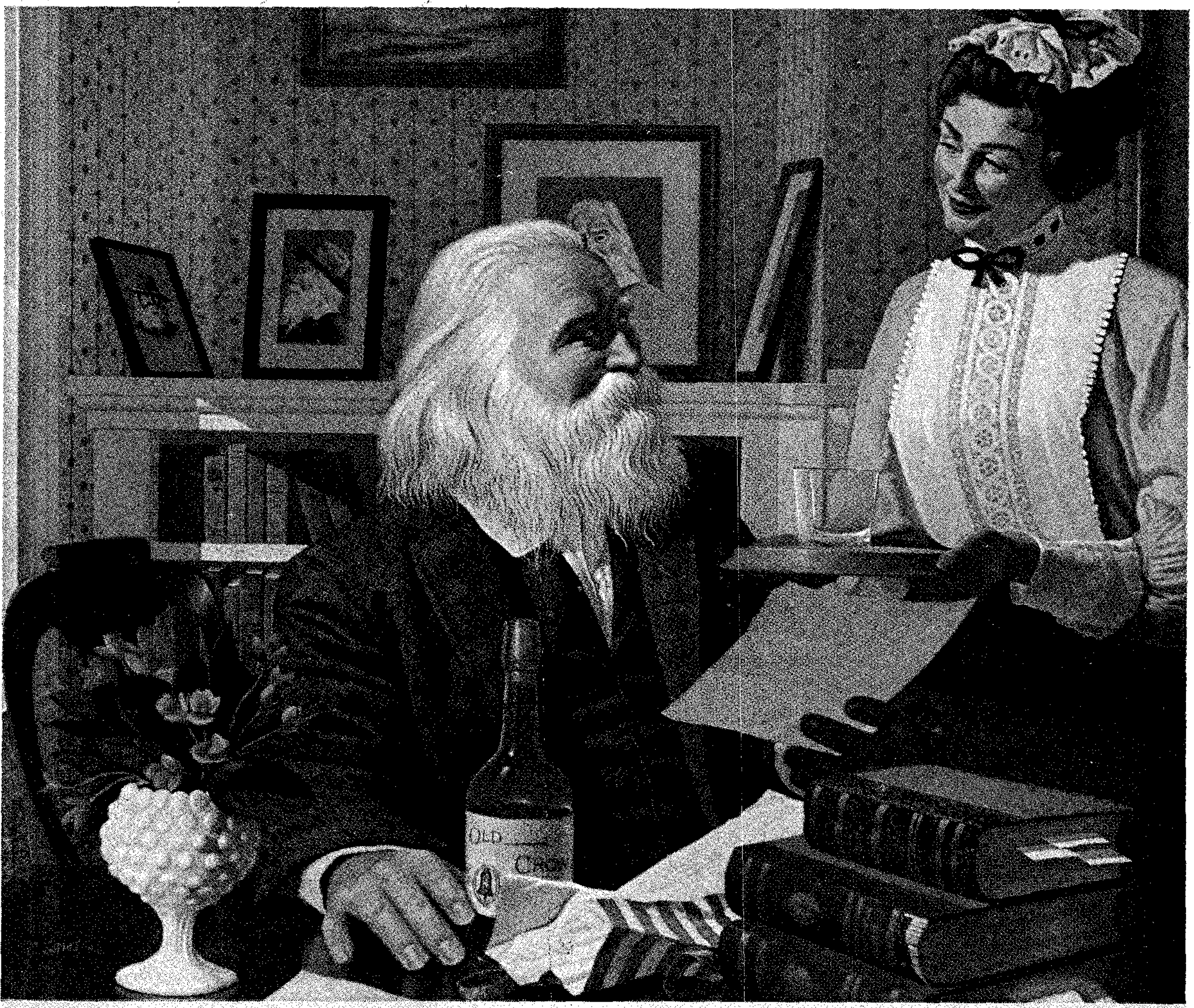

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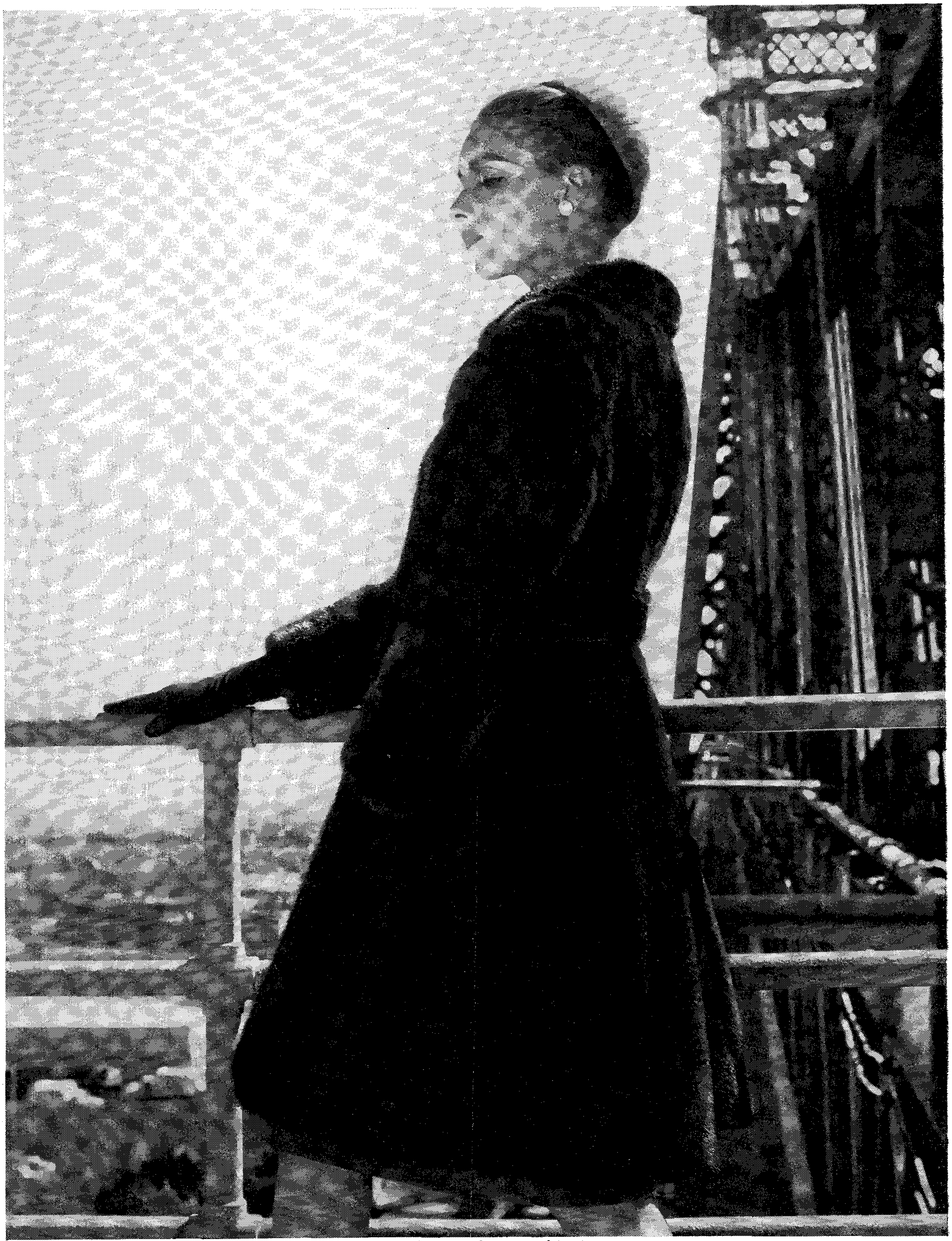

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—There isn't much action in Ronald Millar's adaptation of the C. P. Snow novel dealing with the turmoil attendant upon the dismissal of a radical young physicist from Cambridge for fudging an illustration in a scientific treatise, but sometimes the dialogue offers a bit of academic wit. Brewster Mason and an assorted British and American cast do well in it. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beyond the Fringe—Four fine English comedians in a revue that has humor, style, and splendid performances. The quartet consists of Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 7, and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Monday, Nov. 5, at 6.)

Come On Strong—Boy has girl in first act, has same in last. Between these occurrences there is a state of apathy. Garson Kanin wrote and directed the piece, and Van Johnson and Carroll Baker are prominent in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Night Life—Sidney Kingsley's exploration of the lives of a group assembled in a night club in New York is not up to his previous efforts, but it does have commendable performances by Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and Jack Kelly. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

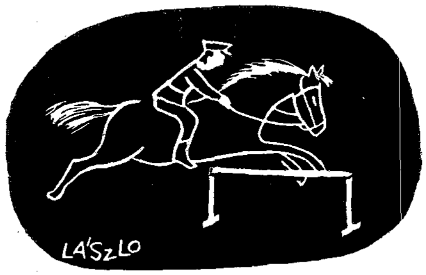
Seidman and Son—Sam Levene is ingratiating as a mixed-up Seventh Avenue garment maker in this play by Elick Moll, and so is Nancy Wickwire, as a lonesome designer to whom he is giving advice. The trouble is that nothing much goes on in the course of the affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—The plot of this one is hugely implausible, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn, as a pair of people whose spouses have ditched them, are persuasive enough to hold your interest for a good deal of the time. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—An attack of logorrhea, among other disorders, seems to have got Edward Albee down in his first attempt at a full-length play, but the actors do as well as they can by this account of some doings in a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. He is supported by George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Edward Mulhare are in it. Tom Poston will succeed Mr. Nelson on Monday, Nov. 5. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE:** A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Calculated Risk—Joseph Cotten in a play by Joseph Hayes, derived from a play by George Ross and Campbell Singer. Robert Montgomery is the director, and the producers are Howard Erskine, Roger L. Stevens, and Mr. Hayes. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Mr. President—Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan all put their skilled hands into this enterprise, but it remains a little less than a top-drawer endeavor. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are among those amiably present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter, the last not at all witty. This importation from England was written by Mr. Newley and Leslie Bricusse, both of whom also supplied the music and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** Hands across the Table Round. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour of Israel, with eight American widows in search of husbands. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Her-

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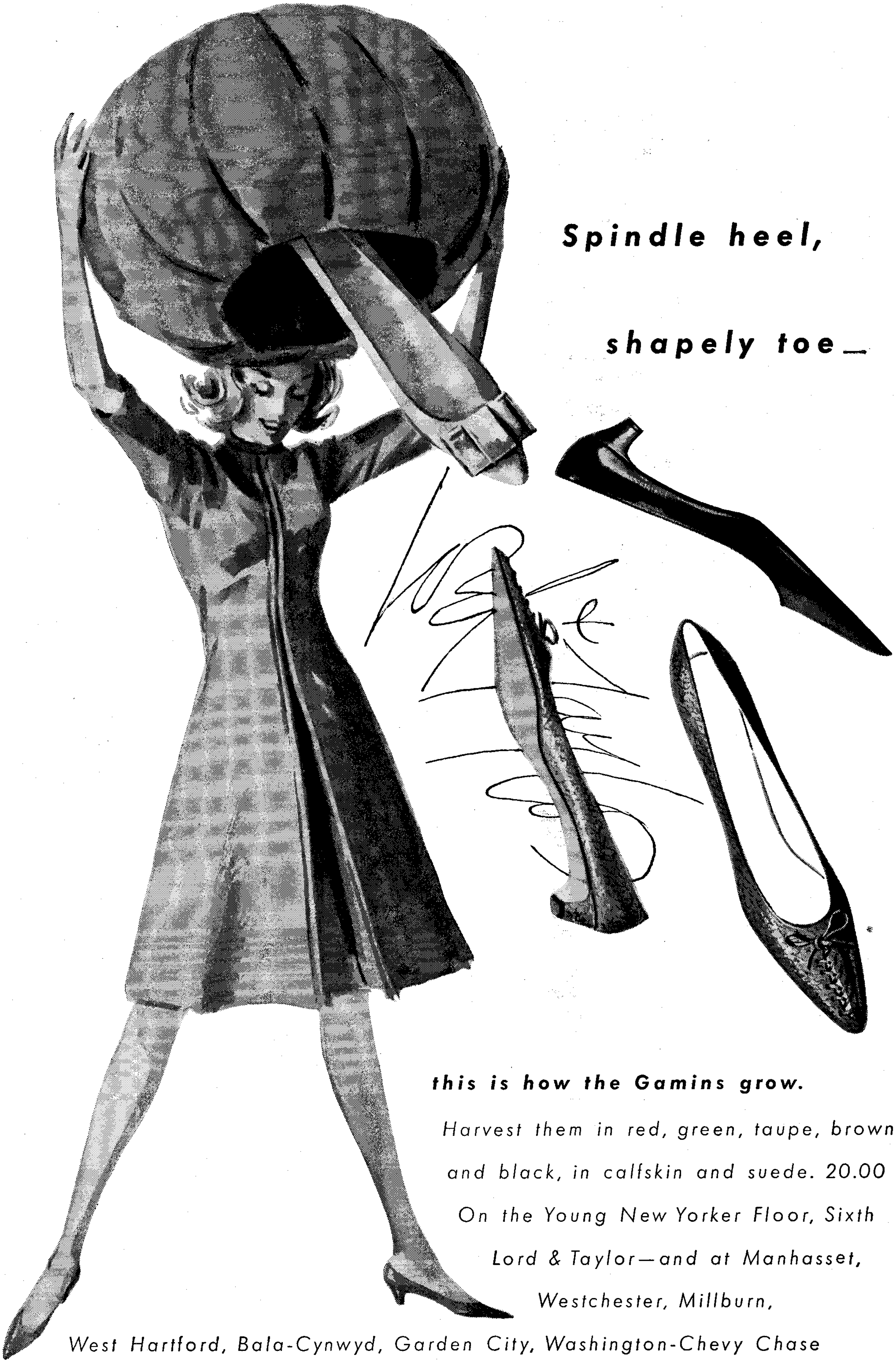

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mione Gingold is another, and Robert Weede is a visiting businessman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Nancy Dussault becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 6, to the Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W., PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

NOWHERE TO GO BUT UP—Tom Bosley, Martin Balsam, and Bruce Gordon in a musical with book and lyrics by James Lipton and music by Sol Berkowitz. Directed by Sidney Lumet and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and Herbert Greene, with Steven H. Scheuer. Opens Saturday, Nov. 10. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

ANYTHING GOES—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ANVIL—A play by Julia Davis. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BRECHT ON BRECHT—Excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words, some of them set to music, are, for the most part, quite brilliant. George Tabori is the translator. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

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THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF BEEBEE FENSTERMAKER—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HOSTAGE—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

INTIMATE RELATIONS—Jan Miner in the first play in a Cocteau repertory. Opens Thursday, Nov. 1. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MAN IS MAN—Bertolt Brecht's brutal but ingenious farce about an easygoing laborer, who, by a series of tricks, is changed into an enthusiastic soldier. This version of the script is the eleventh and final one. Although most of the acting is good, the production as a whole is overwrought and strident, which may be just what the author intended. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Nov. 4, no performances until Tuesday, Nov. 13.)

A MAN'S A MAN—Same play, in an earlier and more loose-limbed version. Several of the scenes are entertaining, several are downright repulsive, and, with a few exceptions, the performances are quite poor. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELIN' SO SAD—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

O SAY CAN YOU SEE!—A musical with a score by Jack Holmes and book and lyrics by Bill Conklin and Bob Miller. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PLAYS FOR BLEECKER STREET—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN and **THE BARROOM MONKS**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

P.S. 193—A melodrama, by David Rayfiel, with Doris Belack, Severn Darden, and James Earl Jones. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

WHISPER INTO MY GOOD EAR and **MRS. DALLY HAS A LOVER**—William Hanley, a new playwright, makes a promising start in this well-produced brace of one-acters. There are flaws—major and minor—in each of them, but many bright spots, too, and the dialogue is of quite a high order. "Whisper" is about two old men in a park, contemplating suicide, and "Mrs. Dally" is about a teen-age boy and a woman in her thirties in the middle of an affair. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154

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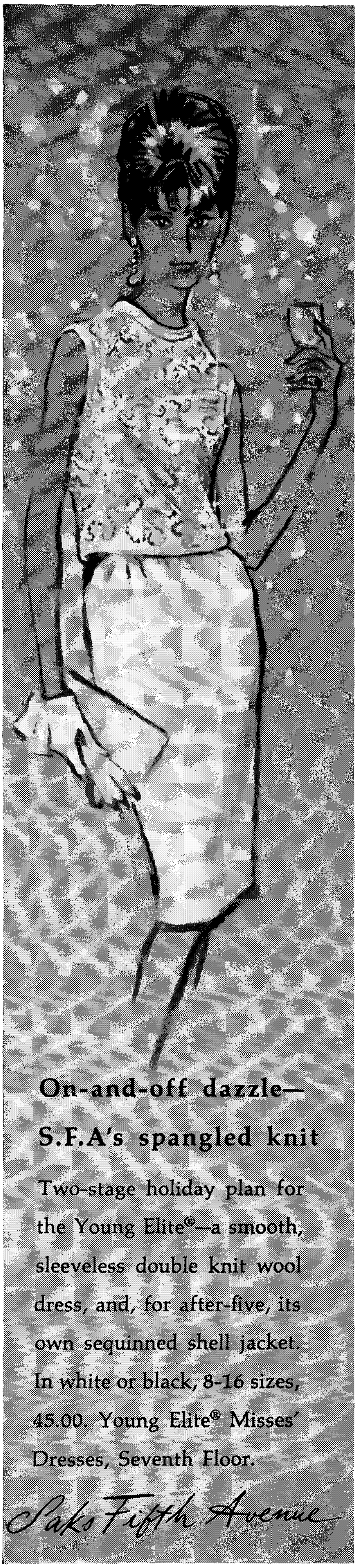

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.

DANCE PROGRAMS

Paul Taylor—With his company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 8-9, at 8:40. For tickets, call OR 4-3861.)

Donald McKayle—With his company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call LA 8-4280.)

MISCELLANY

Bamboche!—Katherine Dunham heading a revue staffed by a company of singers, dancers, and musicians. Presented by Stephen Papich. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St. east of Broadway. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Martin is distributing his head and chest tones around the Royal Box, which means that they have to have a boarding-house reach. Lester Lanin's big band makes the dance music. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An entrance hall to end all entrance halls. The enterers are piped aboard by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra, which are on the dead run all the night. Those who wish to sit out the next dance should repair to the Champagne Room, where the loudest noises are Gleb Yellin's piano and Janet Vaughn's violin. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—No bigger than it was before it went through its reconstruction period, really, but Chauncey Gray's band (which is Knickerbocker Grey to a lot of old New Yorkers) can worm its way in after ten-thirty to do dance music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's band offers invitations to the dance every night but Monday, when another band takes over.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, the audience is presented with Georgia Gibbs, an active type who manages to make the fuss-and-feathers sort of ballad sound at least like a minor art. On Wednesday, Nov. 7, she'll be succeeded by Robert Goulet, a singer of noble descent ("Camelot"). The rest of the time, dance music pulses from the big band of Emil Coleman and the small one of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Louis Bannet's ensemble is Darjeeling-with-lemon in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty and steak *au poivre* in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, every night but Monday.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's orchestra, which belongs to the long-ago time when there were no unexpected Twists or turns, is in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The main change in the décor of the Maisonette, aside from the arrival of a few strips of velvet in Mexican Sunset pink, is Peter Duchin, whose piano and dance band are to the Manhattan manor house born. Ray Bari's group spells this outpouring of music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, just a hundred feet west of the Maisonette, continues on the extremely even tenor (circumspect piano, that is) of its way—a way that takes it from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ted Straeter, his Joseph's-coat dinner jackets, his piano, and his orchestra, from which dance music flows like wine, are converting the Columns into one of our finest fall (not to forget winter) palaces. The ceremonies begin at seven, with piano by Ray Hartley, who shares the deck with the Straeters all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Mr. Hartley, who is around, off and on, from cocktails until midnight or so. He's absent Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—One of this thoroughfare's traditional block parties has taken off on its seasonal course. At the north end is the Embassy Club, where Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are *toujours la politesse;* at the south end is the Knight Box, ruled by the magic wand of Jani Sarkozi, who frequently applies it to a fiddle. Both ends of the block are closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Shelley Berman, one vast nerve center, is audibly tingling about his traumatic experiences at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. A couple of dance bands—Milt Shaw's is the better half of this staff—operate before and after Mr. B. undergoes self-analysis. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley again has sounds of music—Emile Petti's piano from five to one, plus Mr. Petti's dance trio Fridays and Saturdays, after nine-thirty. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Sundays belong to Forrest Perrin, who, after a lunchtime stint in the neighboring café called Mon Plaisir, moves to Mr. Walter's piano. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Angel Mancheno, a facile young blade, takes a stroll in this Central American village and meets a triad of ladies (one of them a baby antelope named Luisita Sevilla), and the ensuing turmoil of song and dance is something to behold. This happens twice a night. Dancing every evening and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Greta Keller gets home to her hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol at ten, prepared to discuss, in her serene and worldly-wise voice, her day's visit to the Vienna woods. A zither discourses with a Viennese twang through the dinner hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few Cabots who won't even speak to God, and several slightly more easygoing characters. George Feyer, who's at work from between eight-thirty and maybe two, composes in-my-lady's-parlor piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The bonny, bonny banks of the Danube, along with a Mitteleuropa music festival ranging from voice to zimbalon. Lili France is the singer most accustomed to such surroundings. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Only cuisine is thrown to the lions and lionesses in this updated version of the Colosseum. With every course there's a ration of patrolling violins and patrolling accordions. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unmistakable soubrette, is singing the songs she used to sing upon the musical-comedy stage, even though she's retired to semi-private life in her own minute *salle à manger.* Accordion and piano can also be discerned in the gloaming. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the midst of the Moorish maze sits Conrad Monjoy, from six to ten every night but Sunday, to give the diners his repertory of pianoforte études. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The under-the-clock arena, classic hollow oak for visiting undergraduates, now has firm but never peremptory piano by Joan Bishop from five to eight-thirty, except Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): It's more of a *Doppelgänger* for Vienna than Vienna itself, and Yvonne Constant, the vivid leading soprano, is French minx, not Austrian *Kaffeeklatsch.* Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music is real cool Bach on a circumspect harpsichord that is strummed by the minute Pamela Cook, whose working night is seven to twelve, Mondays excepted.

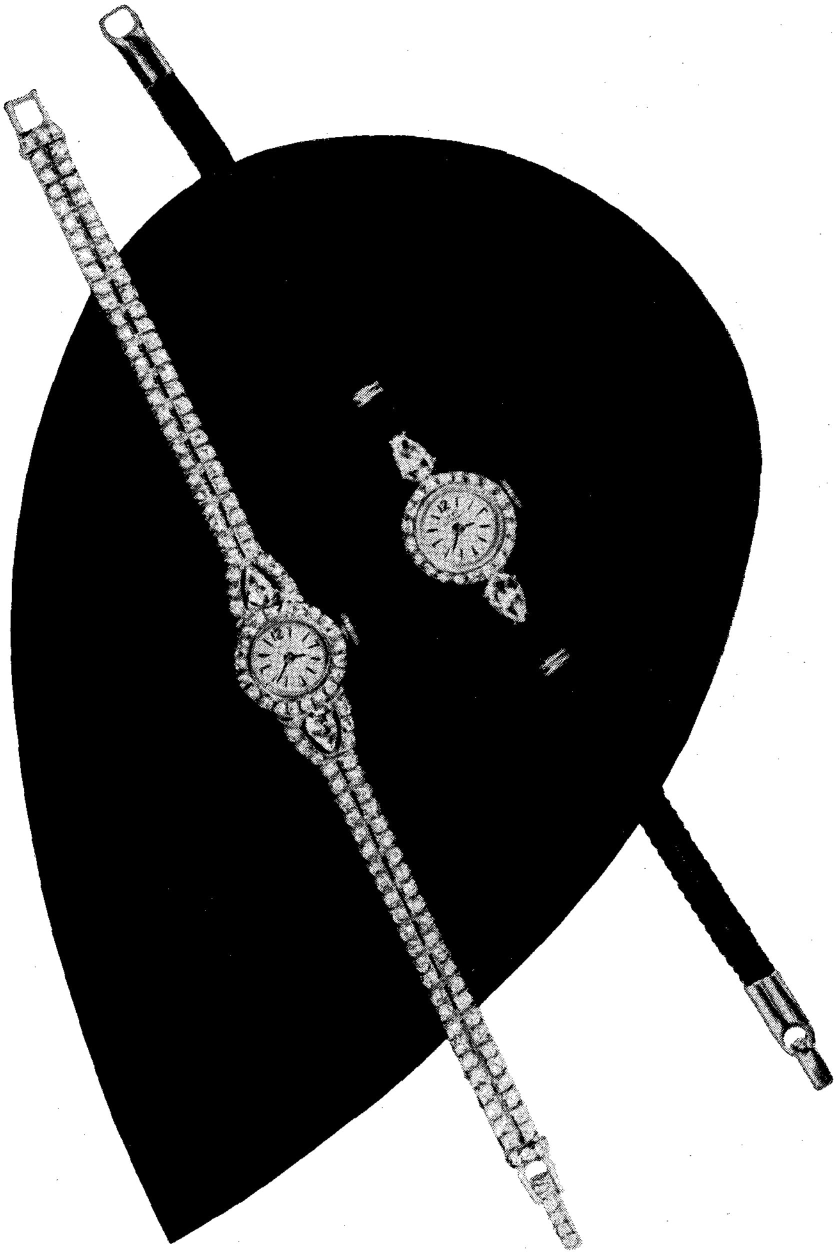
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): In "The Venus Touch," Donn Arden's new and beautiful fantasia, the stag of Eves may drink his fill. Aside from the three dozen ladies, there is a par-excellence pas de deux by François Szony and Nancy Clair, a classic balancing act, first-rate knockabout comedy by Gino Donati and stooge, and the depths-of-despair humor of Barbara Heller, the driest wit ever to find shelter here. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole's will-o'-the-wisp voice does the artful ballads; Gary Morton's plain-speaking voice does the one-liner gags that are part of the regular inhabitants' daily bread. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Minsky, a six-letter word expurgated by Fiorello LaGuardia, has just crept back into the language as an adjunct to "Minsky's Follies," the thoroughly descriptive name of a thinly veiled bacchanalia that's much more girl than boy.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): "Dime a Dozen," the revue with which Julius Monk greets the fall of 1962 and the fall of civilization, shows that it's possible to be deft and daft for a couple of hours without ever pausing for breath. Jack Fletcher, Ceil Cabot, Mary Louise Wilson, Gerry Matthews, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins make the most of their myriad assignments onstage. Life begins at nine-fifteen and midnight every



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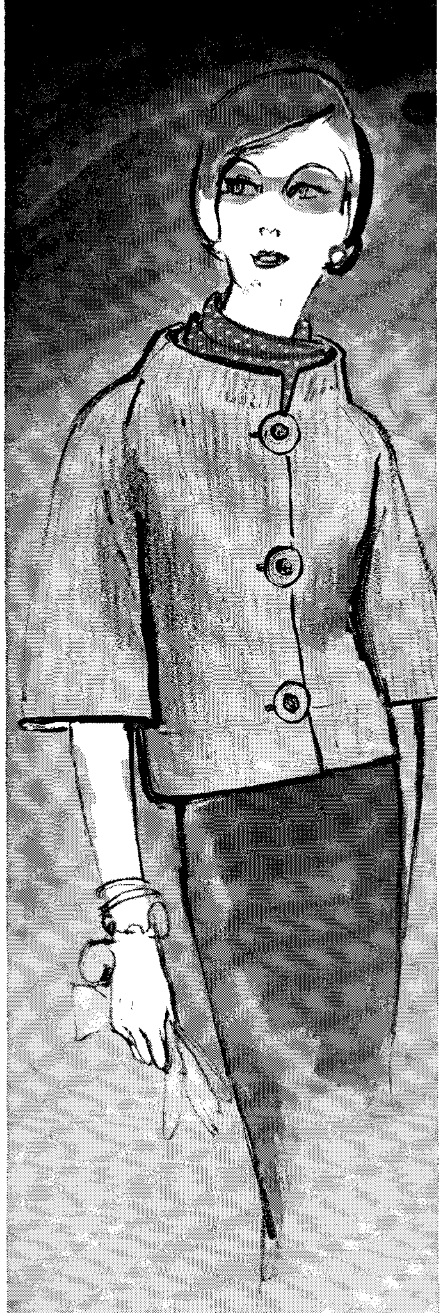

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night but Sunday. The pit band is long, lean Steinways in the hands of William Roy and Robert Colston; supplementary piano issues from Carl Norman in the lounge. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vaughan Meader, who does the thinking around here, indicates in his nightly press conferences that he'd rather be right *and* President; Carmen Torres, who likes to be Latin and operatic, doesn't mind doing a miraculous *bossa-nova* number or two; Carolyn Hester, a country maid, does good little countryside songs. . . . ¶ In the lounge, after ten every night but Sunday, Cal Bostic turns loose prancy lyrics and piano. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Three of the players who made this sometimes impromptu theatre-on-the-wing a worthy enterprise—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, and Eugene Troobnick—are back here now, valiantly assisted by Anthony Holland and Zohra Lampert; the resulting distillation is hot, heady, and enormously humorous. Eight-thirty is the earliest during the week, but there are Sunday matinées at three; closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): There's no Spanish moss on the feet of Roberto Iglesias and his rout of Andalusian dancers, a fine body of passion flowers. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The words (and music) often fail several participants in "No Shoestrings," the incumbent revue, but such an obstacle race is no handicap to Jane Connell, a *farceuse* of rare skill, and Bill McCutcheon, her loose-jointed foil. Nine-fifteen and midnight are the zero hours; closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of "Seven Come Eleven" has a split personality, making several good points and missing others. Cy Young, who heads the cast, does well by the funny ideas that come his way. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): History—"The Drunkard" in musical-comedy form—repeating itself, after twenty-five years, on an amusing and good-looking stage at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Monday. . . . ¶ In the bar, the Talbot Brothers' band does a Bermuda hoedown Monday nights; the rest of the week, a threesome of Montana (University of) graduates sing with the greatest of glee. Nine is the starting time.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee is giving her famous songs a lot of heart and soul, and making others famous the same way. She's helped out by bits of her special body English and a doting orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The main force is Gerry Mulligan's horn, imparting life in quantity to his favorite instrument, a quartet. Afternoon sessions are run off every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, who belongs to the Old Guard of the Progressive Party, is inside the circular bar with her fun-loving trio (Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her linebackers). Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): New Orleans with a few modern conveniences is the music of the forthright Dukes of Dixieland. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the place. . . . ¶ Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A British point of view is aired by Ronnie Scott's quintet, which hasn't been long in this country. On Tuesday, Nov. 6, Art Farmer and his foretelling-the-future quartet displace the Scotts. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Stan Getz, who has just come down with a case of *bossa nova*, or endemic Brazilian bop, is using a quartet to patrol this lively new beat from South America; Sonny Stitt has another active foursome at work. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Well, there's Lonnie Donegan, a visiting demonstrator of skiffle music and English folk music (*not* to be confused with Gilbert and Sullivan), and Chris Connor, whose dithyrambic escapades with lyrics are a hard act to follow, and Woody Allen, dealer in gently hyperthyroid causeries. On Tuesday, Nov. 6, a new regimen: the first night-life duets in many years by Paul Draper, fleet of foot, and Larry Adler, fleet of harmonica. Nina Simone, her tense piano, her feline ballads, and her trio will fill in. Mondays are surrendered to extra hands. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tonight (and every night but Sunday) at Convention Hall: Harold Quinn's trio and Charlie Shavers' quartet, along with paper caps and noisemakers. On Monday, Nov. 5, they'll disappear in favor of a new cast led by Jonah Jones' quartet. Visiting bands do one-night stands every Sunday. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Anyone who believes that Herman Chittison is a myth should search the bar, where—surrounded by ten thousand carriage lamps—the old maestro is seated (between eight and the early morning) at a piano, dealing out music in his light but firm Spencerian hand. No sound on Sundays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, whose traditional airs kept Jimmy Ryan's going until it literally came tumbling down around his ears, has migrated south, along with Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, *et* Al, Dick, and Harry. Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, whose songs and instrumentation are as flip as they can be, get equal time. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison, the old Cannonball Express, is furthering his project of blowing lower Seventh Avenue to smithereens. He commands a squadron in which Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, and Cliff Leeman have been enlisted. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti and Sammy Price are what's left of the Condon undergraduate body that has played this stronghold of tradition over the years. Their quintet stays home Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): As good a place to take espresso breaks as you'll find, inasmuch as it sets up standards of performance for the sort of music that tradition says must go with coffee. Young Mike Settle, whose purist voice and ballads have the real outback sound, will be joined on Wednesday, Nov. 7, by young Woody Allen, who has just got his transfer papers from the Village Gate (q. v. *supra*). Tuesdays are vacation days. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The youth-must-have-its-fling group sitting at the feet, or even under the feet, of the old masters. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, the roster of elder statesmen should include Edmond Hall, Zutty Singleton, Marty Napoleon, Conrad Janis, Herman Autrey, Johnny Letman, Eddie Barefield, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist oils (1951-56) by the Dutch painter; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

BERNARD ARNEST—Paintings done in Colorado Springs and Afghanistan; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a young Spanish-born American; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAINEY BENNETT—Water colors; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Abstract Expressionist oils;

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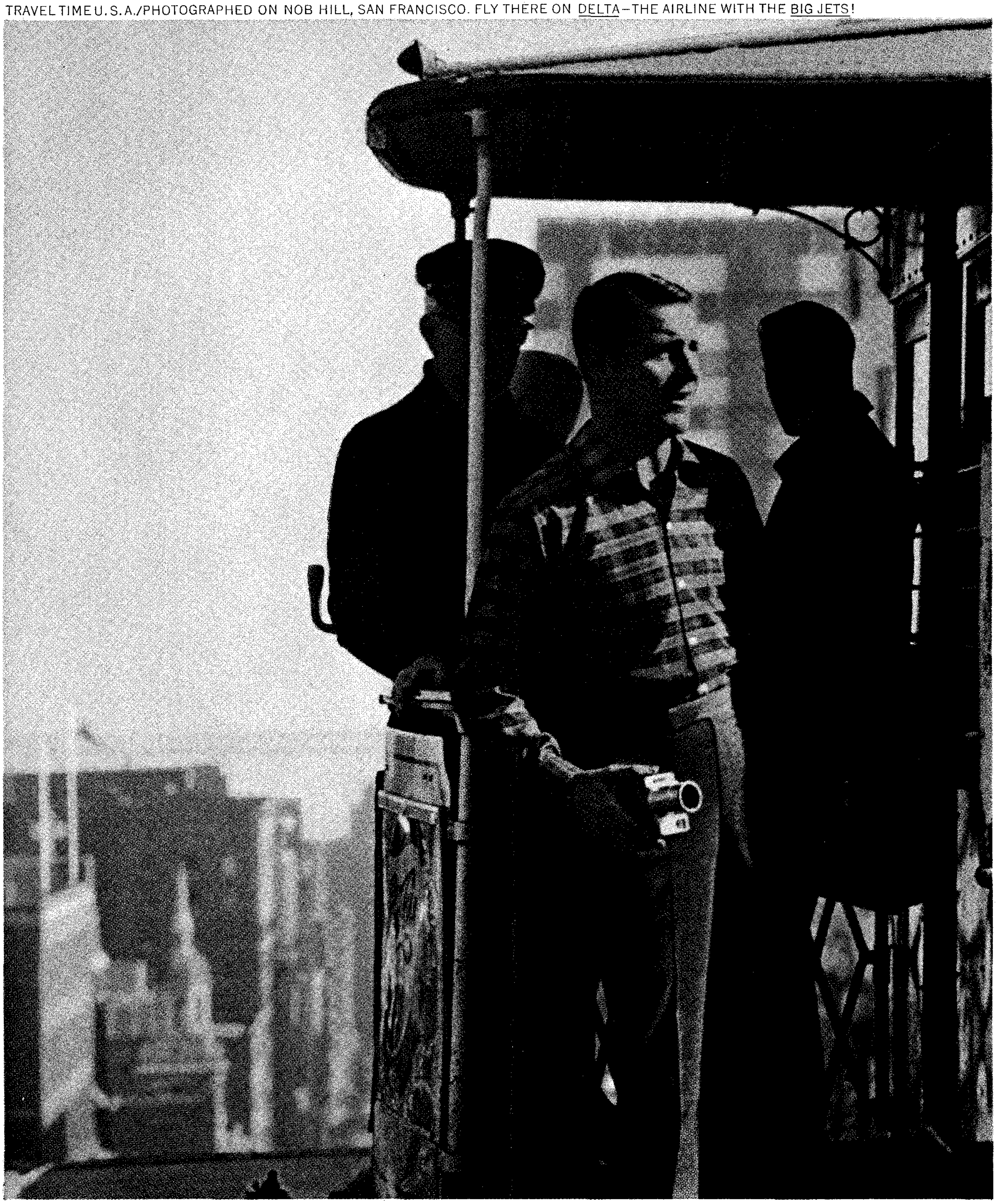

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through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reg Butler—Bronzes by this English sculptor; through Nov. 17. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Chamberlain and Frank Stella—Sculptures by the former and paintings by the latter, all in black and white; through Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chryssa—Abstract sculptures and paintings by a young Greek-American artist; through Nov. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pachita Crespi—Impressionistic paintings; through Nov. 15. (Crespi, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St. Weekdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

Willem de Kooning and Barnett Newman—Retrospectives of their paintings; through Nov. 17. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Victor de Pauw—Assemblages and water-color collages; through Nov. 17. (Preston, 3 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Assemblages. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Stephen Etnier—Paintings of Mexico, Florida, and Maine; through Nov. 17. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Terry Frost—Paintings by a contemporary British abstractionist; through Nov. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jan Gelb—"The Great Beach" is the theme of a series of abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Figure sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Greenberg—Expressionist landscapes, cityscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Seascapes and figure paintings; through Nov. 24. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raoul Hague—Carvings in wood; through Dec. 22. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to noon and 2 to 6.)

Grace Hartigan—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fannie Hillsmith—Semi-abstract paintings, including interiors and still-lifes; through Nov. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Margo Hoff—Collage paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—The first section of a two-part show of paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lawrence Lebduska—Paintings by this modern American primitive; through Nov. 16. (Tutti, 45 Canal St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Rico Lebrun—Drawings illustrating Dante's "Inferno;" through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Morris Louis—Previously unexhibited late paintings by this artist, who died in September; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

George McNeil—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Meadows—Bronzes by an English sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

E.L.T. Mesens—Collages and paintings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Hans Moller—Impressions of Monhegan Island, Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—About eighty lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henry Newman—Assemblages; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Abstract paintings derived from nature; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jay Robinson—Oil and enamel-on-copper paintings on the subject of India; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Monede, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Theodore Robinson (1852-96)—Impressionist landscapes, figures, and interiors; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ethel Schwabacher—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jack Smith—Geometrical abstractions by a young English painter; through Nov. 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Tobey—An exhibition of non-abstract figure studies and drawings running simultaneously with his show (ending Sunday) at the Museum of Modern Art; through Nov. 30. (Prince, 38 W. 58th St.)

Anthony Toney—City and country scenes; through Nov. 17. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

African Art—A survey of tribal styles from the newly formed African states of Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, and so on. There are carvings in wood and ivory, bronzes, masks, statues, stools, and sculptures used in religious and magic ceremonies. Through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Sculptors Guild—A twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, comprising some seventy pieces (by Rhys Caparn, Robert Laurent, Bernard Rosenthal, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 20. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures and Manuscripts—Medieval and Renaissance sculptures by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, together with thirty illuminated manuscripts, most of them fifteenth-century Italian; through Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: A thirty-seventh-anniversary exhibition of new paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through Saturday, Nov. 10. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 8 W. 56th St.: Lamar Dodd, Seong Moy, and Kenneth Campbell are three of the artists represented in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Friday, Nov. 9. (Closed Monday mornings.). . . NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-ninth annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Nov. 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.). . . TRABIA-MORRIS, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists from North and South America, among them Armando Morales, Rufino Tamayo, and Alexander Calder; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.: The Twentieth Annual Watercolor Exhibition; through Friday, Nov. 9. (Daily, 1 to 6.). . . ZABRISKIE, 36 E. 61st St.: Landscapes, drawings, and water colors by artists of the Hudson River School, including Thomas Doughty, Frederick E. Church, and John F. Kensett; through Saturday, Nov. 10.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the JANIS, 15 E. and 19 W. 57th St.: Factual paintings and sculptures from France, England, Italy, Sweden, and the United States, by Jim Dine, Peter Blake, Jean Tinguely, and other realists known as the new realists; through Dec. 1. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Seventy-five paintings, by Hassam, Beckmann, and Appel (to mention a few) lent from the collection of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation and running concurrently with the showing of Mr. Hirshhorn's sculptures at the Guggenheim Museum; through Nov. 24. . . . SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Courbet, Degas, William Merritt Chase, and other American and French artists; through Nov. 15.

Europeans; Group Shows—At GALLERY 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by present-day Italian artists, among them Renato Guttuso, Arturo Tosi, and Mario Sironi;

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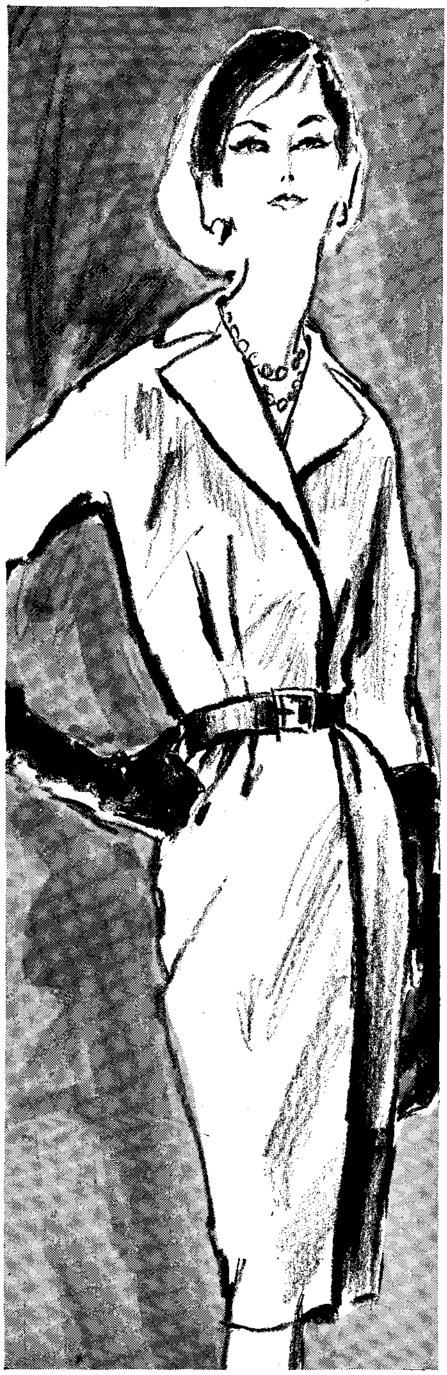

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Nov. 17. . . . **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Bombois, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a showing of oils and water colors; through Nov. 30. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Recent canvases by such French painters as Dufy, Modigliani, and Utrillo; through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and graphic works by five Austrian and German Expressionists—Schiele, Kokoschka, Klimt, Kollwitz, and Kubin; through Nov. 16.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and thirty-five paintings, mainly from the past two decades, by Mark Tobey; through Sunday, Nov. 4. A good complement to this exhibition is the Tobey showing at the Prince Gallery, 38 W. 58th St. . . . ¶ Surveys of the graphic work of five European Post-Impressionists (among them Walter Sickert and André Masson), along with examples of current printmaking in Germany, Poland, and Russia; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ "The Bitter Years: 1935-41 Rural America Seen by the Photographers of the Farm Security Administration," a documentation of rural and urban life during the depression. Chosen by Edward Steichen, the pictures are by, among others, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and Ben Shahn. Through Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show of American and European paintings from the collection of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation at the Knoedler Art Galleries, 14 E. 57th St.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Chinese Calligraphy and Painting in the Collection of John M. Crawford, Jr.," an exhibit that coincides with the publication of a book of the same title. There are also stone and wooden sculptures and Chinese jades, bronzes, and porcelains from Mr. Crawford's collection. Through Nov. 24. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS—The initial loan showing of this new museum is being held in temporary quarters at the Time & Life Building Exhibit Center, Rockefeller Center. On view are weather vanes, trade signs, cigar-store Indians, ships' figureheads, portraits, landscapes, and barnyard and wildfowl wood carvings. Through Nov. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART PAVILION, 16 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of more than two hundred spirit canoes, ritual poles, drums, shields, spears, ancestral figures, and animal sculptures collected by Michael C. Rockefeller in the Asmat region of New Guinea; through Nov. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings and sculptures by contemporary California artists, including Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and Jack Zajac; through Dec. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rita Gorr and Daniele Barioni; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaiwanska, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Otto Wiener, Sándor Kónya, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell and Barry Morell; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaiwanska, Umberto Borsó, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Lucine Amara, Mignon Dunn, William Olvis, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Otto Wiener, Sándor Kónya, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Jack Gilford. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Gabriella Tucci, Lili Chookasian, Daniele Barioni, and Mario Sereni.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 1: "The Turn of the Screw." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 2: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 3: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 3: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 4: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 4: "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi"). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 7: "The Turn of the Screw." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 8: "The Wings of the Dove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 9: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 10: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 10: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 11: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 11: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Karl Boehm conducting—A Mozart-Bruckner program on Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3 (no soloists); and mixed programs on Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 9, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3 (all with John Corigliano, violin, and Laszlo Varga, cello).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Otto Klemperer conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 3-4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:40.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with Eugene List, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting a chamber orchestra, with Irmgard Seefried, soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the first in a series of six concerts, this one devoted to the music of Stravinsky, Milhaud, Schoenberg, Messiaen, and Webern. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra, with Marcel Grandjany, harp, and Samuel Baron, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Ernest Bloch's "Sacred Service," with Cantor Arthur Wolfson, baritone, and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Adele Addison, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and the Festival Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

RECITALS

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—In the second and third in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas and the Diabelli Variations. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:30.)

Edith Peinemann—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Martin Canin—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 5:15.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Oscar Brown, Jr.—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Fine Arts Quartet and the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 4:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Kimio Eto—Koto player. A benefit for the Japan Society. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

John Browning—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Grace Bumbry—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—In the second in a series of three concerts presenting the Dvořák cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:40.)

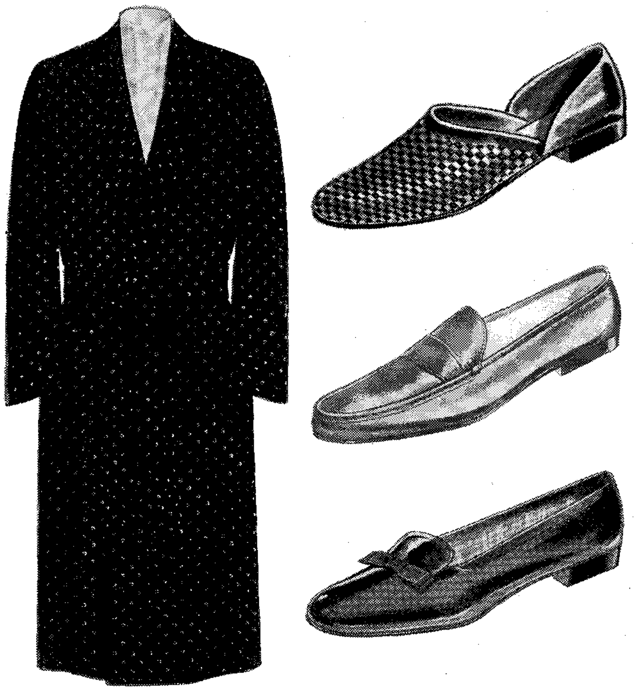
Shoshana Damari—Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

The Limeliters—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Amateur game: United States vs. Russia, Thurs-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Nov. 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Professional game: Knicks vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.

Boxing—Mick Leahy vs. Joey Archer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 3** (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 10:** Army vs. Oklahoma State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Titans vs. Oakland Raiders. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 7:30.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Competitions nightly at 7:45, plus Thursday, Friday, Sunday, and Tuesday at 2; Saturday at 1:30; and Monday at 1.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 3.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 10.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3; the Interborough Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 6; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 10. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1; last day Wednesday, Dec. 5. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, except Wednesday, Nov. 7; through Monday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 3, at noon.)

Ballet—The Brooklyn Ballet Company presenting "Suite Pastorale," "Mother Goose Suite," "Harlequinade," and "Hag Habikurim." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Dandy, the Circus Lion." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MC MILLIN THEATRE:** "The Milky Way," an Asian dance-play. (Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 1, and Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-5360. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 11 and 1.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "History of a Star;" through Nov. 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"The Happy Years," with Dean Stockwell and Leo G. Carroll. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 6; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M.

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets—particularly limited in these galvanic days—are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Prose Readings—Katherine Anne Porter reading from her novel "Ship of Fools." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Nov. 3, at 1:45: Aubusson, Bessarabian, needlepoint, Savonnerie, and Oriental carpets, belonging to Ohan Berberyan and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 7-8, at 1:45: Chinese jades and other Oriental art, from the estate of Jessie Tow and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 13, 16, 20, 23, and 27, and Dec. 4, 8, and 11.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 1.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 17:** Army vs. Pittsburgh, at Yankee Stadium, and Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 24:** Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; and Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . **SATURDAY, DEC. 1:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

Professional Football—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Titans vs. Dallas Texans, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Titans vs. Buffalo Bills, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Titans vs. Houston Oilers, Dec. 15. . . . At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Dec. 9.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 11, 14, 17, 18, 21, and 25, and Dec. 5 and 9.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Nov. 24-25.)

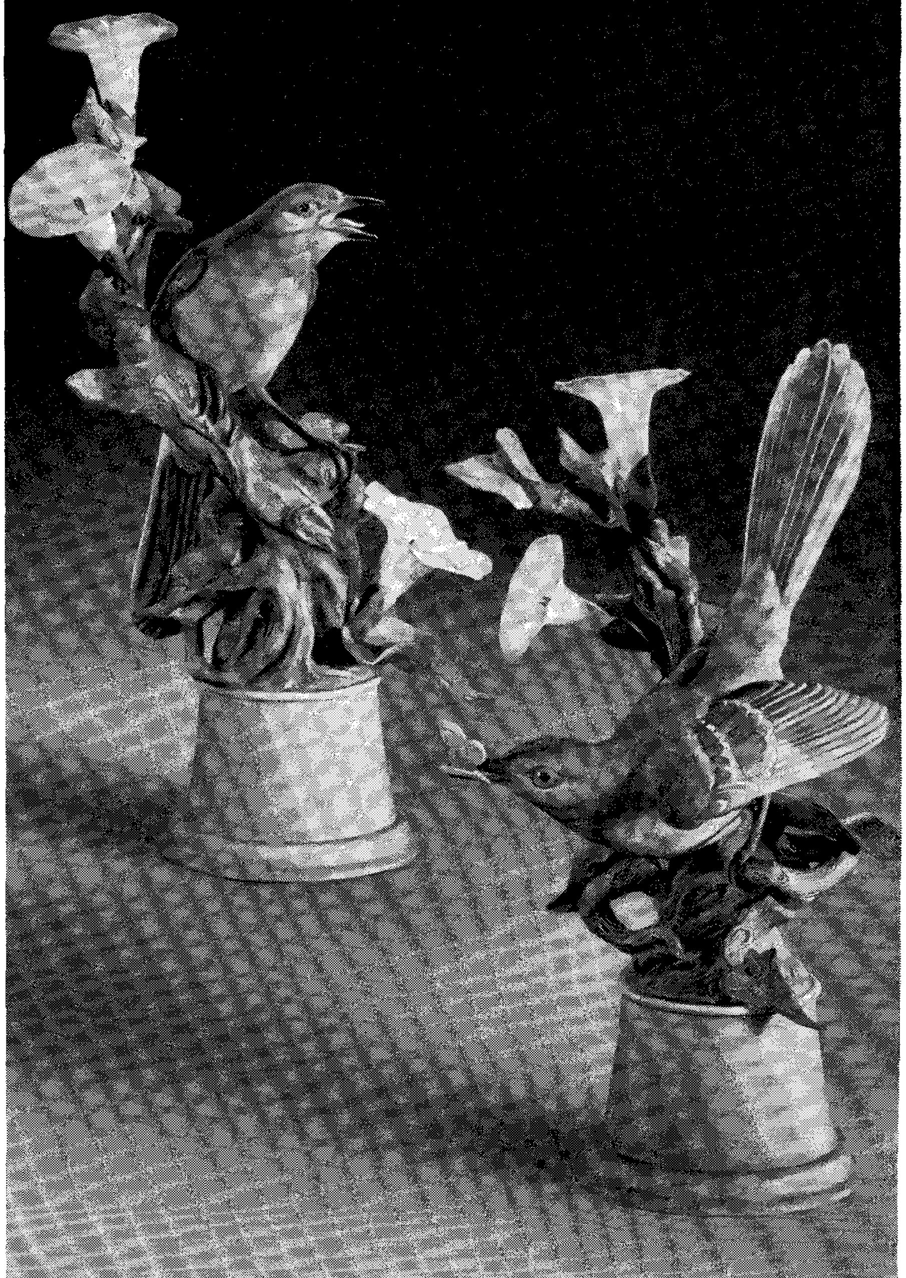
Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 13. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26. . . . ¶ José Iturbi, piano, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Nov. 16 and 24 and Dec. 1, 8, and 14. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Orfeon of Coimbra, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 20 and Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Leningrad Philharmonic, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ The Weavers, folk singers, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Michael Rabin, violin, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 28 and 30. . . . ¶ Obernkirchen Children's Choir, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, Dec. 12. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): Symphony of the Air, Nov. 11 and 14 and Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Friends of French Opera, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Nov. 12 and 19. . . . ¶ Mario Del Monaco, tenor, and Gabriella Tucci, soprano, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Eastman Philharmonia, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 20 and Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Leningrad Philharmonic, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Korean Children's Choir, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Beveridge Webster, piano, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 9. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Friends of Live Music, Nov. 11 and 18 and Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Sabicas, flamenco guitar, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Singing Boys of Mexico, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Eileen di Tullio, soprano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Erica Morini, violin, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Jaime Laredo, violin, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Esterhazy Orchestra, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Juan Serrano, flamenco guitar, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Loewenguth Quartet, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Obernkirchen Children's Choir, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Dec. 12. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Shura Cherkassky, piano, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Spanish Music from the Thirteenth Century to de Falla, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Phyllis Curtin, soprano, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Music Forgotten and Remembered, Dec. 15. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490): Robert Casadesus, piano, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Byron Janis, piano, Dec. 15. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (CO 5-6811): The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of the Royal Scots Greys and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Dec. 3.

BALLET—Bolshoi Ballet, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 28-Dec. 2.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A one-week engagement by the Foo Hsing Theatre from the Republic of China. . . . ¶ A four-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, at the City Center. . . . ¶ Sid Caesar in "Little Me," a musical with a book by Neil Simon, based on Patrick Dennis's novel of the same name. Carolyn Leigh wrote the lyrics and Cy Coleman the music. . . . ¶ S. N. Behrman's comedy "Lord Pengo," starring Charles Boyer and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ A comedy, "Never Too Late," by Sumner Arthur Long, with a cast including Paul Ford, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Orson Bean. . . . ¶ Rod Steiger in "Moby Dick," Orson Welles' blank-verse treatment of Melville's allegory. . . . ¶ A comedy by Herman Raucher, "Harold," in which Anthony Perkins plays the title role. . . . ¶ "The Moon Besieged," a play by Seyril Schochen, with Charles Tyner. . . . ¶ Claudia McNeil in Peter Feibleman's play, "A Place Without Twilight," taken from his novel of the same name. . . . ¶ Ruth Gordon's comedy, "What's Cooking?," in which she will appear, along with Ethel Griffies and Jesse White. . . . ¶ A play by Leslie Weiner called "In the Counting House," with Sydney Chaplin at the head of the cast.

OTHER DATES—Veterans' Day is Sunday, Nov. 11; Monday, Nov. 12, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 16-18. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 22.

C. D. PEACOCK



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The delightful, unrivaled mimics of the bird world, exquisitely fashioned in fine porcelain by Edward Marshall Boehm. In nature's gentle gray and white coloring, with bindweed blossoms, their realism is so striking one almost expects them to burst into song. About twelve inches high. Edition limited. $650.00, the pair. Other Boehm birds available, including fledglings from $35 as well as other collectors' limited editions. Mail inquiries invited.

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JEWELERS ESTABLISHED 1837 • STATE AND MONROE IN CHICAGO

SUBURBS: OAKBROOK HUBBARD WOODS OLD ORCHARD LA GRANGE PARK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Palace
MATINEE DAILY 1:30 P.M.
SATURDAY & SUNDAY CONTINUOUS
Beauty
Salon
CANDY
SODA

Billy Budd—A rousing sea story, which conceals a debate on good and evil and how man is to distinguish successfully between them. Starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and a handsome novice named Terence Stamp. Good for children and even better for adults. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Divorce–Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring the ubiquitous Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his wicked opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Island—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan, where circumstances are all against the farmer and his family. Written and directed skillfully by Kaneto Shindo and photographed brilliantly by Kiyoshi Kuroda, the film, which has sound effects but no dialogue, is done in documentary style and reaches a highly charged climax. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 5.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Jules and Jim—In France, just before and after the First World War, a captivating woman takes more lovers than she should, with consequences that are sometimes hilarious and sometimes not. An odd, novel comedy, directed by François Truffaut and starring Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 7, tentative.)

A Kind of Loving—An English picture about how hard it is to be young and in love if one is also poor and honorable. Fresh and touching, owing to the fashion in which John Schlesinger has directed Alan Bates, Thora Hird, June Ritchie, and a dozen others. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 5, tentative.)

Lolita—A surprisingly successful adaptation of the famous novel. Screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov, who has known what to omit from his original work, and direction by Stanley Kubrick, who has drawn the performance of his life from James Mason, and admirable performances from Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Nov. 6.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—The suffering of the lower orders in England as they seek a place in the sun is becoming a hackneyed subject, but here a lyrical director (Tony Richardson) and a strong young actor (Tom Courtenay) make it seem brand-new and its squalor beautiful. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A great play about a thoroughly wretched family eludes the camera, in large part because O'Neill was writing for the ear, not the eye. Making matters worse in three big parts are Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, and Dean Stockwell, though Jason Robards, Jr., is fine in the fourth big part. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Unreserved seats Monday through Friday matinées, except Election Day, at 1 and 4.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's painstaking rendition, on vivid black-and-white film, of the well-known account of D Day written by Cornelius Ryan. The scale is so big that one gets a sense mostly of surface, on which heroically crawl many hundreds of tiny figures, among them Richard Burton, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Red Buttons. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—A thriller that's not to be missed, thanks to a wild and woolly plot that one longs to believe, and almost believes, and to superb acting by Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Notorious Landlady—Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire play a couple of career diplomats—one fresh, the other seasoned—at our London embassy in this amusing mystery about an American woman who might have murdered her husband. Lionel Jeffries, as an unorthodox Scotland Yard man, adds considerably to the merriment, and Kim Novak is the lady under suspicion. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 6.)

The Passion of Slow Fire—For once, an accurate and affecting rendition of a Simenon novel. Murder is the precipitating factor, and the moral of the movie seems to be that we are all pretty bad but that some of us are worse than others. A French import, expertly acted. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Phaedra—Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins in Jules Dassin's freewheeling contemporary version of a story that the Greeks whipped into good shape a couple of thousand years ago. Professors of classics had better stay away, but there's something in it for everyone else, including marriage counsellors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney are sensationally good in this heartbreaking, twice-told tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Shoot the Piano Player—A French picture that is a curious and very original blend of wild comedy (70%) and violence (30%). Charles Aznavour, in the leading role, plays a wistful honky-tonk pianist at a café in Paris. François Truffaut doubled as director and writer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 6, tentative.)

A Taste of Honey—The rites of passage of an ugly, lonely girl in the slums of Manchester. It may seem strange to say so, but this is extremely funny as well as touching, thanks in large part to the direction of Tony Richardson. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 7, tentative.)

A Very Private Affair—Brigitte Bardot walks through a role apparently based on her own life, which may well have been based on movie roles not unlike this one. What makes the picture fascinating is the continuous, invisible presence of its young French director, Louis Malle. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Nov. 3.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Sundays, and Election Day, at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 7, tentative.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 2.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 7.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Richard Brooks's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 7.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 2-4.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Griffith, 215 W. 45th, CI 7-3513; starting Nov. 2.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Griffith, 215 W. 45th, CI 7-3513; Nov. 1.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 2.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 1.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—A Japanese adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 6.)

The Pajama Game (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Nov. 3.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—An English adaptation of the Bard, made in Italy. With Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 5.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 1.)

Tawny Pipit (1947)—An English comedy about bird watchers. With Bernard Miles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Nov. 1, at 8 P.M.: "They Won't Forget" (1937), with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957," showings at 3 and 5:30. Through Nov. 3: "Erotikon" (1920), with Tora Teje and Lars Hanson; no English titles. Nov. 4-7: "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), directed by and with Victor Sjöström. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. *Matinées* Wednesdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Nov. 1, at 2:30, and Saturdays and Election Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"We'll Bury You!," a documentary film.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
Nov. 1: **HENRY V**, revival.
From Nov. 2: **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival; and "The Lost Continent," revival, an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. CI 6-4600)
"Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Nude Odyssey," Enrico Maria Salerno.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Two Before Zero," a documentary film on Communism, narrated by Basil Rathbone and Mary Murphy.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Period of Adjustment," Jane Fonda, Tony Franciosa.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 3: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR.**
Nov. 4-7: Theatre closed.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 4 (tentative): "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.
From Nov. 5 (tentative): **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through Nov. 6: "Kanal" (in Polish), revival.
Nov. 7: A program of experimental films.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 5: "Almost Angels," Peter Weck, Vincent Winter; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From Nov. 6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo," Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 6: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.**
From Nov. 7: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "Loss of Innocence," revival, Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Period of Adjustment," Jane Fonda, Tony Franciosa.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Crime Does Not Pay" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Gabriele Ferzetti.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 3: "Almost Angels," Peter Weck, Vincent Winter; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Nov. 4-5: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.
From Nov. 6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A KIND OF LOVING.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PHAEDRA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
BILLY BUDD.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"We'll Bury You!," a documentary film.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 5: "Almost Angels," Peter Weck, Vincent Winter; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From Nov. 6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo," Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 5: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.
From Nov. 6: **LOLITA.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 1: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
Nov. 2-4: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
Nov. 5: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 6: "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 4: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Two Weeks in Another Town," Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.
Nov. 5-6: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Light in the Piazza," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.
From Nov. 7: **ELMER GANTRY**, revival; and **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY**; and **JULES AND JIM** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 7 (tentative): **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival.

RESTAURANT
CONFISEUR

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 4: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.
Nov. 5: "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy.
From Nov. 6: **LOLITA.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French); and "A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders; and "End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 5: **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue).
From Nov. 6: "Everybody Go Home" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi, Martin Balsam.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 4: "Il Grido" (in Italian), Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.
From Nov. 5: "Paris Belongs to Us" (in French), Betty Schneider, Giani Esposito.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PASSION OF SLOW FIRE (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 5: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.
From Nov. 6: **LOLITA.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 5: **ROMEO AND JULIET**, revival; and **TAWNY PIPIT**, revival.
From Nov. 6: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 6: "Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin; and "Court Martial," Karlheinz Boehm, Christian Wolff.
From Nov. 7: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Two Weeks in Another Town," Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.

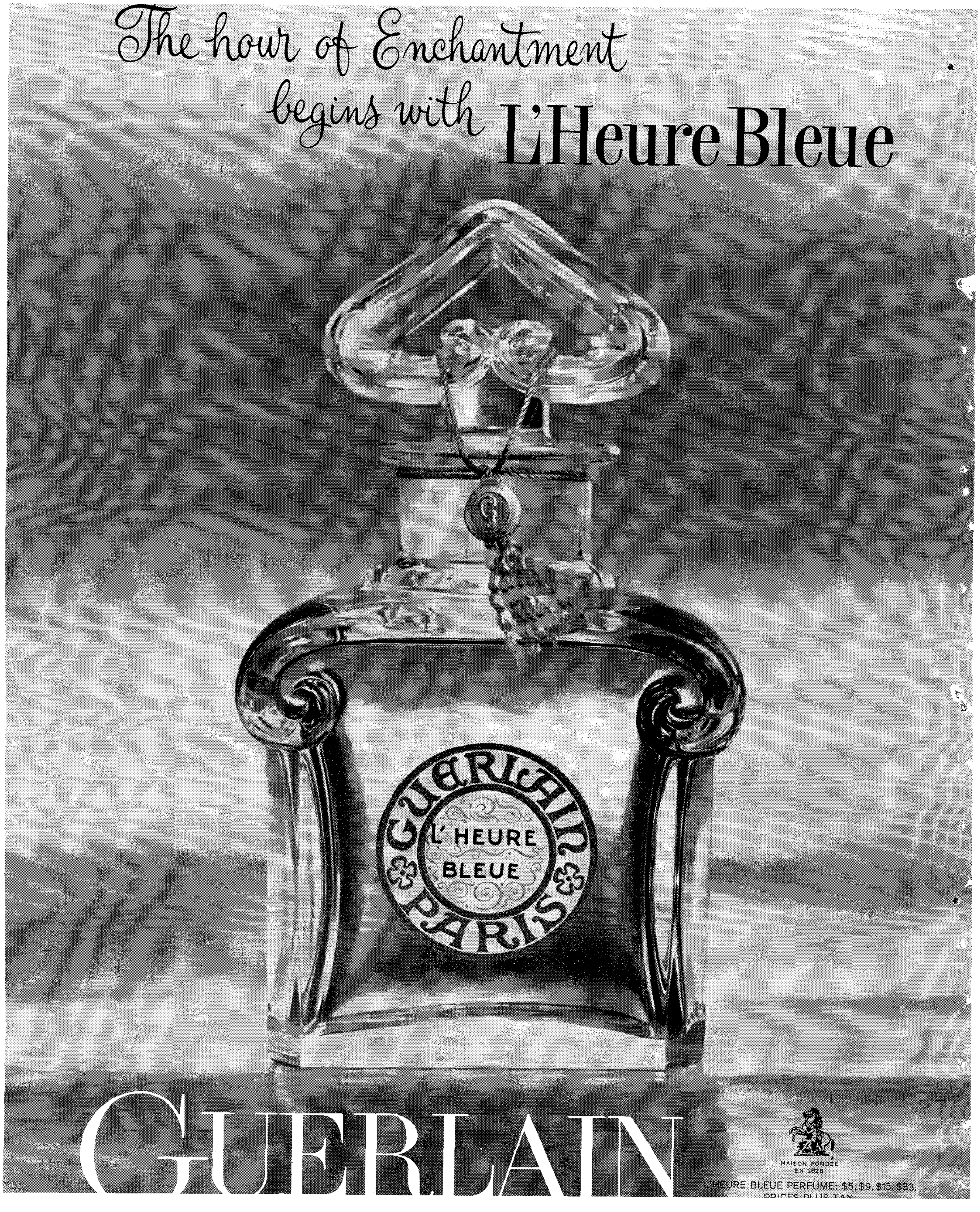
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 1: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and "Victim," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.
From Nov. 2: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (both in French and both revivals).

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 3: **THE PAJAMA GAME**, revival; and "Ocean's 11," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
Nov. 4-5: "Red Hot Wheels" (formerly called "To Please a Lady"), revival, Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Excuse My Dust," revival, Red Skelton, Sally Forrest.
From Nov. 6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo," Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French); and "A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders; and "End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 4: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.
Nov. 5: "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy.
From Nov. 6: **LOLITA.**

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Nov. 5: "Almost Angels," Peter Weck, Vincent Winter; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From Nov. 6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo," Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux.


The hour of Enchantment
begins with L'Heure Bleue
GUERLAIN
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BLEUE
PARIS
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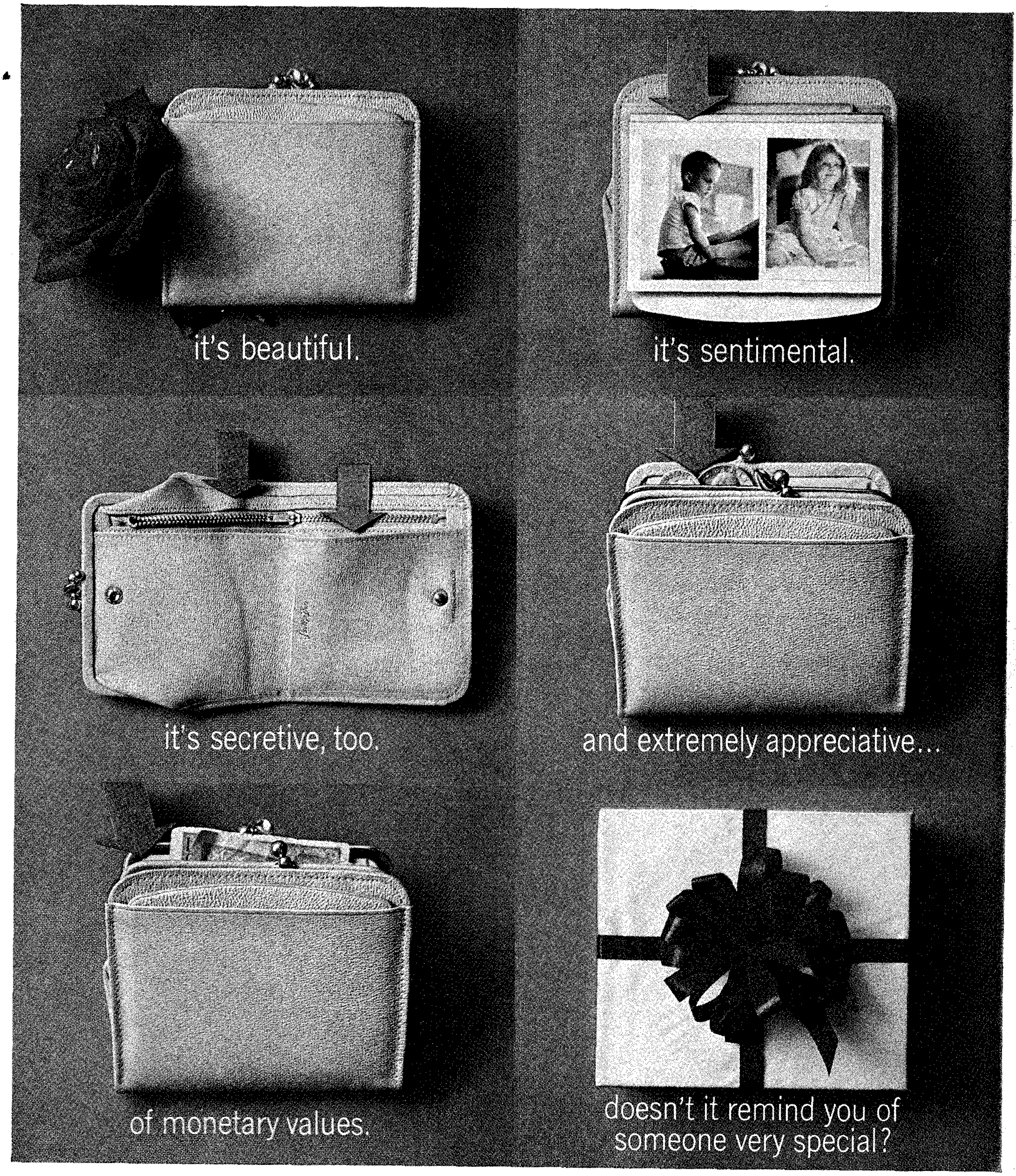
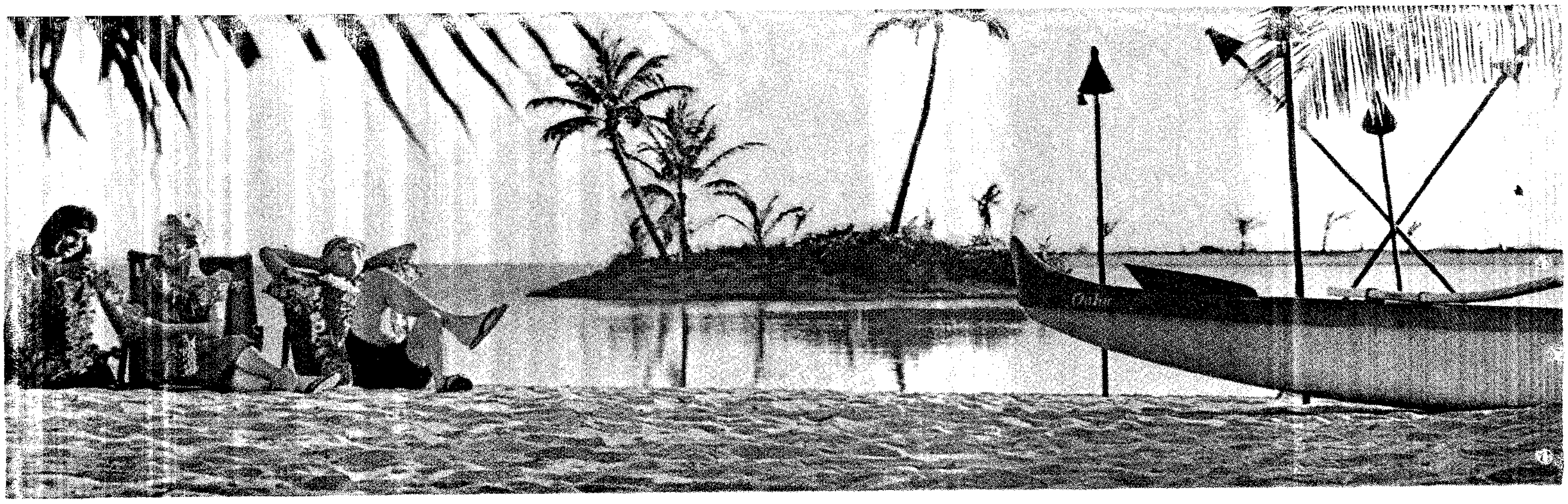
MAISON FONDÉE
EN 1828
L'HEURE BLEUE PERFUME: $5, $9, $15, $33.
PRICES PLUS TAX

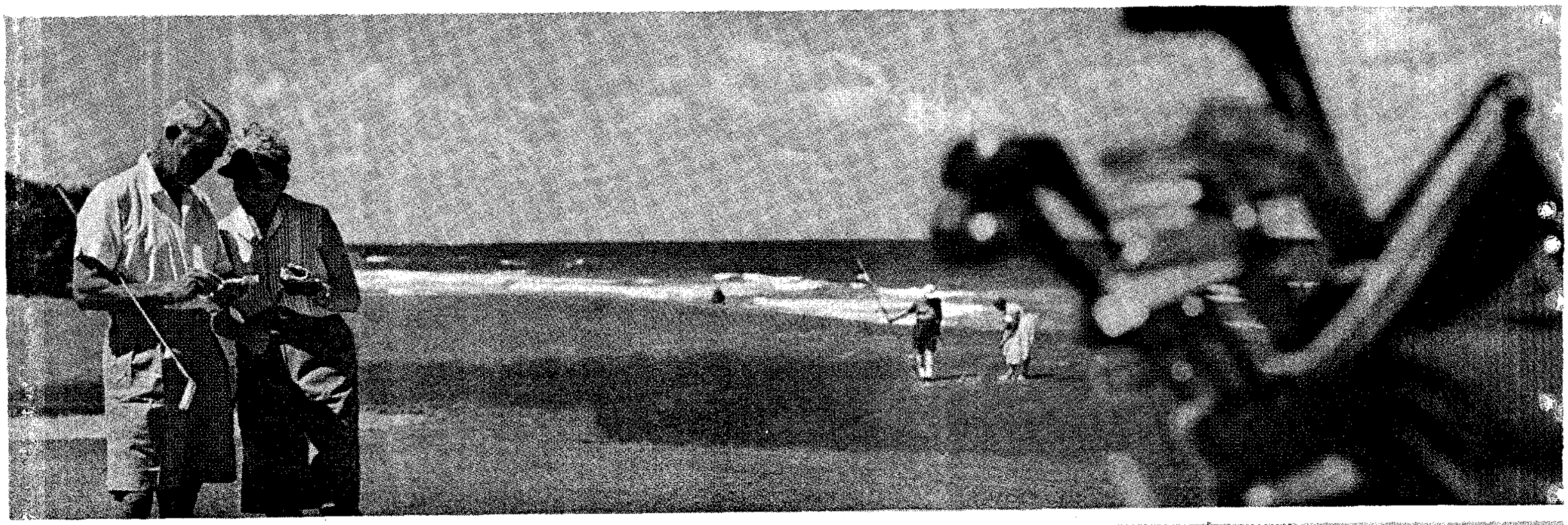

it's beautiful.
it's sentimental.
it's secretive, too.
and extremely appreciative...
of monetary values.
doesn't it remind you of someone very special?

SARATOGA DUO: French purse gift idea with incomparable charms. A patented three-part frame—one side a spacious coin pocket, the other allowing the "magic" withdrawal of bills. An attached flip-over card case with charge plate holder for four plates. A double bill compartment, one of which is zippered. And a slim elegant look that's a masterpiece of leathercraft design. All this in a wide and varied choice of precious leathers and haute couture colors. From $6.00. SARATOGA TRIO, a slightly larger version of Duo, has the same virtues plus room for compact and eyeglasses. From $7.50. At all fine stores, or write St. Thomas, Inc., Gloversville, New York.

SARATOGA DUO & TRIO BY ST. THOMAS



SOMEWHERE WINTER IS FUN....



...ONLY HOURS AWAY BY UNITED JET!

What better tonic for your weary winter spirits? Blue skies . . . warm sands . . . a refreshing swim before breakfast . . . nine holes before lunch . . . "winter" never seemed so relaxing! And United is the way to follow the sun.

On United the winter therapy begins the moment you step on the plane. Just take off your winter coat, ease back and relax in a deep, comfortable seat. You'll find the atmosphere pleasant, the food delicious. And United's friendly people take Extra Care with every detail of your trip.

United offers you jet convenience to more vacation areas from more cities in the U. S. than any other airline. With the world's largest jet fleet at your service, you can pick the United jet best suited to your schedule.

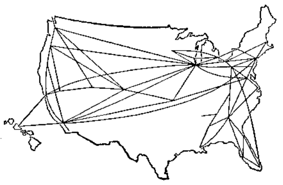
And your Travel Agent can prescribe just the place for fun and sun to fit your time and budget. He has scores of tours and travel packages, and can create more just for you, including a rental car for your stay. You'll find air fares surprisingly low. And there's a Fly Now—Pay Later plan available. Ask your Travel Agent about it and be sure to tell him you want to fly on United.

Choose from hundreds of United winter vacations, such as described at right . . .

. . . IN HAWAII You'll find a rainbow of pleasures unmatched. Loll on a secluded beach. Golf with the sound of surf in your ears. Sample the glamorous nightlife of Waikiki. Stroll through exotic shops, and be tempted by gifts of Polynesia and the Orient. Waiting at your pleasure are miles of enchanting beaches . . . towering mountains . . . breath-taking canyons . . . lush tropical forests . . . and fabulous food that ranges from Polynesian Luau to Oriental cuisine to juicy western steak. Beachfront hotels begin at $6 per person (double occupancy). Jet Coach from California to Honolulu is only $266.08 round trip, including tax.

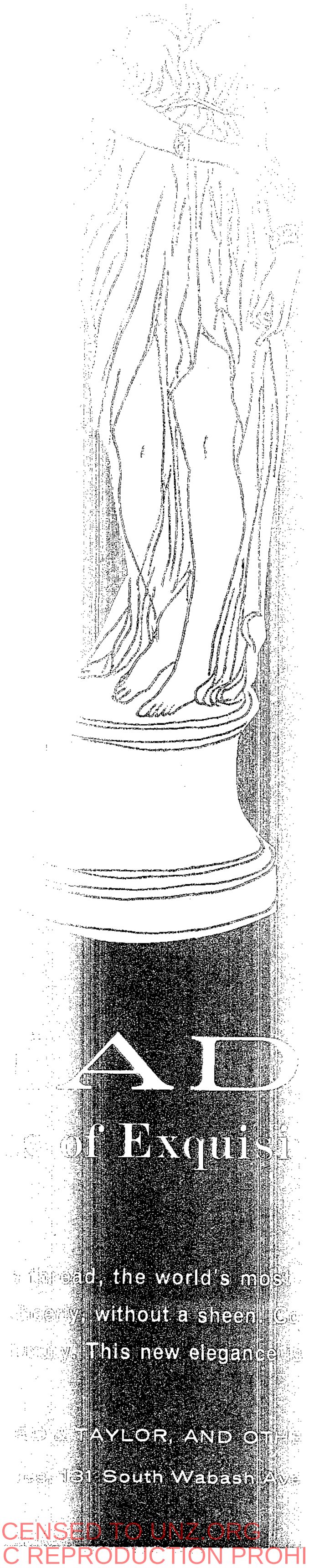
. . . IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Live the sunsets at Malibu where the mountains fold into the sea. Visit Disneyland (it's really for grownups). See movies being made. Enjoy sixty miles of beach and fun at San Diego . . . swim, surfboard, skin dive, go boating and fishing. Popular hotel rates begin as low as $5.50 per person (double occupancy). Air fares are low. For example, Chicago to Los Angeles only $170, plus tax, round trip by United Jet Economy Coach. Want still more excitement? Plan an en route stop at glamorous Las Vegas, the desert wonderland.

. . . IN FLORIDA The winter sun here is an old favorite. Bask in it on exciting Miami Beach. See the flamingos and the thoroughbreds at Hialeah. Take pictures at photogenic Cypress Gardens. Golf. Fish for almost any variety of fish. Tour Miami's glittering niteries where fabulous entertainment reigns. And from Pittsburgh, for instance, Jet Coach is only $131.10, plus tax, round trip.



UNITED ®

WORLD'S LARGEST JET FLEET / THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE



AD

of Exquisi

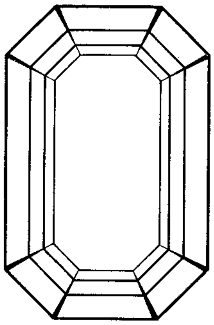
thread, the world's mos

without a sheen. C

This new elegance

TAYLOR, AND OTH

131 South Wabash Ave



What shade of green should an emerald be?

A British writer said about the green of a good emerald:

> *"Its verdant beauty recalls the exquisite lawns that grace the courts and quadrangles of our older seats of learning."*

Most jewelers agree, but express the same idea more simply. They will tell you a fine emerald should look "like wet spring grass."

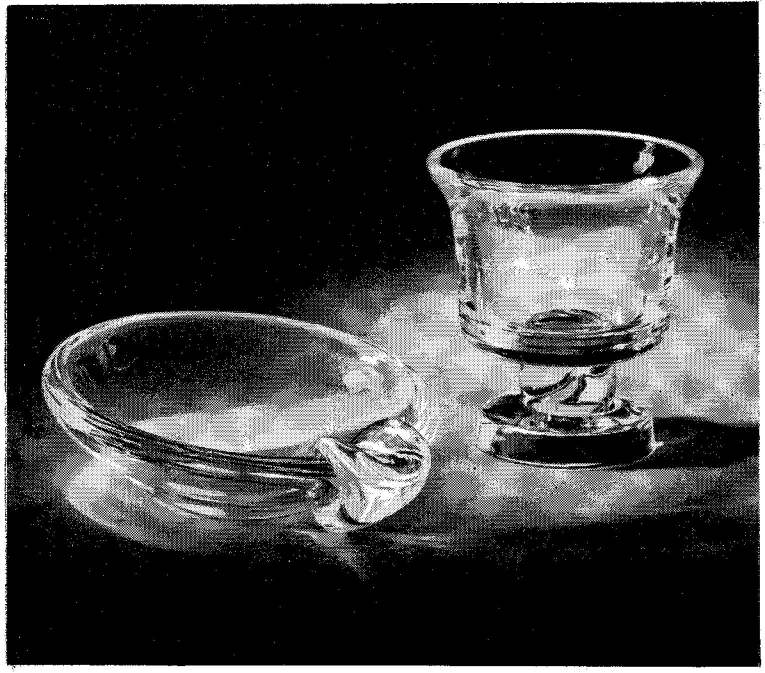
This delightful color is easier to describe than it is to discover, in nature. It has seldom appeared in small emeralds, until some—pure green—came recently to light in the Sandawana Valley of Southern Rhodesia.

Emeralds from Sandawana illustrate, superbly, what the analogies suggest. Their green is exuberant as springtime. Fresh. Alive. Intense. And, unique among emeralds, without blue or yellow overtones.

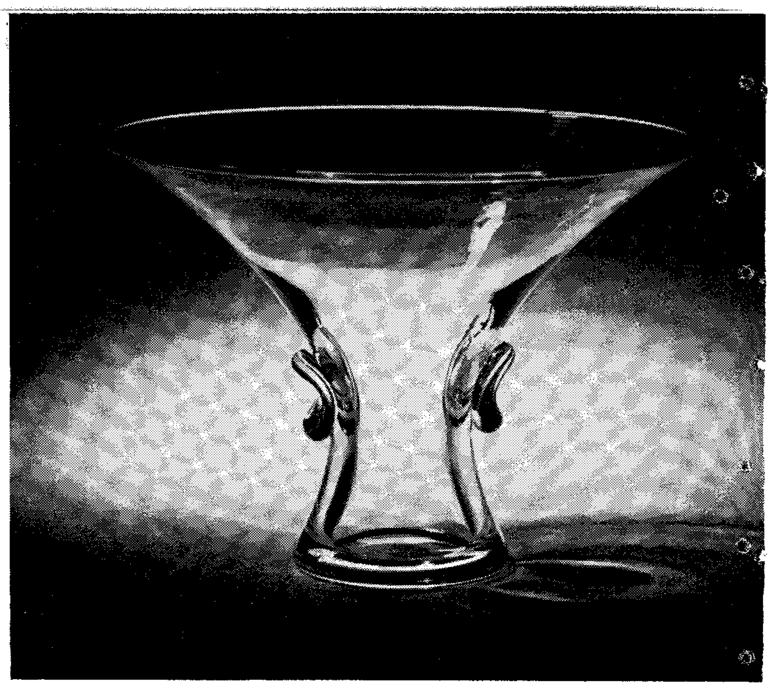
So vivid is this green, it illuminates the very tiniest stones, though they may weigh a mere fraction of a carat. Jewelers are just beginning to set some of their newest pieces with emeralds from Sandawana.

You may have to wait a little bit. But when you see them, think of exquisite lawns.

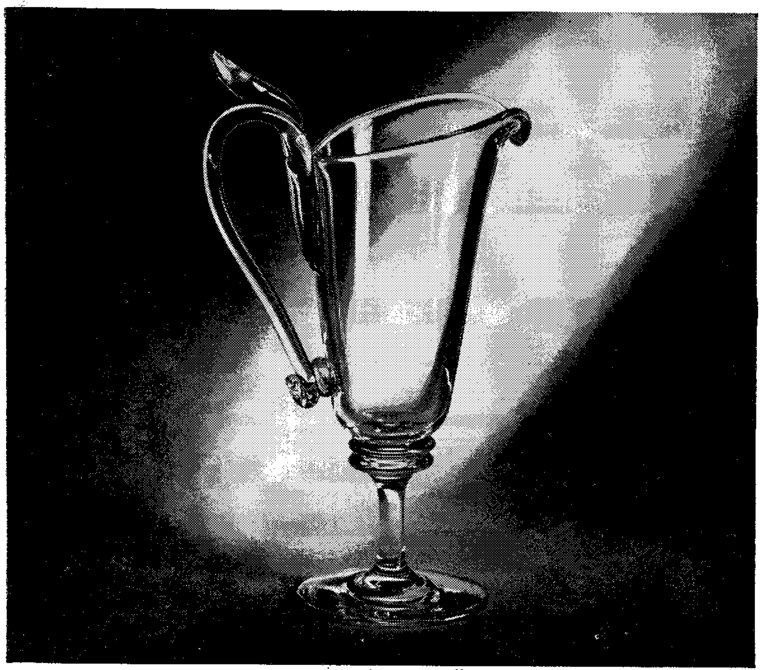
You may have the booklet, "Discovering Emeralds," by writing to: Emeralds From Sandawana, P.O. Box 1188, Wilmington 99, Del.



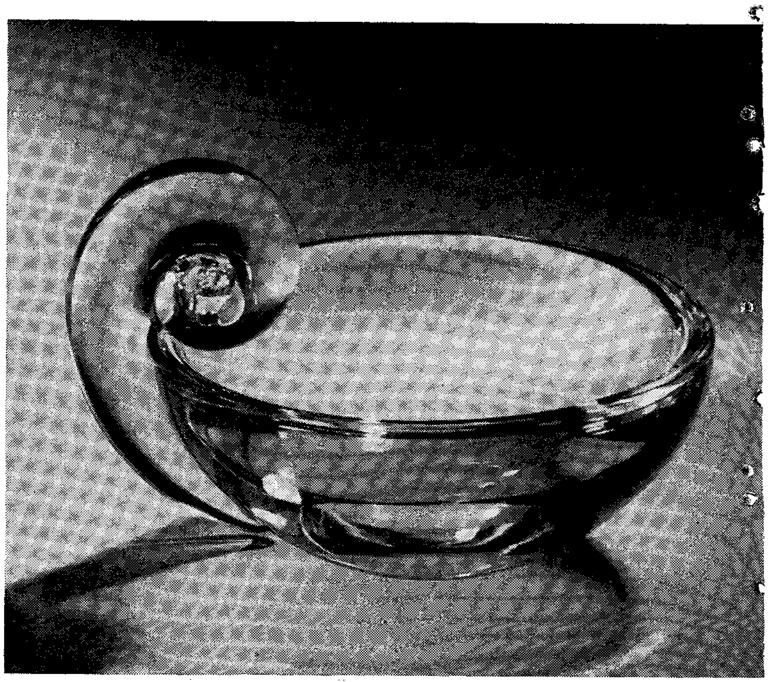
Ashtray • 4" • $17.50 • Cigarette Urn • Height 3" • $18.00



Bouquet Vase • Height 5" • $22.50



Cream Pitcher • Height 7" • $37.50



Olive Dish • Diameter 5" • $25.00

Crystal for Christmas—from Steuben

CRYSTAL is mysteriously appropriate at Christmas time.

It may be the way that crystal welcomes candlelight. Theirs is a warm and happy friendship. Christmas lights of all kinds seem to dance more merrily when they can shine in crystal.

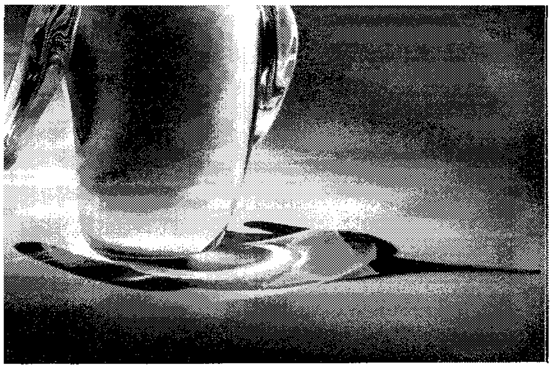
Or it may be the quiet dignity of crystal. There is honesty in its clearness. And beauty in its simplicity.

Honesty, tranquillity, simplicity. Aren't these among the deepest satisfactions of Christmas?

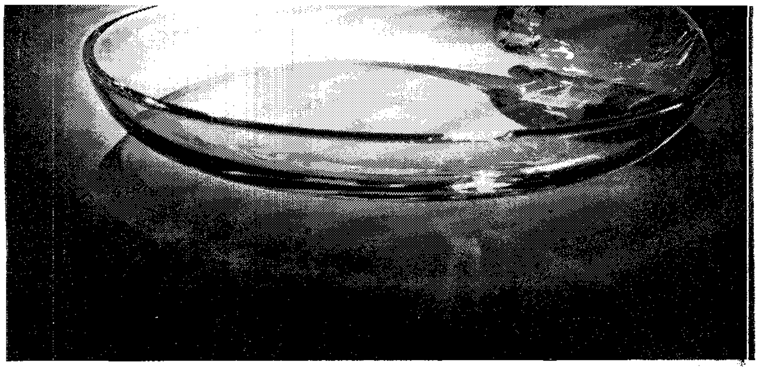
Here are two pages of crystal gift ideas from Steuben. All of them are on display now—awaiting your selection. They don't shout about Christmas. They reflect it.

STEUBEN GLASS

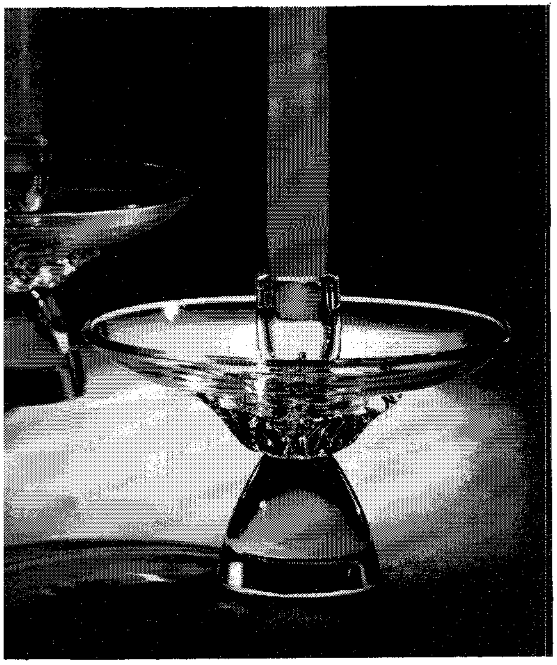
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK 22, N.Y.



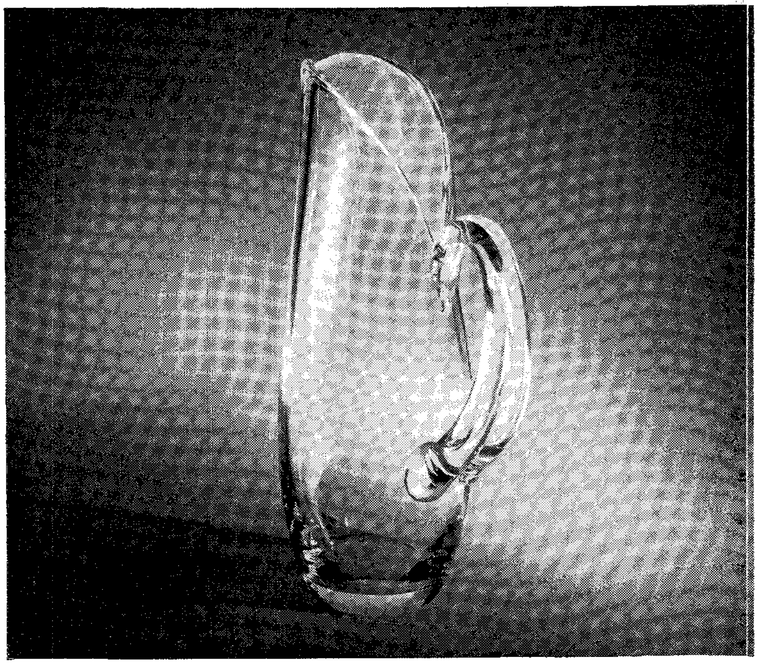
enguin • Height 6″ • $50.00



Serving Dish • Diameter 8″ • $32.50

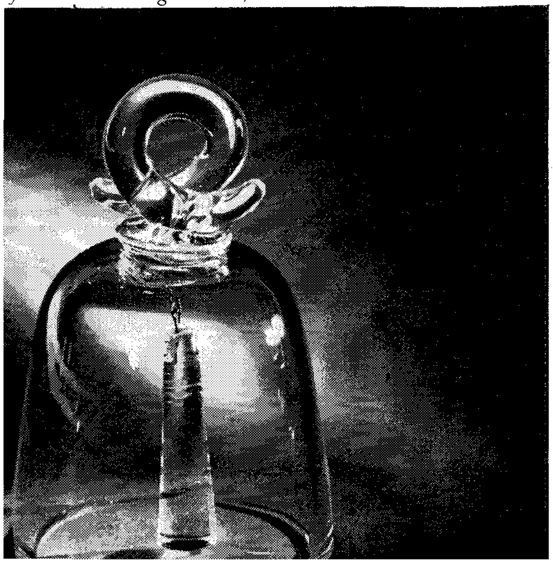


ndlesticks • Height 4″ • $75.00 a pair

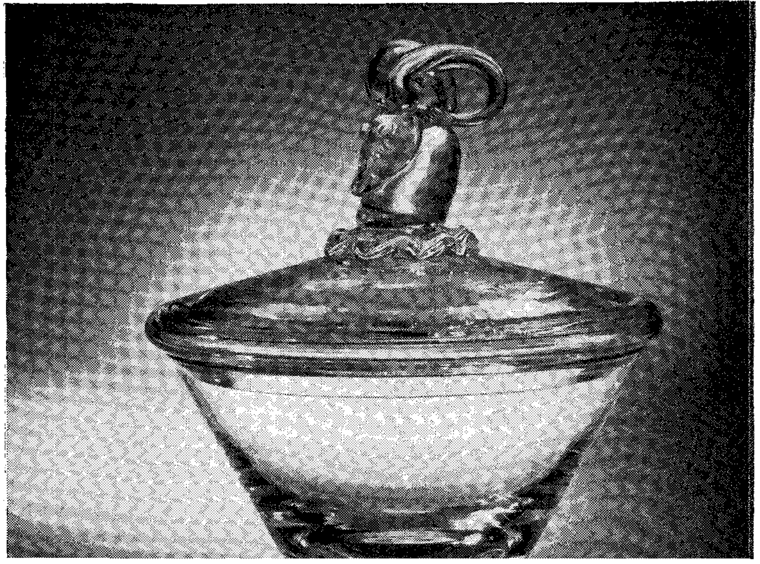


Water or Martini Pitcher • 26 oz. • $57.50

ystal Bell • Height 4″ • $32.50



Covered Candy Dish • Height 5″ • $60.00



Welcome to

Singapore...

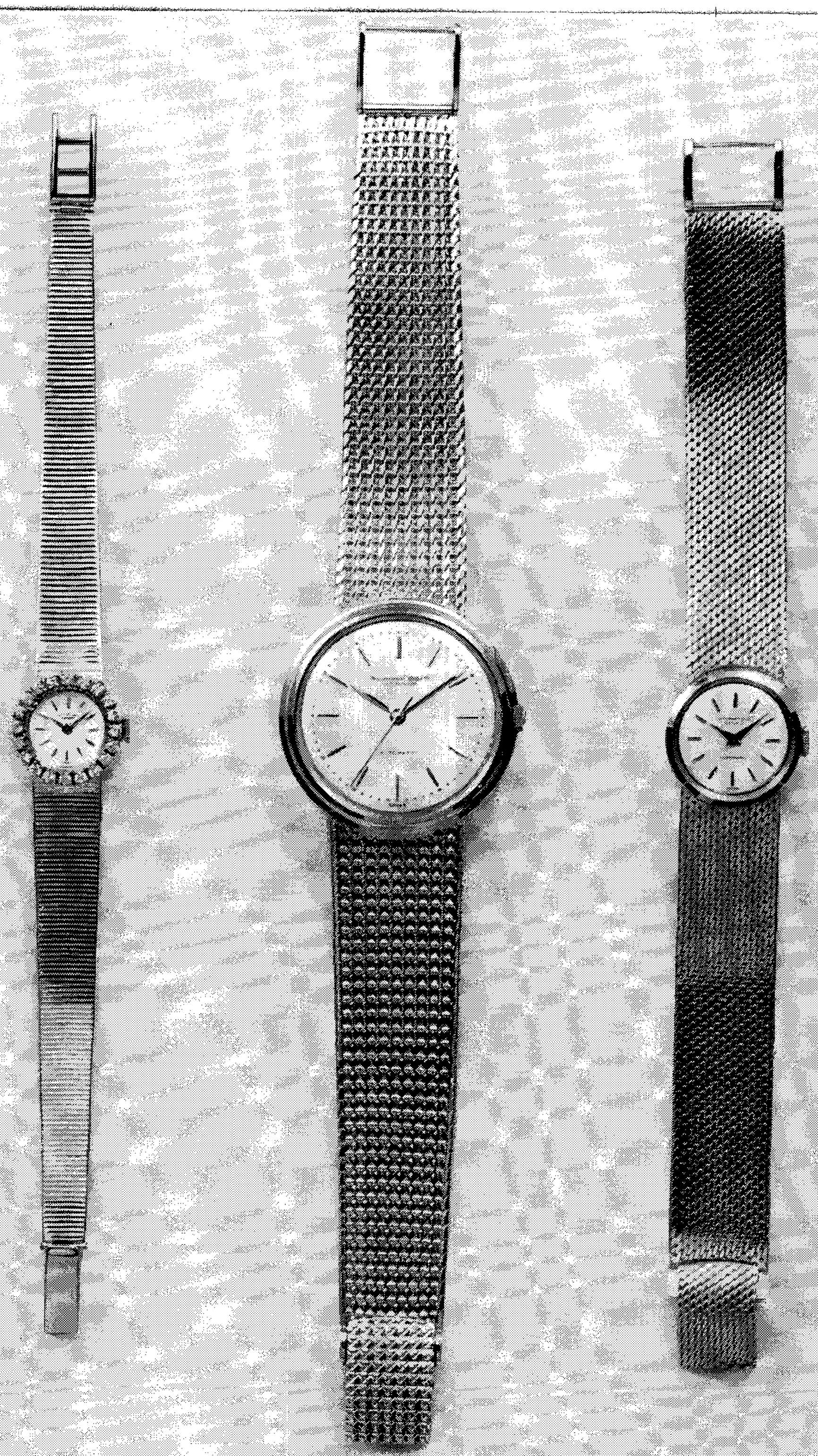
Crossroads of South-East Asia

Everybody who is anybody drops by at Singapore some time or other. Why don't you do so on your next trip to the East! There are many reasons why you should.

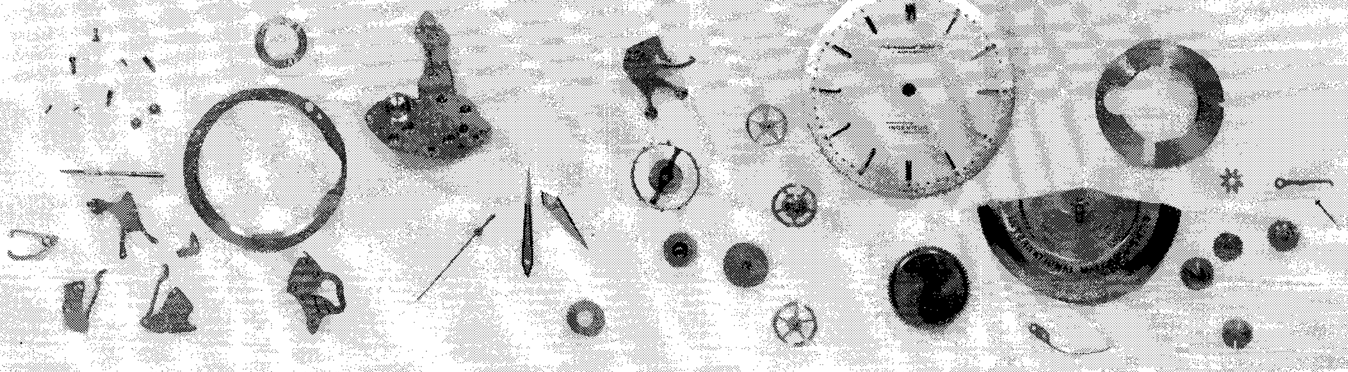
- Singapore is the gay heart of South-East Asia.
- A colourful miniature of all Asia.
- A tax free shoppers' paradise.
- The most modern and comfortable city in South-East Asia.
- Singapore is a sensible stopover to see the wonders of all South-East Asia.

All enquiries to:

Tourist Section, Ministry of Culture,
Coleman Street, Singapore 6.



THE BEAUTY OF AN "INTERNATIONAL" IS NOT SKIN DEEP



Beneath the surface of an International watch, each intricate detail is as beautiful as the face it shows the world. Three handsome designs to delight the most knowledgeable jeweler and connoisseur: left to right, in 18 kt. gold, bracelet watch set with diamonds $875; self-winding, water-resistant watch $795; self-winding classic $525. (FTI) **INTERNATIONAL** OF SCHAFFHAUSEN, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

MADE IN ENGLAND
SWEATERS & SOCKS

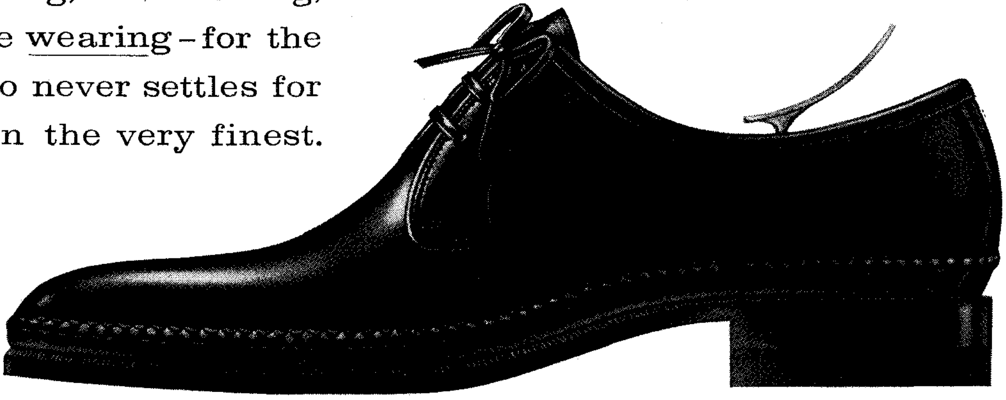
Byford

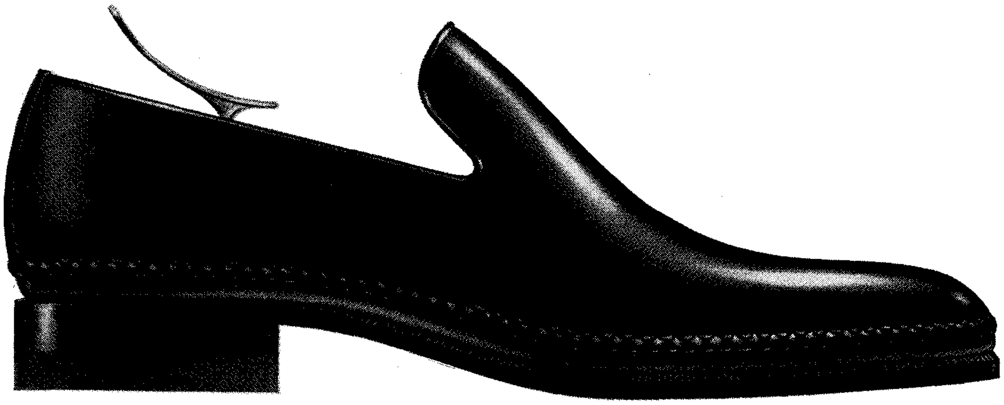
NEW YORK 350 FIFTH AVENUE **LONDON** 18, BOLTON STREET, W. 1

First in their Field...
because they're second to none

FLORSHEIM
Imperials

The finest expression in shoe styling, shoe making, and shoe wearing – for the man who never settles for less than the very finest.



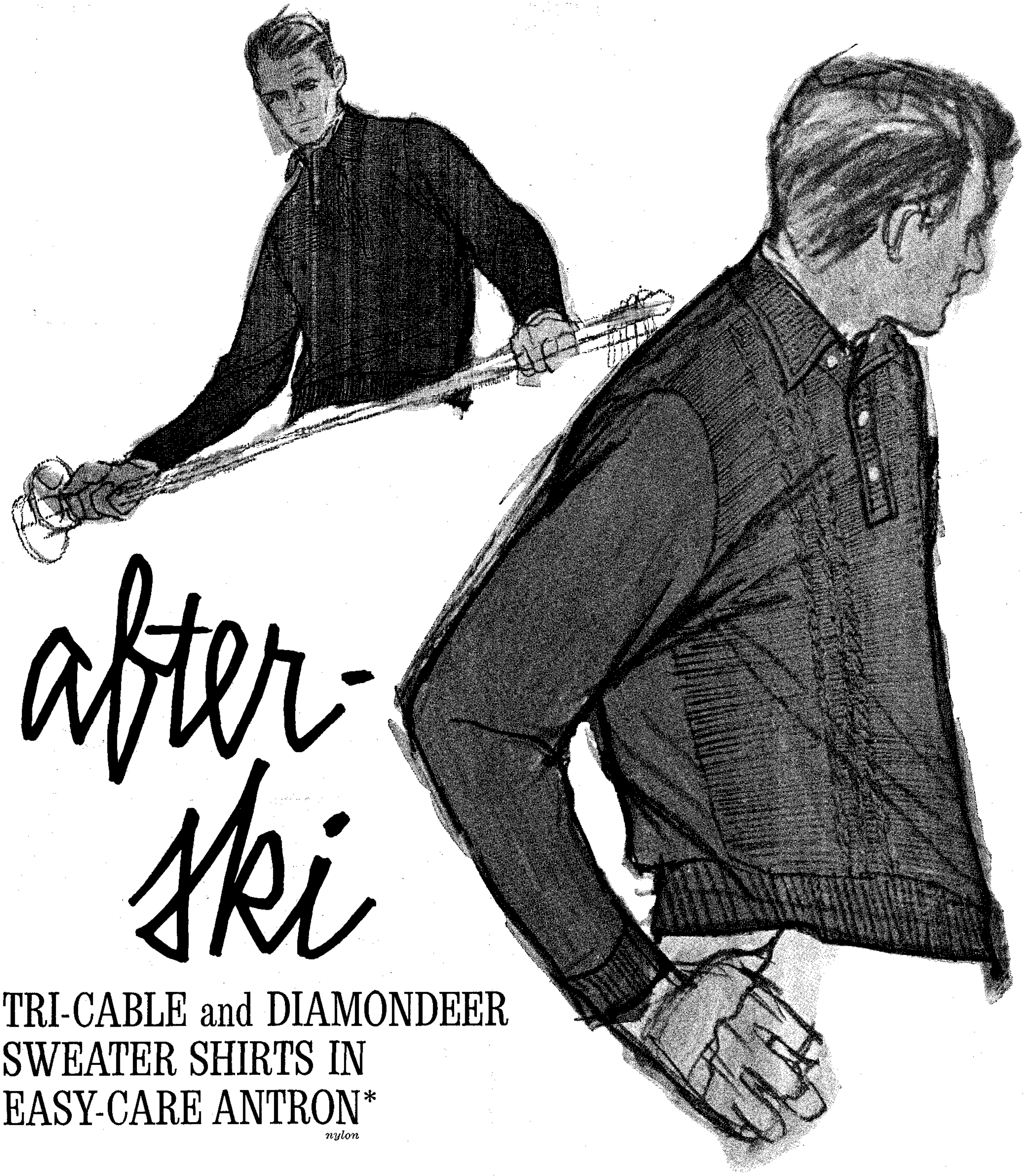


Top: The Falcon, *92613; full leather lined three-eyelet hand-stitched black calf blucher; 93618 in Perfecto brown, $32.95*

Bottom: The Falcon, *92006; full leather lined hand-stitched black calf slip-on, $32.95*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY



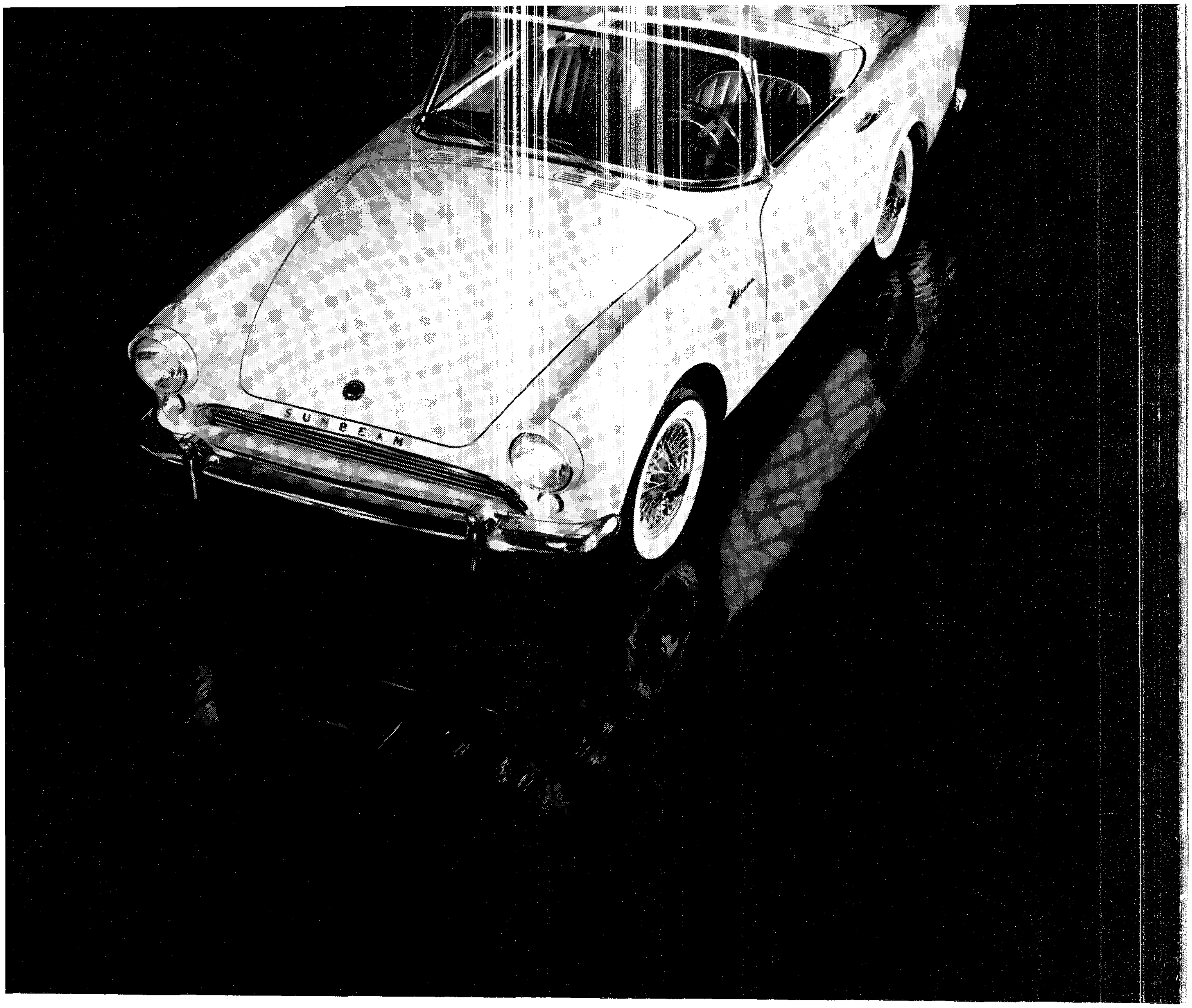
TRI-CABLE and DIAMONDEER SWEATER SHIRTS IN EASY-CARE ANTRON*
nylon

Look great, feel great in the lean and lively Tri Cable (shown in blue). Or the high-powered Diamondeer with jacquard self-pattern. Both tailored of amazing Antron nylon—pure luxury in a yarn! Feels in between a silk and a challis, but washes like a handkerchief, dries like a shot. Each shirt $10.95.

**DuPont reg. T.M.*

McGREGOR®

Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too. McGregor-Doniger Inc., New York 19, N. Y.



Is it too chic to be champ?

The loveliness of a Sunbeam Alpine is only skin deep. Underneath it's all muscle and brawn and racing nerves.

It wasn't looks that cleaned up at the Riverside, California, Grand Prix, where the Sunbeam Alpine swept Class "F" in the 3-hour "Enduro." Or at Bridgehampton. Or at Danville. Or at Le Mans, France, where it swept all classes to earn the title, "Most efficient sports car in the world."

It streaks from 0 to 60 in 12.3 seconds, flicks off a quarter mile in under 19, hugs corners like a lover!

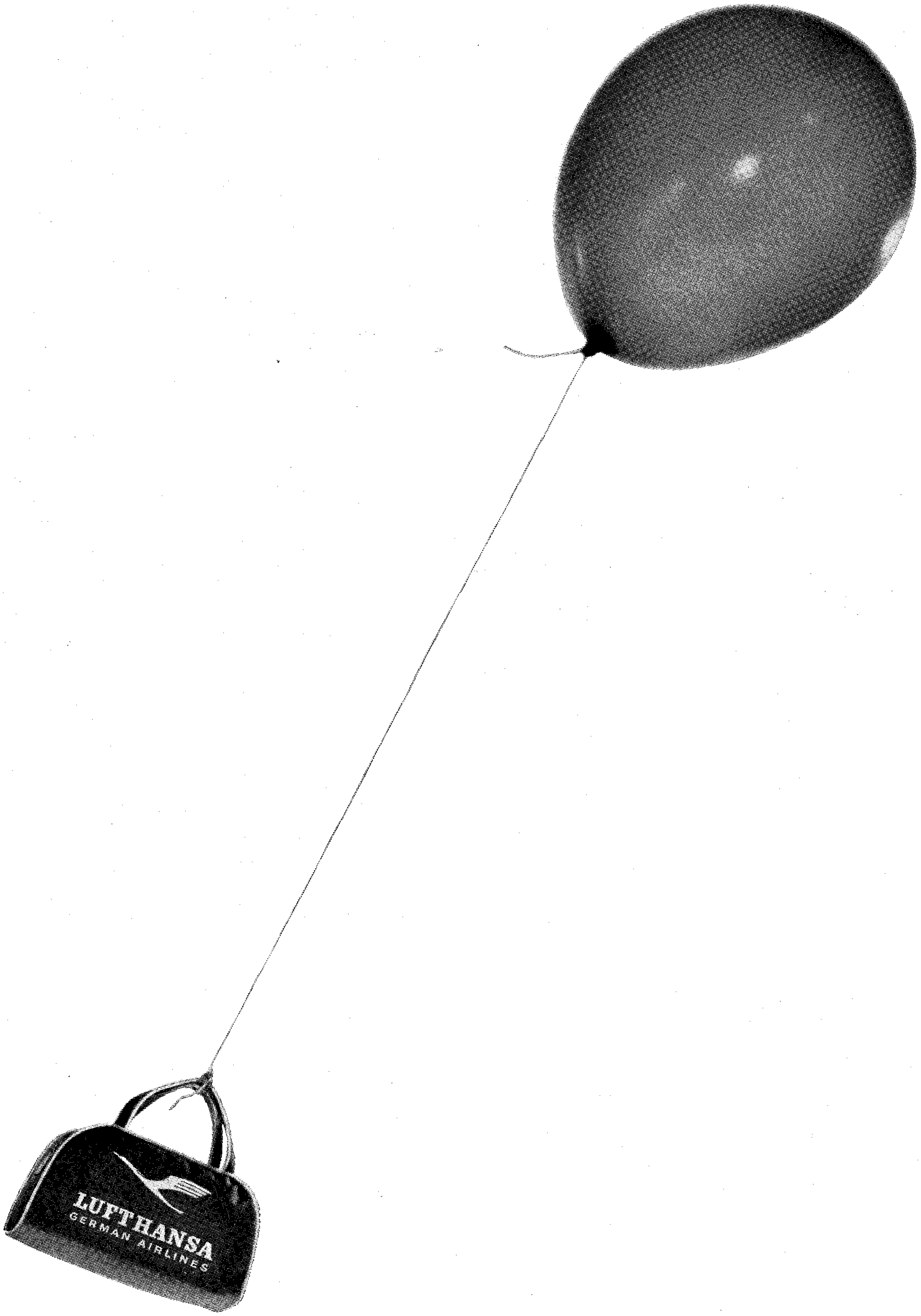
But for all its snap and snarl, it treats you tenderly — with wind-up windows, weather-tight soft top, restful foam-cushioned seats, a usable jump seat, and other practical design features, such as lockable wide-opening doors, that add lots to your driving comfort.

At only $2595*, no wonder the race is to your Sunbeam Alpine dealer's!

Going abroad? Ask your Rootes dealer about our overseas car delivery plan.

*East P.O.E Slightly more in West. State & local taxes, delivery charge, if any, hard top, wire wheels, white walls, optional, extra.

SUNBEAM ALPINE A DESIGN OF DISTINCTION BY **ROOTES**



Take off with us on a wonderfully serene, smooth flight... you'll have particularly thoughtful service, too, not only to Germany, but to most all the world. Your Travel Agent will agree.

From New York— nonstop to Frankfurt or Cologne. Direct to Munich. From Chicago— nonstop to Frankfurt. From San Francisco—direct to Frankfurt via London or Paris. Lufthansa German Airlines: Offices in principal cities.

L ACCESSORIES, SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Countess Isserlyn...
a most luxurious make-up...pampers your
complexion...makes you prettier instantly...
unlike any other make-up in the world
$50, $30, $20, plus tax.

Alexandra de Markoff

No Holiday for Stringers

They work for us just one night every two years... but this Tuesday night's the night.

They're the 1,650 "stringers" whose behind-the-scenes phone reports from the nation's polling places help make NBC's election coverage the very best in America.

NBC's "one-night-standers" every two years—all far more anonymous than either Chet Huntley or David Brinkley—include newspapermen, broadcasters, teachers and students.

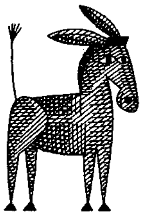
Their "posts" for the evening run the gamut from a bank building in Honolulu to an Albuquerque High School cafeteria (where, presumably, they're handed the voting tabulations on a tray).

Non-Party Lines

In a great many cases, we have special phones installed for the stringers' exclusive use.

(Two years ago, one such phone—destined for a Manhattan school—was delivered in error to a fish market across the street. "I don't know why NBC wants a phone here," said the puzzled proprietor, "but it's O.K. with me.")

There's nothing remotely fishy, however, about the contribution made by stringers to our over-all election coverage.

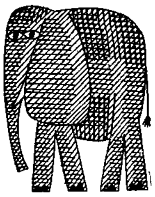


Despite television's electronic magic, on Tuesday it will be the human effort that makes the big difference. That effort will begin with the stringers' first phone calls and end with the public "good-nights" or "good-mornings" of such newsmen as Huntley, Brinkley, Frank McGee, Merrill Mueller, Ed Newman and Sander Vanocur.

In between those times, NBC viewers will have had a superb hat-in-the-ring-side seat at a most significant off-year election.

Certainly there's no shortage of marquee attractiveness among the candidates. Kennedy, Lodge, Nixon, Brown, Dirksen, Yates, Romney, Swainson, Rockefeller, Morgenthau, Ribicoff, Seely-Brown, Jr.... they've been making news all year. A good bet for the day? That more people will watch the returns on NBC than on any other network.

The fact is we draw the largest audiences for just about *every* news event covered simultaneously by the three networks. In the last national election—and again, when all the networks were covering Astronaut Schirra's flight last month—more people did their watching on NBC than on the other two networks combined.



If we again outdraw the opposition this Tuesday night, it will be partly because our balloting totals in previous elections have been consistently ahead of the other networks. Exactly two Novembers ago, we even had a call from a press-association man asking us to keep our figures on the screen a bit longer so he could copy them.

But there's more to covering an election than accuracy and speed. There's the obligation to help the viewer *understand* the running totals; to let him know *why* an early lead may be misleading; and to spot a trend before it's much larger than a spot on the horizon.

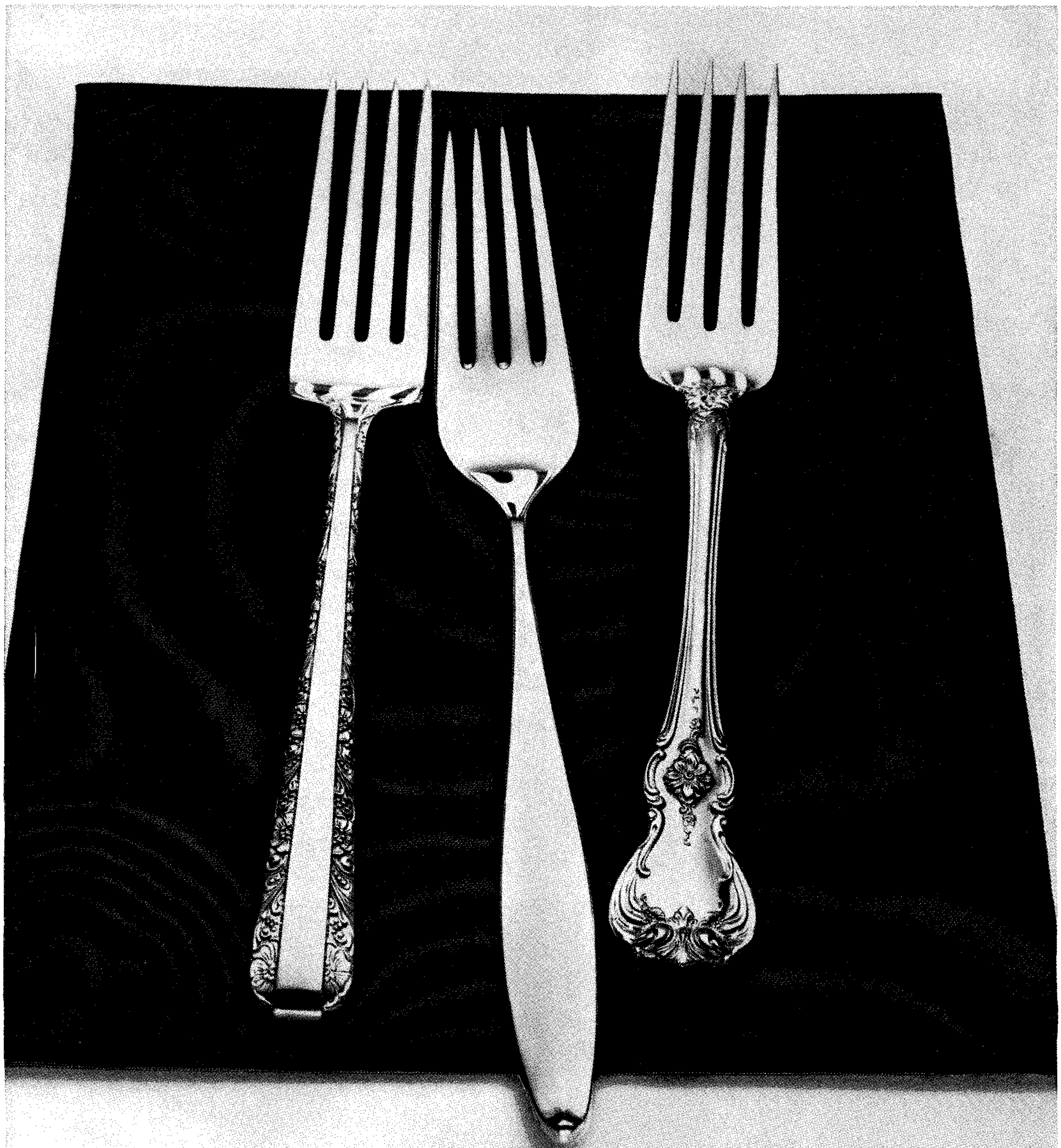
Finished Business

The election-night viewer knows he'll be getting that kind of service on NBC. He knows, too, that we won't conclude our night's work until every important contest has been resolved.

Such persistence is no mere caprice. It is simply the way NBC believes journalism should be practiced. Like a family living in earshot of a rumbling Vesuvius, we hate to go to bed until everything is settled.

NBC

This is NBC, the largest single source of news, entertainment and information in the free world.



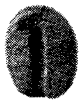
There's a fine line between just sterling...and the elegance of Towle

In the more enduring things of life, fine distinctions make the enormous difference. In silver, this simple truth is beautifully expressed in the splendor of Towle's many design moods, three of which are shown, from the left: Candlelight, Vespera and Old Master. Perhaps one of these will be yours...or perhaps you'll prefer one of the many other sterling patterns sculptured in exquisite detail by America's proudest silversmiths, at Newburyport, Massachusetts. Whatever your choice, be certain to buy your silver "by the chest". There are wonderfully convenient new payment plans available at most stores. Inquire, and enjoy the pleasure of sterling and the treasure of Towle from the very first.

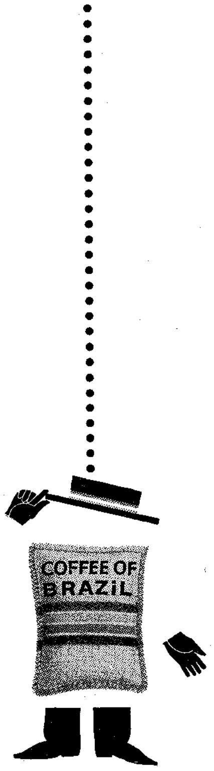
TOWLE
SILVERSMITHS

For a lifetime of elegance...start living with sterling by Towle

© TOWLE 1962



“It took years to perfect this great coffee bean
In minutes you can turn it into a great cup of coffee!”
(or a bad one)

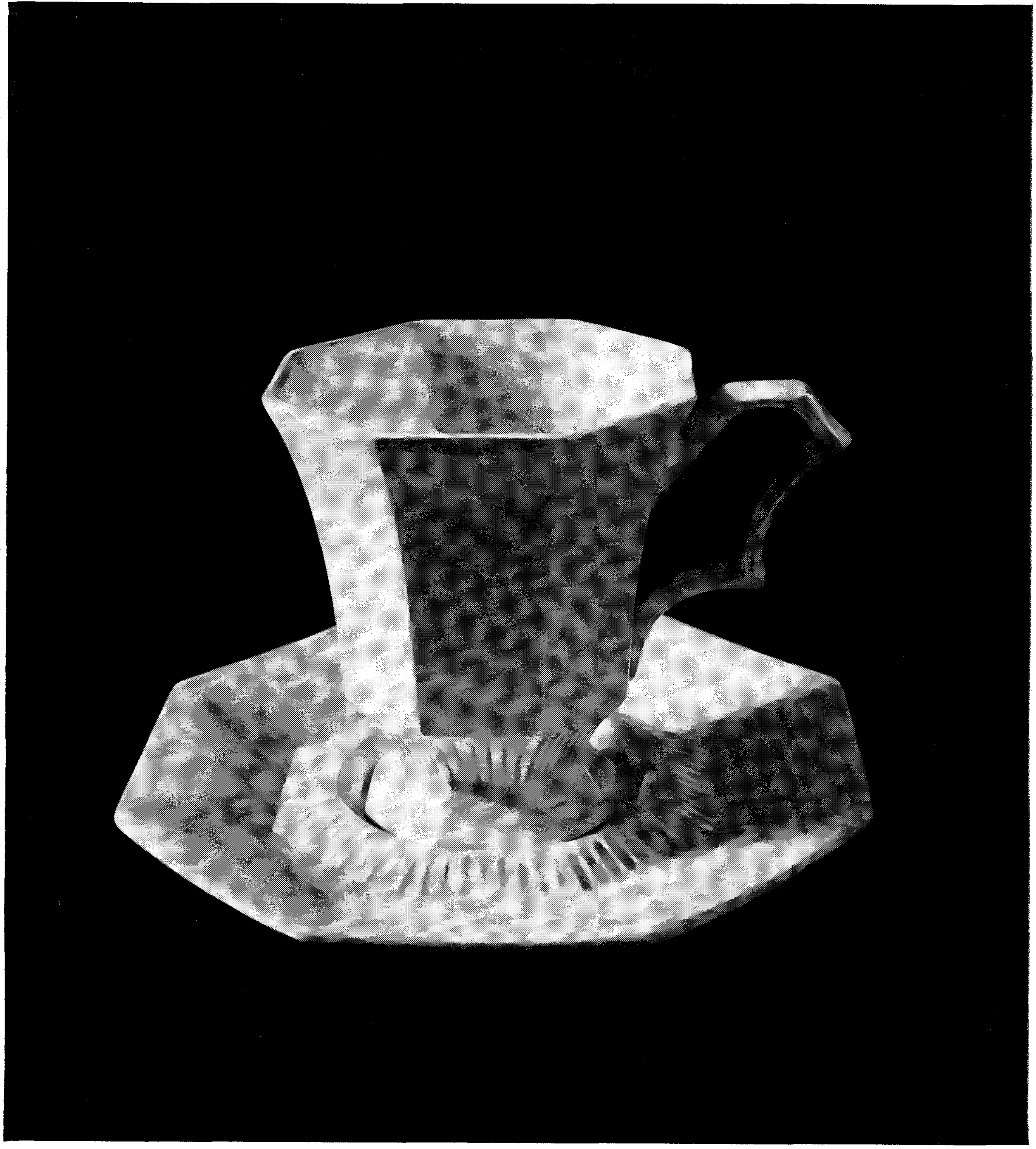


The Coffee Man is concerned lest anyone acquire a taste for anything less than the greatest, the very greatest, cup of coffee. Follow the Coffee Man's rule and you will make the very greatest cup of coffee—with whichever brand you love best. A Brazilian by birth, and by nature, here from the land where every type of bean is grown, he's the heart and soul of just about every brand of coffee America drinks. Because Brazil is c-o-f-f-e-e!

Notes from the Coffee Man's rule: Use! your! coffee! measure! Use a standard coffee cup of water for each measure of coffee. Don't go overboard, or light, on either one. Time the brew, same timing each time. Write: The Coffee Man, Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, for "How to make good coffee every time." Send 25¢ (to cover postage and handling) for simple kit and instructions for making Cafézinho, Brazil's elite demitasse.

THERE'S NOTHING AS GOOD AS A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE **COFFEE OF BRAZIL**

INDEPENDENCE IRONSTONE 45-PIECE SERVICE FOR EIGHT IN WHITE. $39.95. IN PATTERNS. $49.95.



DON'T JUST STAND THERE...POUR.

It is time to dispel a few rumors. In the short period since launching our INDEPENDENCE Ironstone collection, we have spent countless manhours trying to convince all and sundry that INDEPENDENCE Ironstone belongs on the dining table—not on the shelf with the rest of your collector's items. We are perfectly ready to admit we've designed an everyday dining collection that is not in the least run-of-the-mill. The silhouette alone is ample proof of that. However, our original intent was to produce a dinnerware collection that would be a happy fusion of aesthetics and functionalism. Therefore, we have no recourse but to announce that INDEPENDENCE Ironstone—plates, platters, pitchers and all—is oven-proof, dishwasher-proof, and absolutely Monday thru Friday. For collector's items, see our Castleton fine china!

CASTLETON CHINA...*a joy to live with*
362 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Creativity:

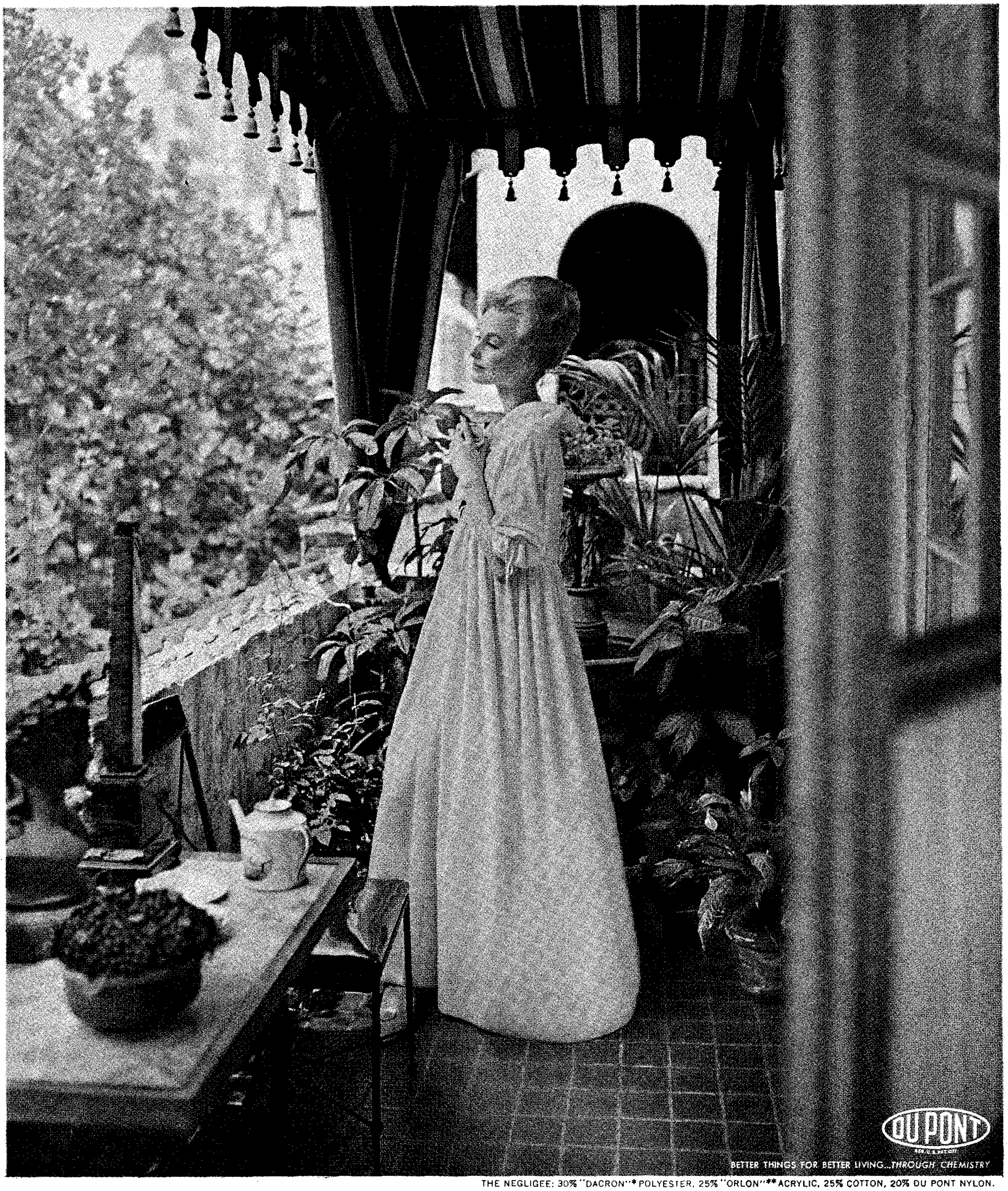
Creativity starts with the artist. In Christmas cards, it ends with *you.* Your choice, the way you express your holiday greetings, is a creative act that reflects your true personality.

Our purpose is to provide *you* with the *one* Christmas card that does this best. We have the necessary *time and temperament because we publish only* Christmas cards... and we devote the entire year to it.

To begin with, several hundred of America's finest artists join in the venture. They live in different parts of the country, enjoy different ways of life, have different attitudes, respond individually to the holidays. Each artist takes the time to create a Christmas card for us exclusively, in his own personal style. Some are traditional, some are modern. Some are gay, some are reverent. Some depict religious themes, some portray the American scene at Christmas. The wide variety of interest, subject and technique is unusual in a Christmas card collection... but you'll find it in the American Artists Group Christmas cards.

There is creativity too in format, selection of papers, processes of printing. Each card is an individual work of art, not an assembly line product.

We look upon Christmas cards as a joint artistic venture for the artist and you. If you share this feeling, we invite you to browse through the American Artists Group albums and boxed Christmas cards. You'll find them only at better stores with time and personnel to help you select, and also to tell you about our individualized services, special texts, foreign language greetings, other creative details. We feel sure you'll find the one Christmas card that means so much to you and those to whom you send it. *American Artists Group, Inc., 621 Ave. of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.*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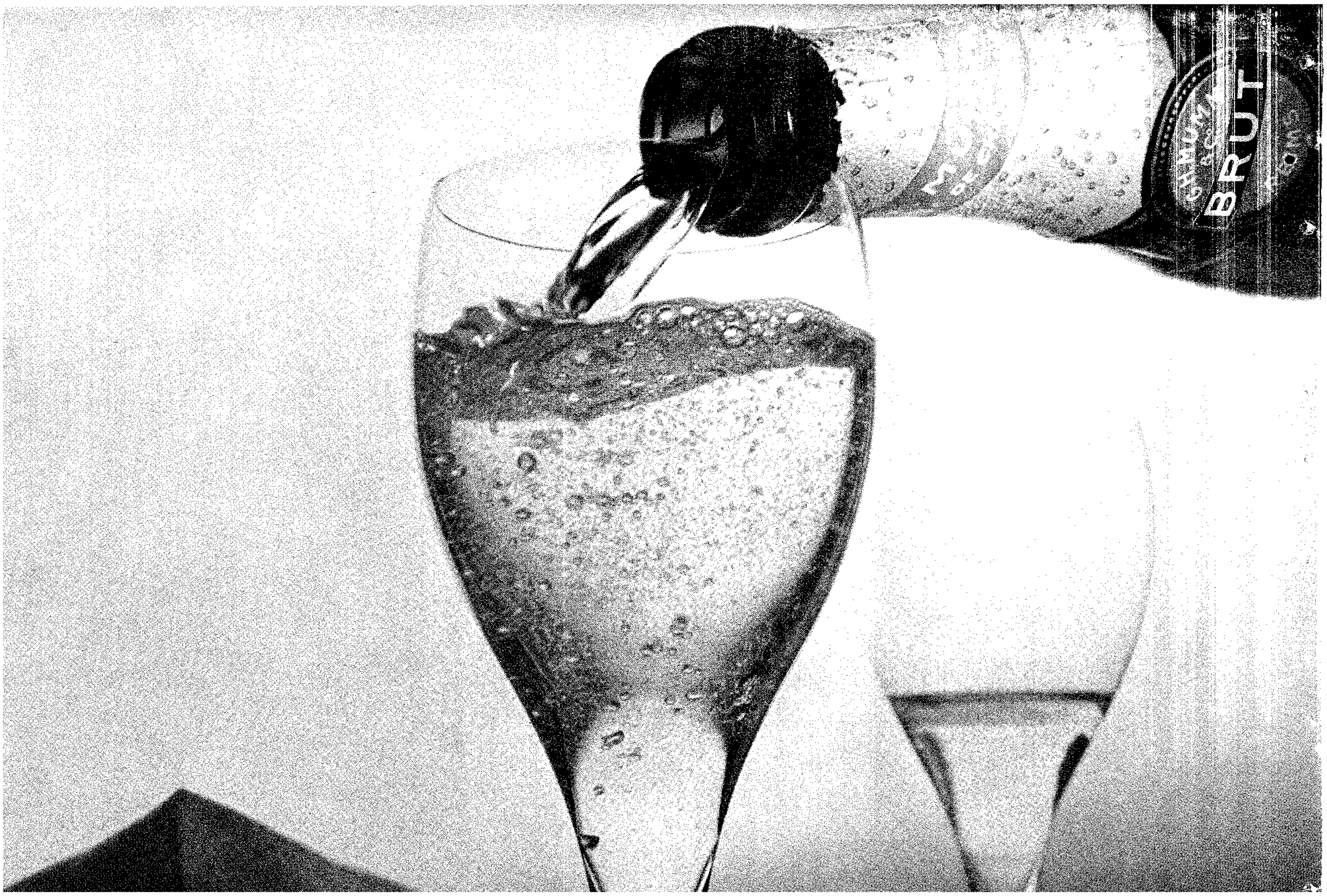
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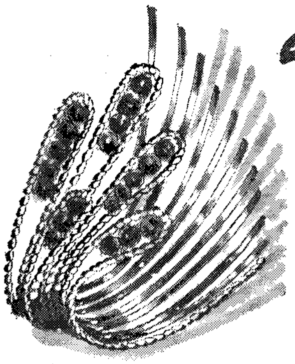
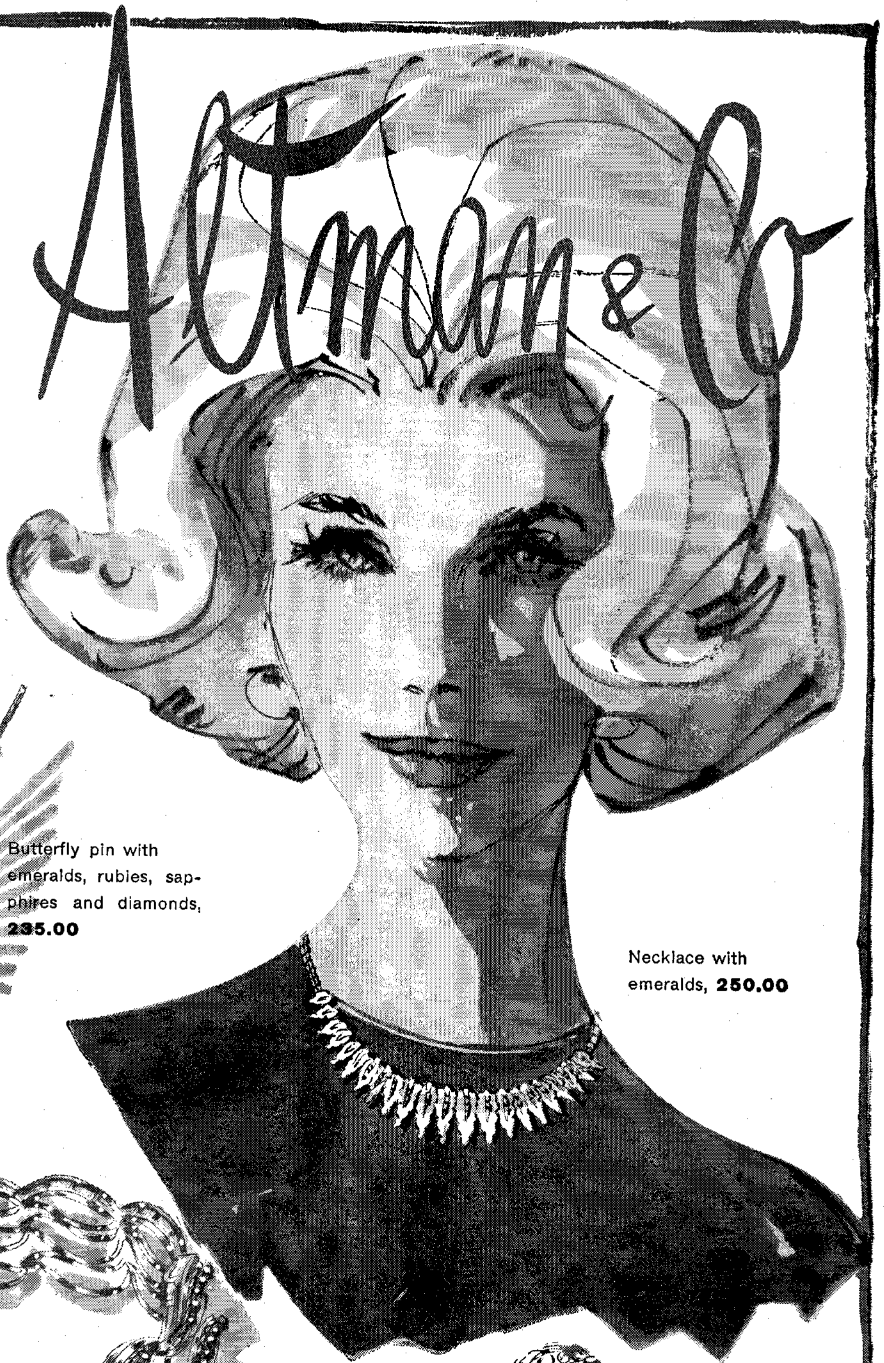
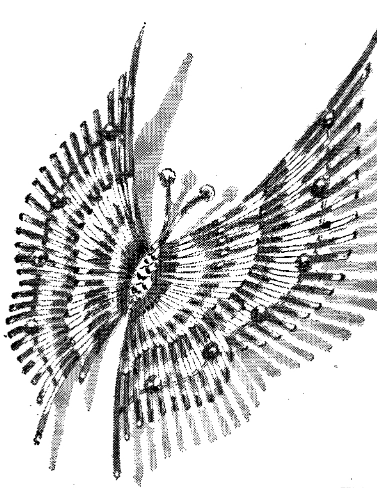


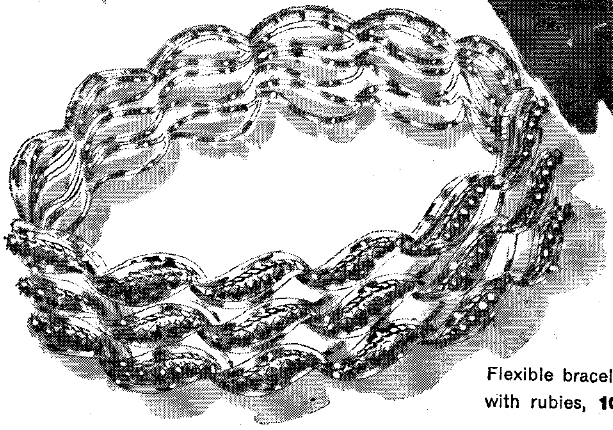
Spray pin with rubies, **195.00**



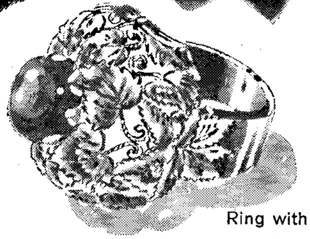


Butterfly pin with emeralds, rubies, sapphires and diamonds, **235.00**

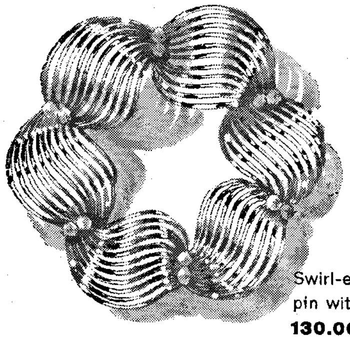
Necklace with emeralds, **250.00**



Flexible bracelet with rubies, **1000.00**



Ring with cabochon emerald in leaf setting, **250.00**



Swirl-effect circle pin with sapphires, **130.00**

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HAIGHT

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS is notoriously a time of crises, most of them false. A crisis is a turning point, and the affairs of the world don't turn as radically or as often as the daily newspapers would have us believe. Every so often, though, we're stopped dead by a crisis that we recognize at once as the genuine article; we recognize it not by its size (false crises can be made to look as big as real ones) but because in the course of it, for a measurable, anguished period—sometimes only minutes, sometimes hours, rarely as much as a day—nothing happens. Truly nothing. It is the moment of stasis between a deed that has been performed and must be responded to and the deed that will respond to it. At a false turning point, we nearly always know, within limits, what will happen next; at a true turning point, we not only know nothing, we know (something much more extraordinary and more terrifying) that nobody knows. Truly nobody.

Last Wednesday was one of those genuine turning points. It held no hint of the comparatively happy outcome promised us on Sunday; for a whole day we waited for something to happen, gauging, minute by minute, in something like pain, our ignorance of what the next minute would bring, and feeling the dead weight of the conviction that no one on earth—not the President, not the Russians—knew what it would bring. As the place to wait for whatever would happen to happen, we chose the United Nations; we thought it might be easier to wait there, for in those rooms and corridors one has the sense of other crises' having been faced and worked out—or, at any rate, stared down—and one takes courage from seeing so many professional solvers of problems pass casually to and fro. But at the United Nations that day nothing happened—nothing decisive, that is. By an irony, that day was the seventeenth anniversary of the founding of the U.N., and in the early afternoon, in the vast, smoky den called the North Delegates' Lounge, five or six hundred people stood about drinking cocktails and talking with uncanny calm. Later, in the General Assembly Hall, the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, with David Oistrakh and Frieda Bauer, gave a concert in honor of the U.N.'s birthday. It was well attended and politely applauded. In an eerie excess of convention, a bouquet of flowers was brought up and placed on the temporary stage. Oistrakh nodded approval, and a hundred or so of the concertgoers drifted back to the lounge for more drinks. The twilight above the river was beautiful and hurried, but no more hurried than usual.

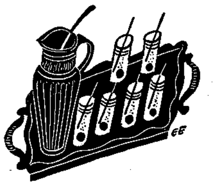
We stayed on for the meeting of the Security Council. The delegates and journalists in attendance appeared thoroughly relaxed. They smoked and chatted and laughed and waited. The council president for October was the head of the Russian delegation, Valerian A. Zorin, and he called the meeting to order at twenty minutes past six—late, but no later than usual. A delegate spoke, in English, and his speech was translated into French; another delegate spoke, again in English, and *his* speech was translated into French. More delegates spoke; nobody seemed to care about their speeches. At nine-thirty, Zorin recognized U Thant, who pleaded for moderation, restraint, good sense. After his speech had been translated into French, the meeting was adjourned. It was ten o'clock. It had been a long, scarcely bearable day, made all the longer and more nearly unbearable by the response that had to come and had failed to come. We surmised, going home alone in the dark, that by then, somewhere out in the Atlantic, the answering deed was getting ready to be performed, but all we *knew* was that nothing had yet happened. The great gate hung on its hinges and would have to swing, but when? And in what direction? In the oddly silent wasteland of First Avenue, we could hear the ticking of the watch on our wrist.

West Virginia

THE other day, we went to the Park Lane Hotel for a premature celebration of West Virginia's hundredth year as a state. We met Governor and Mrs. William Wallace Barron, of West Virginia; a reporter from the Charleston, West Virginia, *Gazette;* and several people from Ellington & Co., of New York, a public-relations company, which is handling the West Virginia Statehood Centennial. Everyone seemed to be speaking with a slight West Virginia accent, but no one mentioned that Grover Cleveland's fourth Postmaster General, William L. Wilson, of Charles Town, West Virginia, had launched the country's first rural-free-delivery mail route, from the Charles Town Post Office.

A lady from Ellington & Co. pointed out Davis Grubb, a loyal expatriate West Virginian, whose latest book, "The Voices of Glory," had been reviewed in the *Times* that morning. Mr. Grubb was accompanied by his dog, Rowdy Charley. Not a word was said about Robert E. Lee's horse, Traveller, who was born in Greenbrier County, West Virginia. As Bruce Catton, who arrived soon after Mr. Grubb did, probably knew, when Virginia decided to secede from the Union, in 1861, the western Virginians decided not to, and formed the Restored Government of Virginia, which Congress and President Lincoln admitted to the Union as the thirty-fifth state on June 20, 1863. There was nothing about Benjamin Franklin in the press kit that was available at the party, but at one time he wanted to make western Virginia a fourteenth colony, to be called Vandalia. Later, it almost became the state of Westsylvania. The man from the Charleston *Gazette* told us that West Virginia is known to West Virginians as the Switzerland of the United States.

When Eleanor Steber, one of West Virginia's favorite daughters, had joined the party and exchanged greetings with Governor Barron and his wife, all of us went into the next room for food and drink and a short speech by the Governor. He invited everyone to come to West Virginia as soon as possible, either for pure pleasure or to open a business there. He neglected to add that those who did would be following in the footsteps of Johnny Appleseed, who is said to have planted the original Grimes Golden apple tree in Fowlersville; Jack Dempsey, who worked as a miner in Logan; John Henry, who picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel near Big Bend Mountain; John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for President in 1924, who was born in Clarksburg, where Stonewall Jackson was also born, at 328 West Main Street; and John Brown, a native of Connecticut, who was hanged in Charles Town, not far from Harpers Ferry, where he raided the arsenal, and where West Virginia now has a wax museum.



Pearl Buck was born in West Virginia, and Dolls Gap, near Burlington, is one of at least fifty-seven places that claim to be the birthplace of Nancy Hanks, Abraham Lincoln's mother. Anna Jarvis, the founder of Mother's Day, came from Blueville, West Virginia. Cornstalk, a Shawnee chief, lost the battle of Point Pleasant to settlers of western Virginia a hundred and eighty-six years before John Kennedy won the West Virginia primary against Hubert Humphrey. President Kennedy has been asked to speak at the West Virginia Statehood Centennial ceremony in Charleston next June 20th.

No one at the party referred to the fact that extra-proud natives of the state refer to themselves as being from "West, by God, Virginia."

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Gastro-Intestinal Intelligence: The New China, a restaurant in Long Beach, California, serves a dish called Miscellaneous, with Fried Rice.

Peruvian Painter

We may not know anything about art but we know what we like when it comes to an artist's face, and a recent brochure from the Staempfli Gallery contained a photograph of Señor Emilio Rodriguez-Larraïn, a Peruvian painter, that enraptured us. Señor Rodriguez-Larraïn, who currently has forty-six paintings—all completed in the last three years—on display at the Staempfli, is shown staring at the camera with folded arms, and the thing that arrested us, and won our affection, was his resemblance to Mr. Zero Mostel. The mustache in the photograph is characterful, the jowls are heavy, the gaze is severe, and the general effect is one of authority wedded to a slight uneasiness. We called up Mr. George Staempfli, told him of our interest, and the reason for it, and urged him to set the stage for a chat with his client.

"He's here in the gallery. Come right up," Mr. Staempfli said. "Personally, I think he looks more like Pancho Villa."

We went right up, and met Señor Rodriguez-Larraïn in Mr. Staempfli's office. To our astonishment, he didn't look at all like Mr. Mostel. His face was thin, his gaze was mild, and he looked neither particularly authoritative nor particularly uneasy. He seemed relaxed and low-strung. Confronting him with the photograph in the catalogue, we expressed our disillusion.

"Oh," he said. "That was taken in Paris last May, when I had the mumps. The Italian review *Metro* wanted my picture in a hurry for an article. I was feeling under the weather, and I went directly from the photographer's studio to the doctor. He stopped me at the door of his office and said, 'Go home at once. You have the mumps. I don't want my other patients to catch it. Go to bed for ten days.' Well, I did, and I recovered, without complications."

"Didn't you have any other photograph for Mr. Staempfli?" we asked.

"Only a passport one," he said. "I like the mumps one better."

Despite this setback, we decided to stay. We asked the artist for an outline of his pre-mumps career, and he said he was born in Lima in 1928, the son of an industrialist.

"We were a family of two hundred," he continued.

"All brothers and sisters?" we asked.

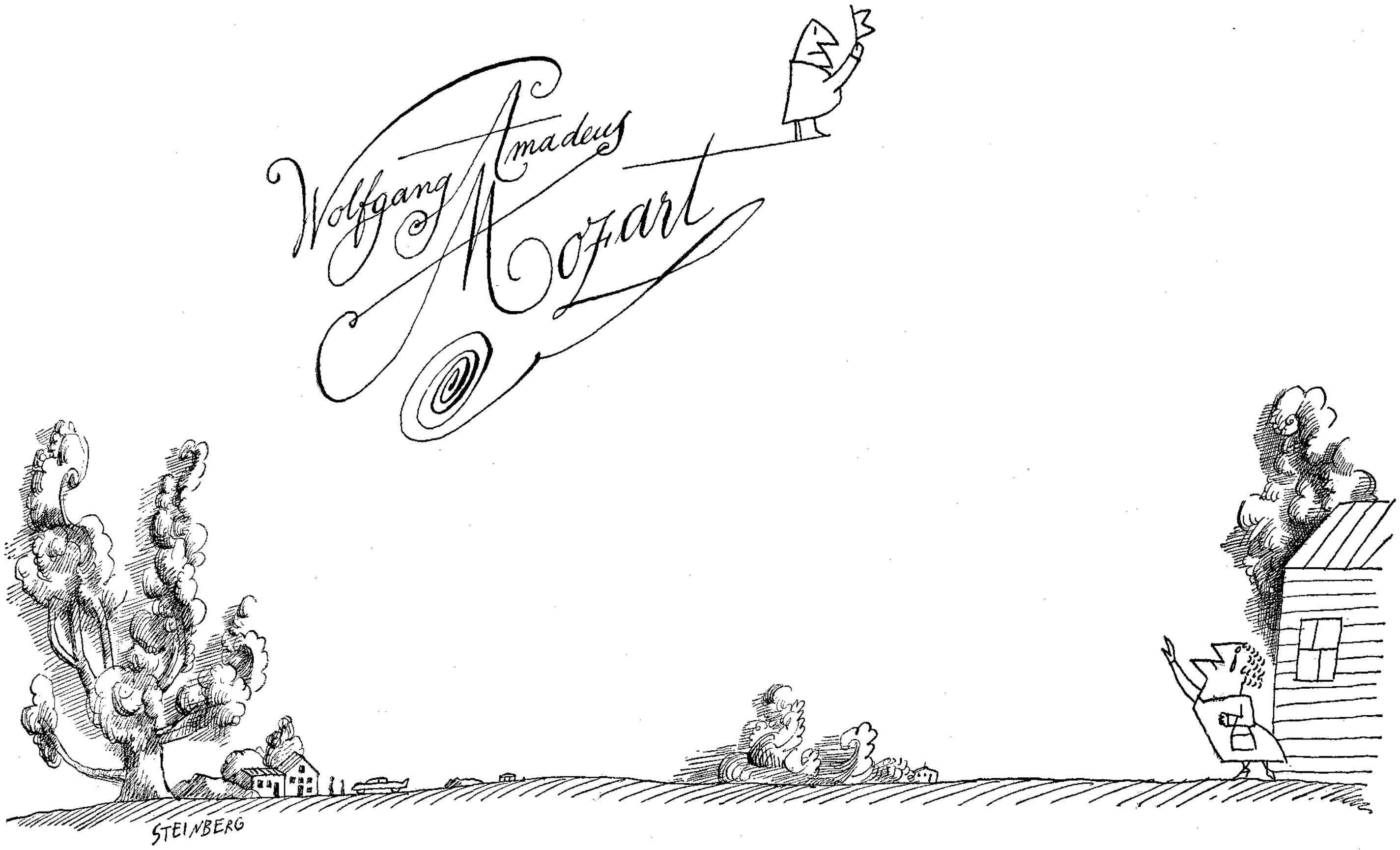
"Cousins, uncles, aunts, and so forth," he said. "We had tremendous family reunions. I was one of four children. My paternal grandfather had seventeen children, and they all married and had from four to eight children apiece, many of whom are now married and have children. My sister and my two brothers each have five. My wife, Colette, and I have three so far: Sophia, four; Manuel, two; and Cayetana, six months. Manuel is named after Manolete, the bullfighter. I'm devoted to watching bullfights. My grandfather is ninety-six. I now live in St. Cyr, near Paris—my wife is French—and spend the summer in Spain, but we all used to get together on my grandfather's birthday. He has a big house near Lima. Whenever you call on him, you find thirty or forty relatives there."

We asked him what his grandfather did, other than receive descendants, and he said, "He's a retired lawyer and politician. His first name is the same as mine. There are five Emilios in the family. Once, I found two thousand dollars extra in my checking account. It turned out to be my grandfather's money; the bank had made a mistake. Two of my paternal uncles live in Chicago. They're called Larraïn. They each have five children, and *they*, in turn—"

"I find Rodriguez's work very strong, extremely sophisticated, totally abstract, and, on the whole, dark, sombre, and highly controlled," said Mr. Staempfli, whose interest in genealogy appeared to have a ceiling. "There's a very definite South American Indian flavor to it, reminiscent of textiles."

"I think more of an ancestral Spanish cultural influence," the Staempfli Emilio said. "My father's family came to Peru from Spain in the seventeenth century, and my mother's family, which has some Indian blood—"

"I met Emilio in Llansá, in Spain, last summer," Mr. Staempfli said. "Gordon Washburn, the director of fine arts at the Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh, who showed him in the Carnegie International last year, told me to look him up, because he knew a marvellous tailor in Llansá who would make you a corduroy suit for twenty-one dollars. Marcel Duchamp was with me, and we both got fitted for suits. They're the kind of suit that stands up in a closet without a hanger, and they have that special smell of corduroy. Now I have both the suit and Emilio's pictures. He's had exhibitions all over—in Lima, Madrid, Florence, Venice,



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Milan, Bergamo, Frankfurt, Berlin, Copenhagen, and Mexico City, besides Paris—but this is his first in New York."

Leaving Mr. Staempfli in his office, we accompanied the artist into the gallery proper for a tour of his work.

"My painting is not at all sophisticated," he said. "It's *très raffiné*, but it's not sophisticated. And I had no intention of copying textiles."

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SIGN put up by the Abbott Coin Operated Machine Company next to one of its washing machines in the basement of a Chicago apartment house: "Call Police Immediately If You See or Hear Anyone Pilfering Around These Machines Except an Authorized Service Man."

Attention, Railroad Buffs

IN 1858, the late George M. Pullman converted a day coach into a sleeping car for the Chicago & Alton Railroad, by hinging upper berths to the sides of the car and supporting them with jointed arms. The lower berth came seven years later, and the Charles of the Ritz Parlour Car (thus spelled by a glamour-intoxicated management) came ninety-seven years after *that*—just the other day, in fact, when the incorporated Charles, whose beauty-salon headquarters are in the Ritz Tower, opened a substation in the Biltmore, designed, according to an opening-day announcement we received in the mail, "for the particular convenience of the woman who needs a place in town to freshen up in-between shopping, before dinner or theatre, a place to rest, relax, meet friends or husband, or just sit and do nothing!" The announcement also informed us that "the Parlour Car, designed by Braswell-Cook Associates, was inspired by Lucius Beebe's magnificent book, 'Mr. Pullman's Elegant Palace Car,' and looks exactly like an elegant Edwardian parlour car . . . without wheels, of course," and that "from the 'rear observation car' window to the interior of plush, horsehair, brass, antique lighting, luggage racks, etc., the Parlour Car reflects all the luxury, charm and restful atmosphere associated with this long forgotten, fabulous era." Well, it's a long way to Tipperary, and it was, in all conscience, a long way from the ambience conjured up by these words to the bustling atmosphere that greeted us when, responding to an invitation to come "aboard . . . for cocktails and a conducted tour," we gained the Car from its Madison Avenue platform and fell, first, into a vortex of cocktail-bearing waiters and cocktail-sipping guests, and then into the outstretched arms of Mr. Joseph Braswell and Mr. Inman Cook, who designed the Parlour Car, and Miss Claire Hellawell, a member of the C. o. t. R. staff.

"It's a boutique, or I guess you could call it a salonette," Miss Hellawell said, "which women coming in from the country to go shopping and then have dinner with their husbands can reach straight from Grand Central—there's a back entrance by way of the Biltmore lobby. They can relax, smoke a cigarette, have their hair combed or cut, have a facial, get manicured or pedicured, freshen up with creams and cosmetics, have a loose button tightened, or, should the fancy take them, have a private consultation with Miss Dianne Valvo, back in the wig compartment, on problem hairpieces. Sort of like the Harvard Club for men."

"Does the Harvard Club have a wig compartment?" we asked.

"This will be a club for women," Miss Hellawell said firmly. "They can get a cup of tea or coffee, or have a drink brought in from the Biltmore bar. We've inaugurated a Parlour Car cocktail—champagne and brandied peach, with a touch of triple sec."

We were standing in an entrance section fixed up to resemble an observation platform, and Mr. Braswell called our attention to some authentic railroad lanterns, an iron railing, and a striped canopy. The effect of these was somewhat softened by a large display of Charles of the Ritz powders and lotions. Forging past the Huntington Hartfords and Mrs. Norman Bel Geddes, with her Yorkshire terrier, Chiffon, our party attained the drawing-room section, several feet to the east, where we took in a plush-covered banquette and, above it, a glittering baggage rack. "An authentic train rack from the Rock Island Line, in Illinois," Mr. Braswell said. "Of course, we've touched it up a bit."

On we plunged, to a green-curtained "Private Compartment and Pullman Corridor," containing— Oh, let a document prepared by Miss Hellawell tell the tale:

> Through the cane swinging doors you come into the Private Compartment with its individual dressing rooms on one side and styling stations for jiffy haircuts and comb-outs on the other. In the center, a sumptuously upholstered S-shaped fringed love seat made from special French imported needle-point fabric that picks up the rich colors found throughout the Parlour Car. Here, the portières are lapis-blue, the floors tiled with black and white travertine, fashioned after the floors of old French railway stations. Here, too, are charming bamboo dressing tables laden with testers of make-up and creams for the use of the lady passengers. Overhead, the ceiling has an authentic double-fan with revolving wooden blades and a frosted globe that's been converted to electricity. Strung throughout this area is a red silk cord just like the conductor's signal cord found back in the Edwardian era and giving further authenticity to this charming Charles of the Ritz Parlour Car.

"It's a marvellous job in a small space," Miss Hellawell said. "The carpenters had so much fun that they didn't mind the limited area. The man who put up the brackets kept whistling 'I've Been Working on the Railroad.' You can almost feel the train shaking, can't you?"

Damned if we couldn't. We pulled the emergency cord and asked to be let off.

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OVERHEARD on Harvard Square, in Cambridge, bespectacled Radcliffe girl to fellow-student: "I wouldn't take science if they didn't make me, but I'd regret it later."

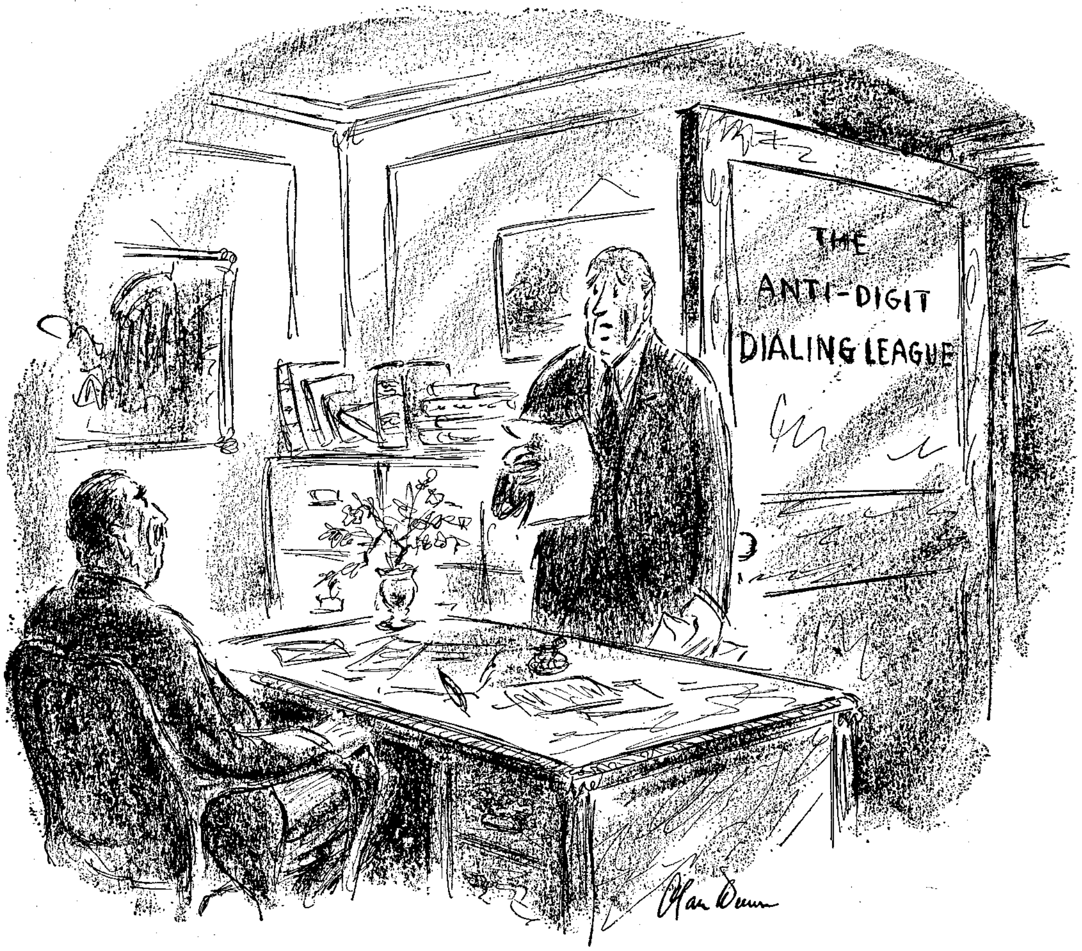
Inventive

IT was some nine years ago that we last reported on the activities of an original thinker named Louis Schwartz, the founder and head of a unique private pavement-cleaning outfit, called Sidewalk Sanitation Service, and the inventor of an ingenious sidewalk-scrubbing machine. Well, having doubly cleaned up with S.S.S.—many of the city's biggest office buildings became clients—Mr. Schwartz, who is now in his early forties, sold the business five years ago and has since enjoyed two long sojourns in Europe, not only has belatedly picked up a Bachelor of Science degree from Columbia University but has also nearly completed work toward a Master's degree in political sociology there, and has latterly come up with another noteworthy invention in the realm of lavation. Indeed, his new brain child may well prove to be the most revolutionary development in plumbing since the installation of the first hot-water tap.

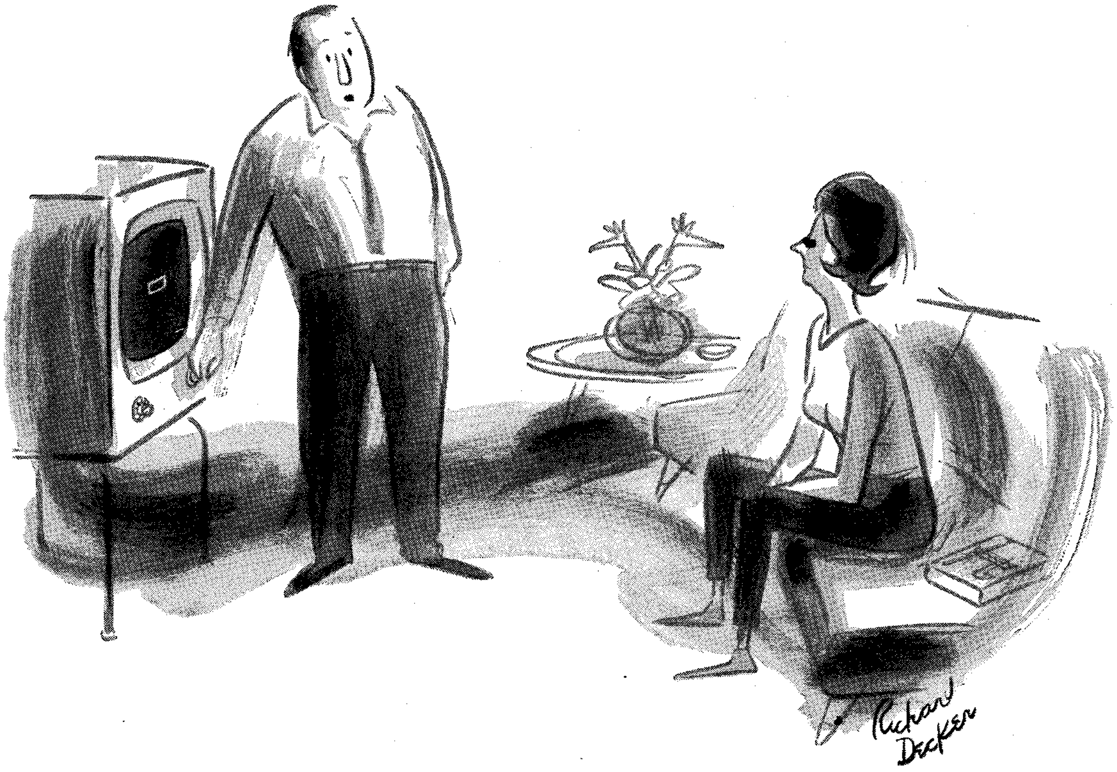
All this came to light the other morning, when, at Schwartz's telephoned invitation, we showed up at his workroom for a personal preview of the he-couldn't-say-what-over-the-phone. The workroom turned out to be a tiny cubicle at the rear of a machine-rental shop down on Greene Street, and upon stepping inside we noticed, first, Schwartz, who is six feet three and a half, and, next, ranged against the walls, six modish new bathroom washbasins, whose only exceptional feature appeared to be a short metal handle at the front of each basin.

"This is it," said Schwartz, who had a workman's smock on over his street clothes but was otherwise every inch the imposing, well-groomed businessman we'd remembered from our last meeting. "The work of three years." With a sweep of his considerable arm, he indicated the six washbasins.

We responded blankly, whereupon Schwartz explained that the standard height of bathroom washbasins—from floor to top of bowl—is from thirty-one to thirty-two inches. "When you're as tall as I am, you're aware of that," he continued. "All my adult life, I've had to bend way down over bowls to wash my face, and lately I've begun to feel it in my back. Now—observe." He placed a little finger under the handle of the nearest washbasin and, without discernible effort, raised the basin until it was too high for us but—as he demonstrated with a simulated face-washing—precisely, backsavingly right for Schwartz. He then pushed the handle downward, and the washbasin



"We might as well throw in the sponge. Now our bank account number is 103⑆07⑉ 10134483⑈!"



"Brinkley wasn't very wry tonight."

• •

smoothly descended to moppet or midget level, the upper part of its center post telescoping inside the lower part.

"The Adjustomatic Basin, which is what I'm tentatively calling it, has a displacement of twenty inches," said our new-day Archimedes. "It can be set as low as twenty-five inches and as high as forty-five inches, and at any height in between, of course. Just lift, stop, and it's locked in place. Incidentally, I've applied the sociological testing techniques I've learned at Columbia to practical experimentation with the Adjustomatic. I've had a total of fifty-nine persons, of different ages and of heights ranging from four feet to six feet six inches, choose the bowl height that they found most comfortable. Only nine—all in the four-to-five-foot range—selected the thirty-one-to-thirty-two-inch level. In other words, the standard bowl isn't really standard for most adults at all. And for children under four feet, just beginning to wash by themselves, the standard bowl is too high."

Schwartz lifted another washbasin to approximately thirty-seven inches and, turning to make a further point, leaned a hand on the top of the basin, whereupon he and the Adjustomatic slowly began to descend before our eyes. "Forgot to set the brake mechanism on this one," Schwartz said calmly, raising the basin again and then adjusting its handle so that it and he stayed in place. "In normal operation, it locks automatically wherever you stop it," he continued. "Actually, the operating principle is a simple one. Just a matter of counterweights and pulleys, arranged against the wall behind the basin. The water flows in and drains out through flexible tubing. The big problem, and the one that seemed to require endless experimentation—almost all of it done by myself alone—was narrowing the space that contains the works. My earlier models had to be built into a bathroom wall—and that required too much major reconstruction—or else they stuck out too far from the wall. I've finally got the weights arranged, one on top of another, in a space only three inches wide, as you can see."

Schwartz went on to tell us that the Adjustomatic's most important potential use—whatever its convenience to the long and the short and the tall—was as an aid to people confined to wheelchairs, and that he had already built a special, long-handled model and installed it at the Bellevue Hospital rehabilitation center. "It's been a great success there," he said. "The wheelchair patients simply roll up to the basin and lower it to their knees, instead of having to stretch up and over, as they did with standard-height basins."

Convinced by this time that Schwartz was on to something even bigger than sidewalk sanitation, we asked him if he'd soon be going into mass production.

"Oh, no," he said firmly. "Manufacturing is the last thing I want to get into. I have to be my own man, and you can't be that and run a business at the same time, I've found. I'm negotiating right now with a large plumbing-fixture concern to take the Adjustomatic off my hands. I want to be free to get on with a couple of other inventions—one involving automobiles and the other bottling—and also to finish my Master's thesis and to travel, which to me is another form of education. You know, I never graduated from high school. I was one of ten children, and I quit school to go into my father's sweater-manufacturing business. I became his chief mechanic—self-taught. I've had to learn to be my own mechanic *and* engineer on this basin project, by the way. During the war, I was an Air Force navigator, and when I got out of the service I decided that I was missing something, not being educated. So I boned up and passed the Regents' examination and the entrance examination for Columbia, and started going to Columbia nights. Got my B.S. five years ago. I'm looking forward to teaching sometime. There's a lot of room for inventiveness in teaching. Well, what do you say we go have lunch?"

Schwartz slipped off his smock and put on a well-tailored jacket, from the lapel of which he removed a threaded needle. "For mending my torn work pants," he explained. "Being a bachelor, I've had to learn to sew, too."

Extracurricular

THE life of a city official is not all beer and skittles. The "in" basket on the desk of Mr. Newbold Morris, the Commissioner of Parks, recently yielded a letter from Nuremberg, Germany, addressed to "Contact-Center by the Central-Park, New York" and signed by a lady. It reads:

> GREATLY ESTEEMED GENTLEMEN!
>
> I have heard of your organization for correspondence and marriage arrangements in the U.S.A. I would be grateful to you if you would send me further particulars.
>
> With thanks in advance,
> Respectfully,
> M—— H——

The Commissioner has taken the matter under advisement.

NIGHT AND DAY, DAY AND NIGHT

A FEW weeks after Phyllis and Larry Elmendorf had Dr. Spencer Fifield over to meet Barbara Kirsch, Phyllis telephoned Spencer at his office to say she wanted to come in about her ulcer, and at the same time she invited him out to their place in Connecticut for the weekend. Phyllis suggested that Spencer pick up Barbara Kirsch and her three-year-old daughter, Bunny, and drive them out for the weekend, too. Barbara's husband had been killed in an automobile accident the previous winter, leaving her with Bunny and a six-year-old boy. Barbara's mother was taking the boy for the weekend, Phyllis said; Barbara's mother was a doll. "You two kids need a weekend with us," Phyllis said over the telephone.

She sounded so friendly, her intonation joining him so warmly to Barbara, that Spencer's heart flipped. He didn't have to stop and think about it at all, he realized; he knew immediately that he really *wanted* to do it. He made a quick note to himself that he was sensing real development, real progress, in himself; this was one decision he did not need to work out first with Dr. Blauberman, his psychoanalyst.

"Bobbie tells me that you two kids have been dat-ing," Phyllis went on, in a singsong.

It was true; they had been dating. Everything was going so easily and so quickly. Soon after he had met Barbara at the Elmendorfs', she called him up and invited him to go to the opening of a Broadway play that Larry Elmendorf had invested in. Spencer just couldn't believe that it was happening to *him*. Ever since then, his mind seemed to be floating several feet above his body, and he kept trying to get back into himself so that he could really take part in what was going on. Spencer was facing his fortieth birthday, and Barbara was a good ten years younger, but Phyllis was putting him back in time, where he felt he belonged, where he had missed his life. He was full of wonder and gratitude, but he was too excited to talk. He felt so many strange, untried sensations that he was unable to utter more than a choked cough.

"I hear you and Bobbie have discovered that you're both rabid liberals—left of the New Frontier," Phyllis said. She had a hoarse voice, which she used loudly, in the manner Spencer had learned belonged to the confident rich. The voice knocked against his eardrum, but Spencer liked it.

"She's a lovely individual," he said.

"So get with it, boy, get with it," Phyllis said, with a rasping laugh. "If you don't mind a little *in loco parentis*-ing push."

"Bobbie has very real values, frankly," Spencer said, and gave another nervous cough.

"Wait till you meet Benny, her father," Phyllis said. "Benny's on the right-wing side, part lower-echelon John Loeb, part Uris Brothers, and with a dash of Barry Goldwater. But a real sweet guy. Bobbie got a twenty-five-dollar contribution out of him for Sailboat Seltzer's special study project on 'Psychoanalysis and Negro Integration.'"

"Frankly, she got ten out of me," Spencer said.

Dr. Seltzer had analyzed Phyllis and had been very helpful to Larry, too, Phyllis had told Spencer, and now the Elmendorfs and Dr. Seltzer and his wife, Effie, spent a lot of time together. Dr. Seltzer was very influential in psychoanalytic circles, Spencer knew from Dr. Blauberman, who often referred to Sailboat, in a rather hostile way, Spencer thought, but with admiration, as "a key figure in modern analysis." He was called "Sailboat" because of his enthusiasm for sailing. For one reason or another, Dr. Seltzer had not been able to obtain more than three thousand dollars from a private foundation—only enough to cover a secretary—for his project, so he had gone ahead on his own, with a full-time researcher on salary, as well as nine volunteers, including Phyllis and Bobbie. Phyllis wanted to help Sailboat lead what he described as "the movement to bring Psychic Apparatus closer to everyday American life." To date, Sailboat's project consisted of four separate studies, called "Overdevelopment of Ego Cathexis in Mississippi;" "Racism, Problems of Acting Out in the Pentagon and the White House, and the Superego;" "Color, Job Discrimination, and Pregenitality;" and "Phylogenetic Thrust, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Democratic Party."

"Benny thinks that Ego Cathexis is a new listing on the market," Phyllis was saying on the phone. "You'll be mad for Benny."

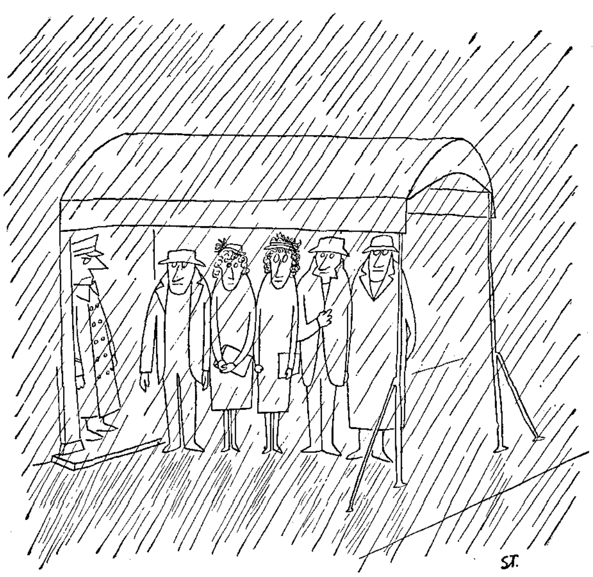
Spencer smiled at the mouthpiece of the telephone and rubbed his eye with his knuckle. This gesture was habitual, and he had discovered, with Dr. Blauberman's help, that it dated back to when he was three years old and that it was connected with his mother's insistence that he keep his knees clean.

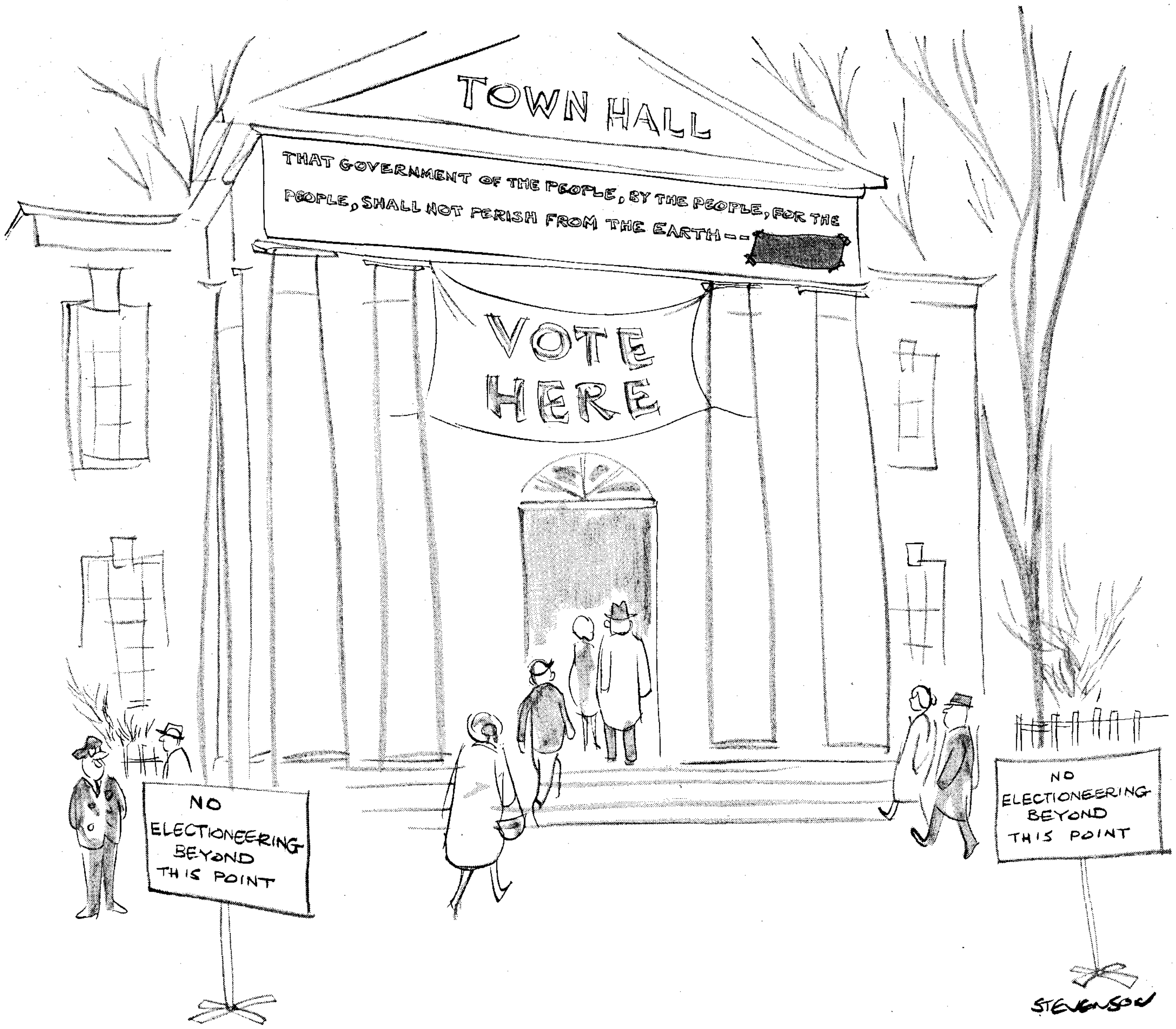
"We're going to start the weekend off with a cocktail party—the informal bit," Phyllis was saying. "With only people we like."

"No drinking for *you*, dear," Spencer said, amazed at his own manner with Phyllis, who was not only older than he but much, much richer and more sophisticated. He swallowed the fright he felt at his own authority with her. Though he had not yet told her, he planned to have her operated on for her ulcer very soon. He was sure about the chronic, penetrating ulcer and the damage, but her intractable pain and other symptoms just might indicate several interesting possibilities. He would make tests for all of them, once he had her in the hospital. As long as fifteen years ago, in the days of his interneship, Spencer had discovered that doing a lot of tests made a good impression on patients. After all, if the tests turned out to be negative, Phyllis and Larry wouldn't complain. Like most patients, they would be too busy feeling relief and thankfulness, especially if they had thought there might be something worse than an ulcer.

"I promise to be good," Phyllis said.

Her eagerness to accept his authority added to his sense of fright. He felt scared, actually, every time he called her by her first name. The Elmendorfs were still "new" patients to him. Their former internist had given up his practice after suffering Coronary No. 2, and had, for a compensation, turned over his practice to several younger men. Dick Freisleben, Phyllis's dermatologist, had alerted Spencer, who had taken about three dozen of




TOWN HALL
THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH--
VOTE HERE
NO ELECTIONEERING BEYOND THIS POINT
NO ELECTIONEERING BEYOND THIS POINT

the patients, all of them well heeled. Larry and Phyllis Elmendorf had hit it off with Spencer from the start, and Spencer had become very fond of them. Both had talked to him about a sexual problem that Spencer just happened to have some inside dope on, thanks to Dr. Blauberman, and Spencer was able to be very helpful to the Elmendorfs. Consequently, they had opened their Park Avenue apartment and their place in Connecticut to him. They gave a lot of dinner parties, many of them having to do with the good liberal causes, and they invited Spencer to all of them. Spencer couldn't get over the fact that both Elmendorfs were deep-seated liberals, even though Larry was in Wall Street. Yet there wasn't anything seedy or unpleasant about their progressiveness, and everybody they knew seemed to be liberal or rich or attractive or interesting, and sometimes all four at once. It was hard for Spencer to believe, in the light of all this, that the Elmendorfs would be so interested in *him*. But nevertheless Phyllis and Larry both were always asking him to be with them. Slowly, and pushing down the fear that what was happening might at any moment be taken away from him, he began to feel he belonged with them. It made him feel proud.

"They really *need* me," he reported to Dr. Blauberman. "They want me around socially. It reassures them."

"Give and take," Dr. Blauberman replied. "Take and give. Mmmm?"

"I *like* Phyllis," Spencer said. "You'd never guess she had all that money."

"The pool you say they are building in Connecticut," Dr. Blauberman said. "It is a *heated* pool?"

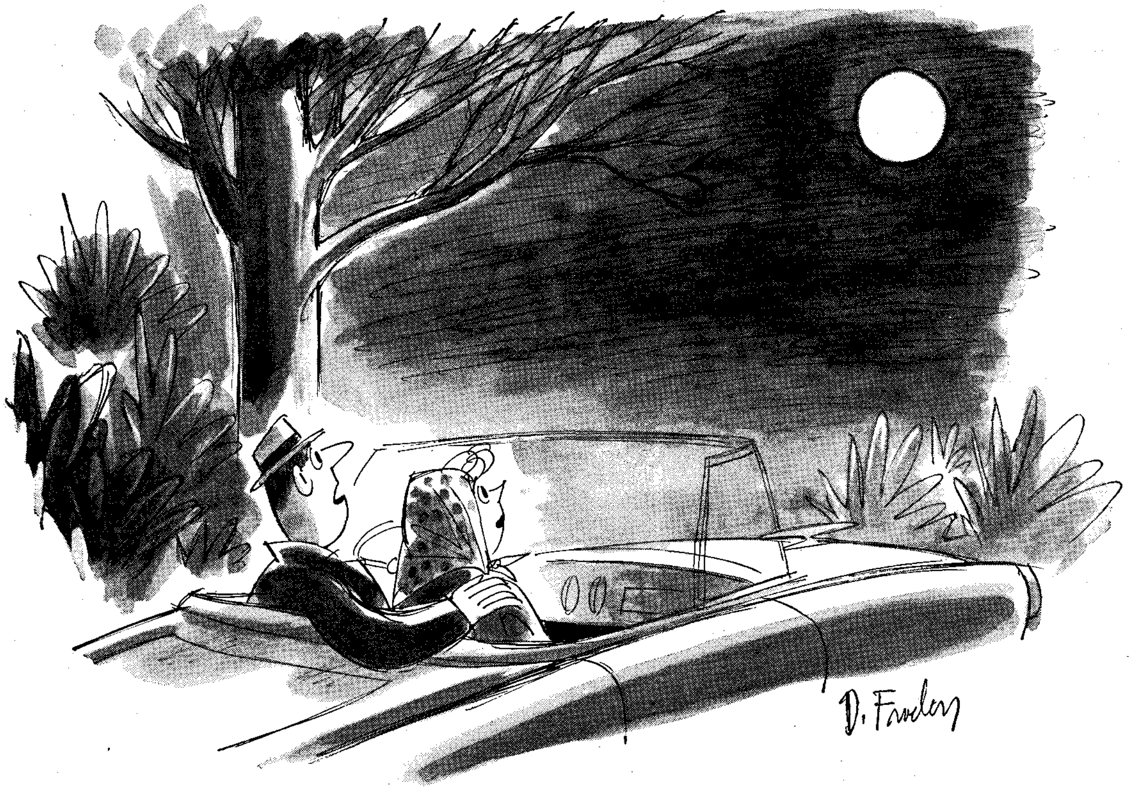
"Heated and constantly changing water," Spencer said. "It cost so much dough, it isn't even funny."

"So. Probably they got a special price," Dr. Blauberman said. "He is in chemicals in Wall Street? Chlorine, maybe?"

"You want me to talk about chlorine?" Spencer said, resentfully. At the end of the previous hour, they were trying to get at the meaning of another aspect of his childhood relationship to his mother—the battles-before-the-kisses—and he wanted Dr. Blauberman to remember that they had been talking about this and ask him to get going again.

To his amazement, instead of remarking upon his hostility, Dr. Blauberman laughed and said, "Everybody likes to have a pool, a heated pool—even a psychoanalyst. Psychoanalysts are human, too. Yes?"

"The other night . . ." Spencer began. The other night, he had been looking at photographs of himself at the wistful, unsmiling, thin-faced age of three, during one of his infrequent visits to his parents. The albums had been dragged out to impress their dinner guests, the Hiram Stones. Mr. Stone, the electronics king, had once bought a



"Just think. It's about twenty billion dollars away."

• •

policy from Spencer's father, who sold life insurance. Spencer had discovered on his arrival—ahead of the Stones, fortunately—that his father planned to urge Mr. Stone to increase the size of his policy. "What makes you think you can get Mr. Stone to add to his coverage?" Spencer told his father. "I notice you've been selling less lately, not more. Don't overdo it. Don't push your luck."

It was a lousy evening. There was forced interest and enthusiasm over the photographs in the albums. Mr. Stone, who had some rather special condition that required a weekly treatment, which Spencer attended to, on a retainer, repeatedly exclaimed that he never would have recognized Spencer from the albums. "You look anemic," he said, "even in your hair." As a child, Spencer had been blond.

"Spencer had such tiny, gorgeous ears," Spencer's mother said. "He still has them. Very tiny ears for a man."

"That's why he can't hear my troubles," Spencer's father said. Then Mr. Fifield, who had a great repertoire of Borscht Circuit jokes, decided to tell a joke. "Two Jews are going to be shot," he said to Mr. Stone. "So one of the Jews asks for a blindfold. The other Jew turns to him and says, 'Sh-h-h! Don't make trouble!' "

Mr. Stone was not amused. "Being Jewish myself," he said, "I'm entitled to say the Jews never know when they're well off."

Soon after that, Spencer made some excuse about having to go to the hospital and left his parents to entertain the Stones.

Toward the end of the hour, Dr. Blauberman got the discussion back to Larry and Phyllis, and Spencer found himself telling Dr. Blauberman that the Elmendorfs had "a very sound relationship." It was a second marriage for Phyllis; she had a married daughter by her first marriage and no children with Larry.

"The Elmendorfs are good together, even though Phyllis is the one with the original dough," Spencer explained. "Larry used to be her caddie at the country club, but she really fell in love with him anyway."

"But you say that Larry makes money now on the market?" Dr. Blauberman said. "He did not use her money for that?"

"Originally," Spencer said. "He's younger than she is, but they're very close. They have everything in common. All the forward-looking interests."

"To them everybody is human?" Dr. Blauberman said. "Mmmm? They are ideal patients. And maybe you are gaining new insight into your patients. Yes?"

"Yes," Spencer said.

After fifteen years with Dr. Blauberman, Spencer should not have questioned even for a minute that the Doctor had his interests at heart when he asked about the Elmendorfs, and really was concerned about Spencer's medical practice. With the Elmendorfs, at last, his life was on the right track. Now he didn't have to bother—as he had for years and years—with trying to reach out to patients who offered him nothing but their own neurotic fears and dependencies, and never paid their bills on time, and always seemed to wind up throwing a barrage of confusing feelings at him, feelings he could never comprehend. He had always been so baffled by patients who seemed to be pulling at him, trying to get something out of him that he couldn't give, and so making him feel that he had failed them. With patients like the Elmendorfs, everything was clear, simple, and, as Dr. Blauberman said, rewarding.

Now the Elmendorfs were rewarding him with Barbara Kirsch and her children. A few days after bringing Barbara and him together, the Elmendorfs had given another of their inimitable dinner parties, and Barbara was seated next to Spencer. On his other side Phyllis had placed Mrs. Bertha Cornwall Durlingham-Smith, the famous Negro psychiatric social worker.

"The Elmendorfs are up on the latest," Spencer had reported to Dr. Blauberman. "They're deeply involved in the Negro question, and they really *work* at it."

Across the table at the dinner party were Sailboat Seltzer and Effie. And Barbara was perfect. For one thing, she knew the Seltzers very well and was very casual with them, taking over for Spencer, who felt so shaky in the analyst's presence that he couldn't look him in the eye. In his nervousness, Spencer started talking about his own analysis, and Barbara smoothly switched the conversation to some minor point in *her* own analysis, and got Spencer off the hook. Barbara was so damn poised. Over the Baked Alaska, Spencer got into a terrific discussion with Mrs. Durlingham-Smith about the recent increase of V.D. cases, mostly Negroes, being treated in the hospital clinic, and Barbara contributed a lot to the discussion.

Afterward, over brandy, Phyllis took Spencer and Barbara aside and asked, "How did you two kids get on with Bertie Smith?"

"Frankly, she's a very real person," Spencer said. "I've got to hand it to you."

"We just like each other," Phyllis said. "Larry and I only invite people we like."

"Bertie knew more about syphilis than I do, frankly," Spencer said. "And this young lady"—he grabbed Barbara by the back of the neck—"knows a lot about it, too."

"I did a paper about it at Barnard," Barbara said. "And I've got the kind of mind, facts always stick."

"I'm that way, too, actually," Spencer said.

"Bertie is a gem," Phyllis said. "We'll all do it again soon."

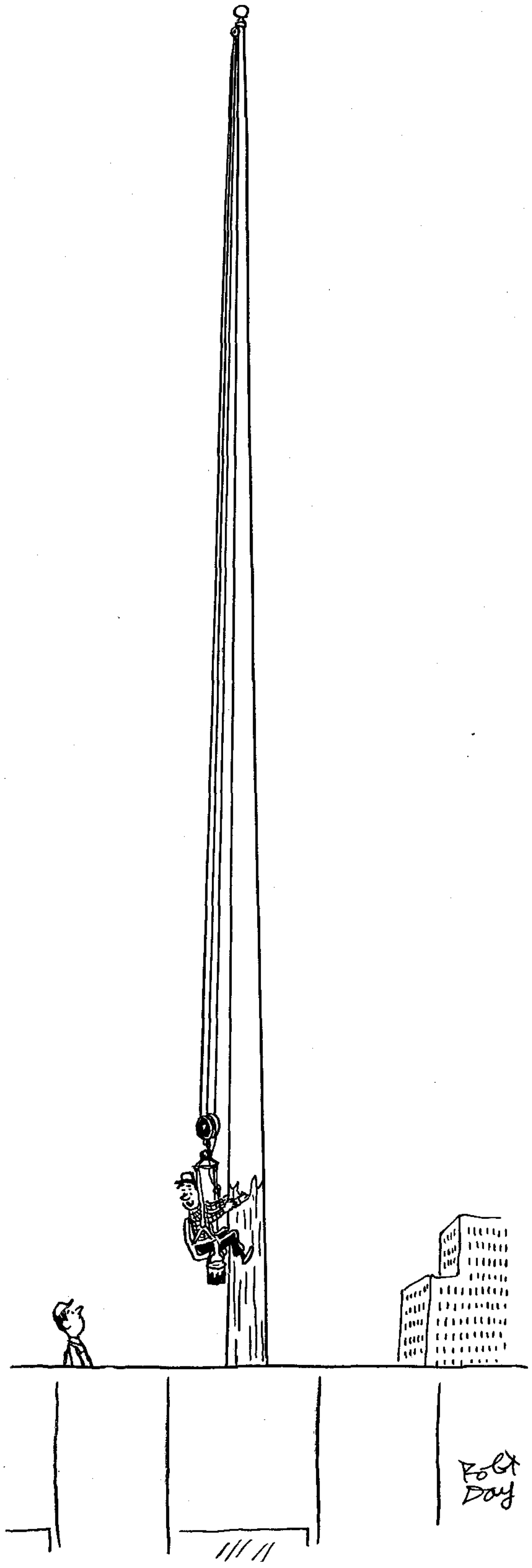
That night, when Spencer took Barbara home, he told her all about his Cousin Bonnie in Bridgeport, who won a beauty contest a couple of years before as Miss Brass Hardware of that city, and how Cousin Bonnie had known a wonderful Negro boy in high school, very handsome, an honor student and captain of the football team, who was "very clean-cut." The boy had asked Bonnie to go to a school dance with him, precipitating a family crisis. Bonnie's mother had put the kibosh on the date. So Bonnie had gone to the dance with another boy, but she had *danced* with the Negro boy twice. "It took a lot of guts," Spencer said to Barbara.

"Phyllis has guts," Barbara said. "It took guts to marry Larry. He was just this poor, ordinary Jewish boy."

In a vague way, Spencer felt he was being complimented. "One thing I don't completely understand—maybe you can help me," he said. "Is Dr. Seltzer supposed to socialize with Phyllis? As her analyst, I mean?"

"She's finished," Barbara said. "It's all right to socialize now."

Spencer had found, more and more, that he could really depend on Barbara for guidance and help. She knew as many answers as Dr. Blauberman. Every morning, when he arrived for his analytic hour, Dr. Blauberman greeted him with a smile and made no secret of the fact that he was pleased with the changes in Spencer's life. Dr. Blauberman entirely dropped his program of spurring Spencer on to make love objects of various other young women. It had got so that Dr. Blauberman started every session off with inquiries about the Elmendorfs and Bobbie Kirsch. "It's all opening up now, Dr. Blauberman," Spencer would say. "Basically," Dr. Blauberman said, cheering him on, "you have all the makings of an ordinary, conventional, normal person." Most wonderful of all, Spencer actually began to *feel* different. All his senses were heightened. He thought he could see so much more. He thought he could hear more. He even thought he could feel.



"Don't tell anyone, but I never do the very tippy-top."

"So," Phyllis said, by way of concluding the telephone conversation, "you drive Bobbie out in time for the party?"

"Will do," Spencer said. "Will do."

LOOKING forward to Friday afternoon, Spencer felt a special kind of exhilaration, and it didn't turn out to be momentary. It stayed with him. The next morning, at the start of his analytic hour, when he told Dr. Blauberman about the coming weekend, the analyst was all approval.

"Phyllis says that Larry is bringing an investment specialist up for the weekend who will give me some advice on buying stocks," Spencer said.

Dr. Blauberman said, in a kidding tone, that he wished he could go along.

"You know, Bobbie is getting very interested in *you*," Spencer said. "She keeps asking me. She wants to know everything. I think I feel a little jealous."

"So," Dr. Blauberman said. "Bobbie transfers to *me* now. Mmmm?"

"I think I'm *jealous*," Spencer said.

"The Elmendorfs—they ask about me, too?" Dr. Blauberman inquired, and Spencer said of course, the Elmendorfs always asked about him, too.

"They must have a big place, the Elmendorfs, to hold so many guests," Dr. Blauberman said. "No?"

"Fourteen rooms and a guesthouse sleeping six," Spencer said. "The guesthouse has these double-decker beds. The whole motif is nautical. Reminds me of my days in the Navy."

"Forget associating!" Dr. Blauberman said sternly. "You go for a fun weekend. Forget the analysis, mmmm?"

"Funny about 'Bobbie' and 'Bunny' and 'Benny'—they sound so much like my Cousin Bonnie," Spencer said. "And my mother is Beattie."

"Forget associating, I said! We do not bring up any of that material today."

"Phyllis is crazy about Bobbie," Spencer said. "Phyllis says that Bobbie won't take any foolishness—that Bobbie knows how to lay down the law, you know? Phyllis says I need that."

Dr. Blauberman said nothing.

"She gives me a feeling of security, something to hold on to," Spencer said.

"Phyllis?"

"Bobbie," Spencer said.

"The investment man Larry is bringing," Dr. Blauberman said. "He will give you market tips?"

"Frankly, I really *feel* like making a lot of money now," Spencer said. "After all, Phyllis and Larry do good things with their money. I mean, they give to all the good causes. All the latest movements that are important. They're not defensive about their money, like some rich people, who act as though you're always trying to get some of it. I want to make money for Bobbie. I really do. It's a healthy sign, isn't it?"

"Forget about healthy. What is healthy?" Dr. Blauberman said. "Take the market tips. And forget about healthy. Forget about the analysis. Until after the weekend."

Spencer left the couch in a state of bliss.

PHYLLIS had arranged her visit to Spencer's office for just before lunch, and, after he had examined her, Spencer took her to the Kwik Kitchen around the corner from his office for a bite. He wanted to avoid telling her about going into the hospital for tests until after the weekend, and this wasn't difficult. They both, it turned out, wanted to talk about Bobbie. Phyllis had almost finished a pastrami sandwich before Spencer noticed what she was eating. She was talking about a beautiful little piece of property that Bobbie liked that was next to the Elmendorfs' place in Connecticut. Larry could get the property for Spencer for hardly anything.

"It has a nice little house," Phyllis was saying. "Nothing special, but functional. And you'll be spending most of your time at our place anyway— Dammit, Spencer, I've got this rotten, gnawing pain!" She clutched at her midriff with her left hand, and the pastrami sandwich, in her other hand, was right in front of Spencer's face, and that's how he happened to notice it.

"Naughty," Spencer said decisively, and took the sandwich out of her hand and set it on the plate.

A SPELL BEFORE WINTER

For Kay Boyle

After the red leaf and the gold have gone,
By wind spun down, and by hammering rain
Bruised and discolored, when October's flame
Goes blue to guttering in the cusp, this land
Sinks deeper into silence, darker into shade,
There is a knowledge in the look of things,
The old hills hunch before the north wind blows.

I look all day on certain simplicities,
The running water and the standing stone
In the darkening rust and tarnish of the time.
I say over the certain simplicities,
The yellow haze of the willow and the black
Smoke of the elm, the silver, silent light
Where suddenly, readying toward nightfall,
The sumac's candelabrum darkly flames.
And I speak to you now with the land's voice;
It is the cold, wild land that says to you
A knowledge glimmers in the sleep of things:
The old hills hunch before the north wind blows.

—Howard Nemerov

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He saw for the first time, after all the months he had been looking at her, that Phyllis had a mole over her left eyebrow. She wore a large diamond-and-emerald turtle pin on the lapel of her lavender wool suit; the turtle's head emerged from the diamond-studded shell with two rubies for eyes.

"It can't be from the pastrami," Phyllis said. "That takes an hour before you feel it."

And suddenly he realized that she was looking at him like any other patient in trouble. He felt wonderful.

"Let's find out what in Christ's name is going on with my whatsis and get it over with," Phyllis said.

Spencer lit a cigarette. "We'll get the picture on your whatsis soon," he said.

"What do I have to do first?" Phyllis said.

"Leave everything to me," Spencer said.

"I want you to get rid of this damn pain for me," Phyllis said. "I want to stick around. Promise me?"

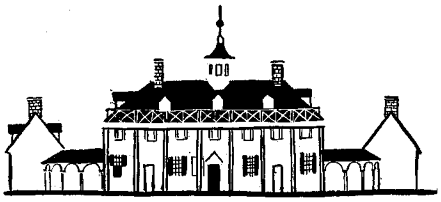
"I promise you," Spencer said. "You'll dance at my wedding."

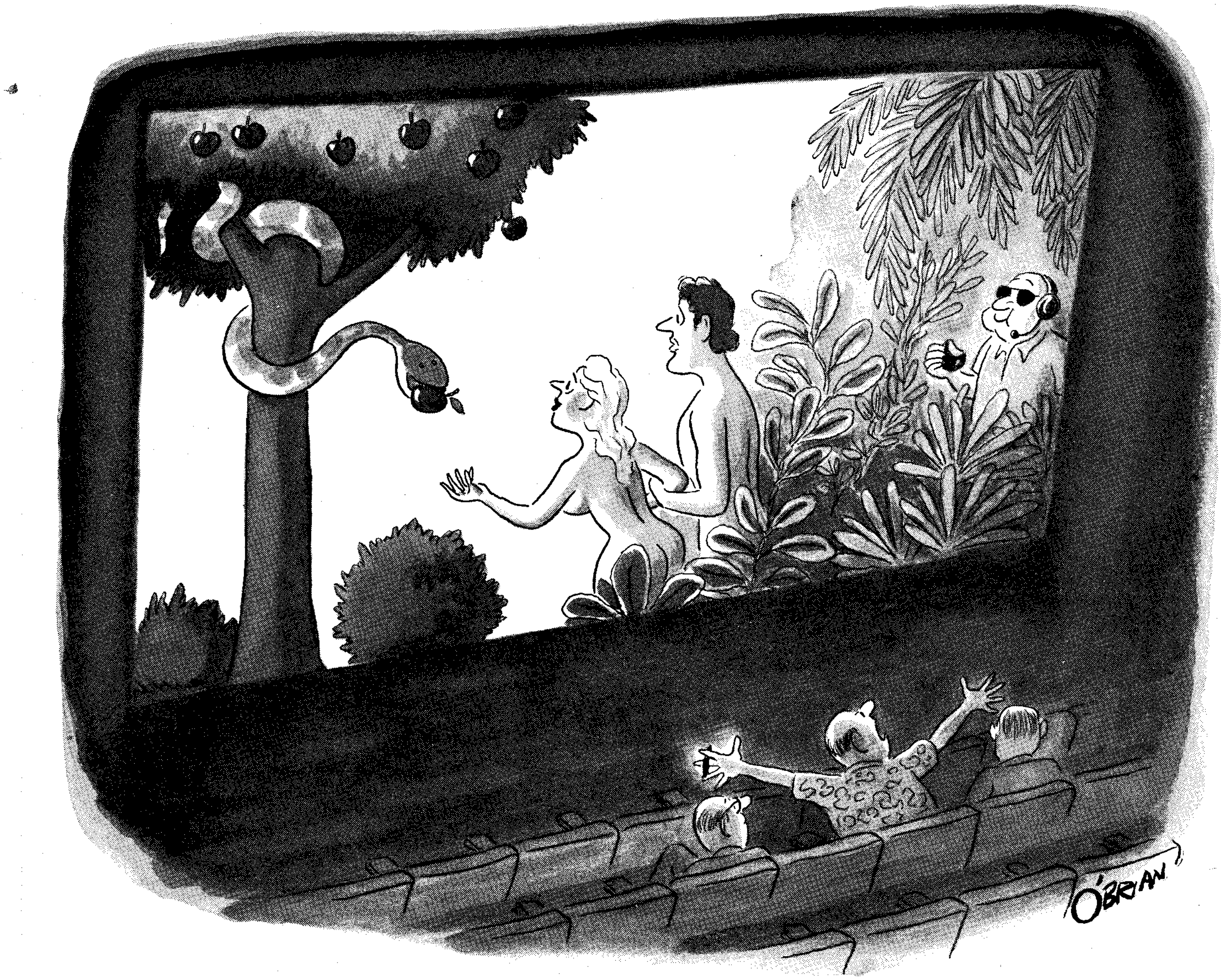
FRIDAY started with a hilarious hour and a half in the operating room. As an attending physician on the staff of the hospital, Spencer was in charge of a medical ward, and one of the ward patients was being operated on for gallstones. Spencer stood by with Max Pooley, who was operating. The patient was a husky young man who had a tattoo in four colors across his stomach. The tattoo showed a large heart enclosing the words "True Love. Mom. Dad. Flo." Pooley was about to start cutting on the "Mom," but Spencer stopped him. Spencer was feeling more at ease with Pooley than he could ever remember. It just wasn't right, he told Pooley, to start by cutting "Mom." One of the young surgical residents giggled so violently that a nurse had to help him change his mask. "Why not start with 'Flo'?" Spencer said.

"All right, why not?" Pooley said. "I can afford to be charitable. I just won the Metrecal Award. The No-Belly Prize."

Everybody was laughing so hard it was a wonder that Pooley could hold the knife steady, Spencer thought. But, of course, he did. He was a marvel, that Pooley. A genius. He really knew how to cut. Afterward, while they were washing up, Pooley told Spencer that he had promised to take a couple of his grandchildren to California, to visit Disneyland, during Christmas week. Now it seemed to Spencer that he was seeing Pooley for the first time, too. Pooley's pince-nez and bushy white hair gave him such an elegant, elder-statesman appearance.

"I'm playing Papa this weekend," Spencer said. "Taking a friend and her three-year-old out to the country." He helped himself to a few of the paper





"Hold it, damn it! Hold it!"

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containers from the O.R. "Insurance," he said, winking at Pooley. "You know the way kids get. In a car."

From the O.R., Spencer made it downstairs to Private a few minutes too late to see the Davidson boy out of this world.

"We tried to page you, but he went out too fast," the resident told Spencer.

The parents of the boy stared at Spencer, stunned. Spencer had spent a lot of time with them, preparing them for the fact that their son would never leave the hospital alive. He had had dinner with them twice a week for the past ten weeks. It was amazing, Spencer had told Dr. Blauberman, how the parents plied him with questions about their son's illness. "They're overcompensating because of guilt feelings," Spencer said, and was congratulated on his insight into the situation.

Mrs. Davidson held a gift—a white handkerchief box tied with a blue silk ribbon. "We got it for you last night, to give to your girl friend maybe," she said. "Because we took you away from her so much."

Spencer got loose from the Davidsons as fast as possible. He decided not to look in on Rod Miller. Rod had a persistent infection in a broken leg. As a boy, Spencer had gone to camp with Rod, who was an English teacher. Until a month or so ago, Spencer had given a lot of time to Rod and his wife, but now he found Rod just too burdensome.

"Poor Rod," Spencer said to Barbara once, when they were discussing the patients he had in the hospital. "He just resumed psychoanalysis, and he's scared stiff people at his school will find out. He made me promise to keep it confidential."

"You can tell *me*," Barbara said.

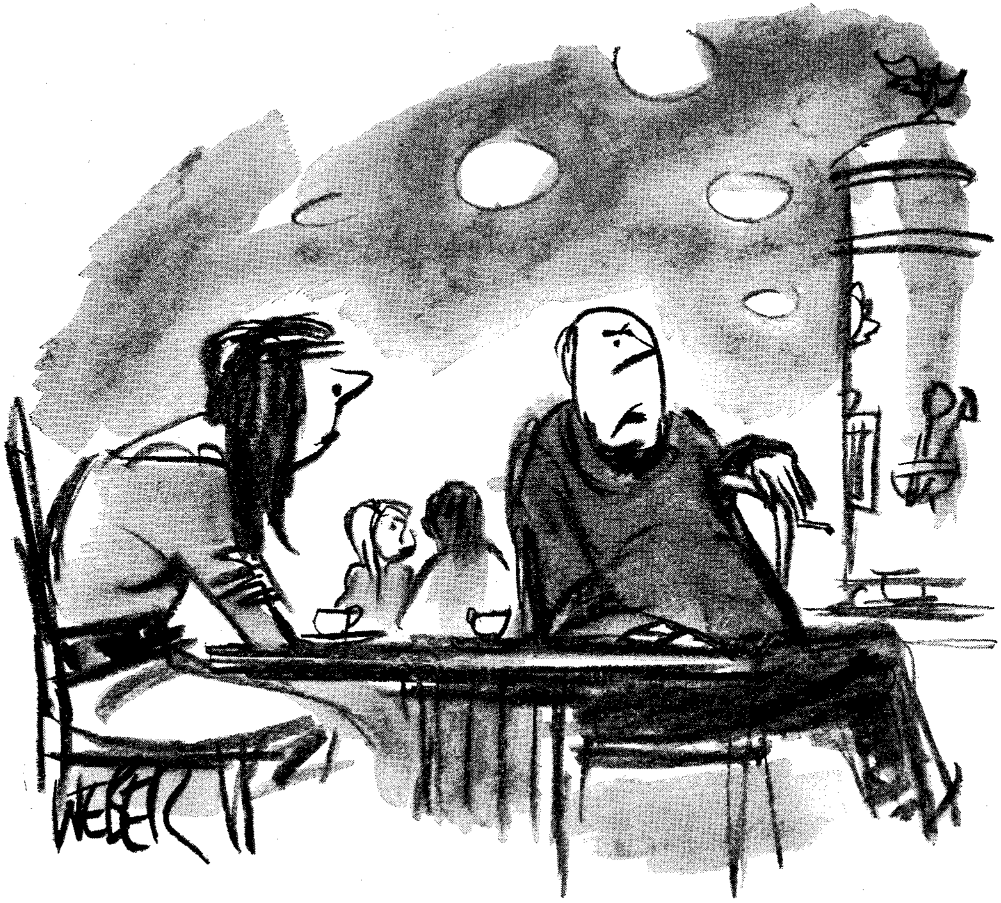
"He's such a downbeat character," Spencer said. "He just found out his wife can't have any children."

"Poor Rod," Barbara said.

Luckily, the door to Rod's room was closed, so he wouldn't know Spencer had been in that day without stopping to see him.

In his office, Spencer saw about ten patients. He brushed them off crisply when they started talking about matters not directly related to the business at hand. He was especially abrupt with Mrs. Stone, who started her usual routine with him of asking whether he knew this doctor or that. She always had two or three new names to ask about. Although Spencer ordinarily liked to gossip with Mrs. Stone, today he said coldly, "I haven't heard of them, frankly. I have to go now," he added, ushering her out. Mrs. Stone would just have to adjust. Her husband ran the show, and Spencer was not afraid of anything that Mrs. Stone might do.

The only patient Spencer gave a little extra time to was Pete Himmel, who was on a weekend in town from college. He was in his first year. He had a num-



“Then one day you look in the mirror and you realize you’re an angry old man!”

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ber of questions he wanted to ask about sex. Spencer was touched by Pete’s innocence, his complete faith in Spencer, and his automatic assumption that Spencer knew all the answers. In particular, Pete wanted to know whether it was all right to go up to a certain establishment with a reputation for kindness to college boys.

“Go ahead, don’t worry about it,” Spencer said, feeling very paternal and protective. “Someday you’ll have a real relationship with a woman, but in the meantime, frankly, we all have our physical needs.”

“I can really *talk* to you,” Pete said. “You really understand.”

“The thing to remember,” Spencer said, speaking the words that Dr. Blauberman had taught him, “is don’t feel guilty about anything that happens.”

Spencer was still exhilarated on the drive up to Connecticut, with Bobbie alongside him and Bunny stretched out on the shelf above the back seat, under the rear window, asleep. After reaching the Merritt Parkway, Spencer stopped to get some gas. The attendant cleaned the front window and then told Spencer that he would skip the rear one. “I might wake up your little girl,” he said. Spencer was delirious, and gave the man a fifty-cent tip. Driving in the heavy traffic, he absent-mindedly turned out of his lane without looking behind him. Another driver had to swerve away from Spencer to avoid hitting him, and shouted an insult. Spencer laughed. He felt like laughing at everything. Bobbie said she had brought along a new pair of slacks, and he laughed at *that*. With this strong, confident, good-looking, dependable girl next to him, his head pounded as he drove. If he ever wanted anything at all in his whole life, he wanted Bobbie and everything she had to offer. She was perfect wife material. And patients would be crazy about her, too. That is, his new type of patient—not those screwballs of both sexes who had given him so much trouble in the past. If somebody very sick called up and got Bobbie, he knew she wouldn’t be thrown by it; she wasn’t the type to get upset. She never tired of hearing the medical details of his day. She wanted to know everything about how the Davidson boy went out, and Spencer told her.

“Frankly, it was rough,” he said. “I spent a lot of time with his parents that I might have spent with you.”

“I had a feeling it would happen today,” Bobbie said.

“Patient Griselda,” Spencer said to her, and with one hand he took the handkerchief box from the rear of the car and handed it to her. “Open it, Patient Griselda,” he said. “Mrs. Davidson said it’s for you.”

Bobbie untied the blue silk ribbon and opened the box. Inside was a white lace handkerchief with a blue lace border. “It’s beautiful,” she said, and put the handkerchief in her purse.

“The Davidsons have good taste,” Spencer said.

They talked about other patients as they drove, and Spencer told her of the particular service he performed for Mr. Stone each week. “But I think I’m growing away from that,” Spencer said. “After all, he doesn’t really need a doctor to do that. Anybody can do that for him. It’s just that he feels confidence in me.” Spencer rubbed his eye. “I worry about taking all that money from him for it.”

“You need it more than he does,” Bobbie said. He smiled at her. She lit a cigarette. “You think too much,” she said, and exhaled a stream of smoke at him. “Every time you start to intellectualize, stop. Don’t think. *Feel.*”

It was amazing the way she put her finger on things. He confided to her how he had skipped looking in on Rod Miller that morning. “I feel so sorry for guys like Rod whose desire for normalcy is constantly being frustrated,” he said.

“Remind me to show the handkerchief to Phyllis,” Bobbie said.

They then discussed Phyllis’s ulcer, and he said he wanted to lure her into the hospital for tests.

“Tell her what you want to do and why,” Bobbie said. “Phyllis can take it. She has guts.”

“I really *care* what happens to Phyllis,” Spencer said.

“Identifying with her husband, hmmm?” Bobbie said.

“I’ve gained a lot of insight into love relationships,” Spencer said.

Under the rear window, Bunny mumbled something in her sleep. Spencer glanced back at the child and told Bobbie he thought Bunny looked like little Caroline Kennedy. And Bobbie, he suddenly realized, had her hair combed just like Jackie’s. My God, he thought, here I am, identifying with the President of the United States. For the first time in his life, he was sure he was happy.

Phyllis Elmendorf came up to them as soon as they arrived. The cocktail party was going strong on the patio, with most of the people dressed casually; the men, as well as the women, were in Bermuda shorts.

"Don't take the time to change now, Spencer," Phyllis said, putting her arm through his. "Bobbie will put Bunny to bed upstairs. I want you down here."

"Pucci?" Spencer said, looking at Phyllis's gold gauzy-silk slacks and matching jacket, both stamped with large butterflies and grasshoppers in green and purple. The ruby-eyed diamond-studded turtle now squatted on her collar.

"Pucci," Phyllis said, looking pleased. "Had this set made in Hong Kong, actually. The two days we spent there on our world tour. They copied my aquamarine Puccis overnight. For about two dollars and fifty cents." She introduced him to a number of people. He wished that Bobbie had stayed with him for support. He felt lost. As Phyllis led him quickly from one young-middle-aged couple to another, he catalogued the impressive jewels—impressive but in good taste—pinned, like Phyllis's turtle, on Pucci shirts and cashmere sweaters with white mink collars. Everybody smiled friendship at Spencer. Then Phyllis left him in order to greet someone else.

An upright piano, painted in red enamel, had been moved out to a corner of the patio, but no one was playing. A young Negro butler held a tray of Martinis-with-lemon-peel out to Spencer. He took one. A Negro maid, with a stiff little white cap on her head and a tiny white apron over a black uniform, stood holding a bowl of shrimp dip in one hand and in the other a bowl of giant potato chips. Spencer took a potato chip and scooped up some of the shrimp paste.

"Spence! Long time no see!" It was Dick Freisleben. He was in training on the side to become a full-time psychoanalyst, but Spencer thought he ought to stick to dermatology. Freisleben went around these days acting as though he was in on special secrets, and had some official right to be euphoric. He was also in the process of divorcing his wife. "Isn't this great?" Freisleben said, looking around with Martini-inspired enthusiasm. "What a joint! Some layout, no, Spence? Here, meet Sophie. Soph is a candidate in training with me." Sophie, a small, stocky woman wearing floral-print shorts, disengaged herself from the shrimp dip and nodded at Spencer. "Soph is working with Sailboat on the big project!" Freisleben went on. "You seen Sailboat yet, Spence?"

There was something irritating about the way Freisleben was so relaxed, so at home with everybody. Spencer doubted if Freisleben *really* addressed Dr. Seltzer by the nickname. He looked around for Barbara.

"Sailboat!" Freisleben called out. "Stranger! Long time no see!"

"Dick!" Sailboat said. "Sophie!" Then he noticed Spencer and said, "Hi there."

"Spencer Fifield," Spencer said, feeling very uncomfortable. "I was just going to look for Bobbie."

Effie came along and said that they were getting up a sailing party to leave at eight in the morning. "Bobbie wants to go," she said to Spencer.

"In that case—" Spencer said. For the first time, he was able to look straight into Sailboat's eyes, and now Sailboat also smiled on Spencer.

"It's a deal," Effie said.

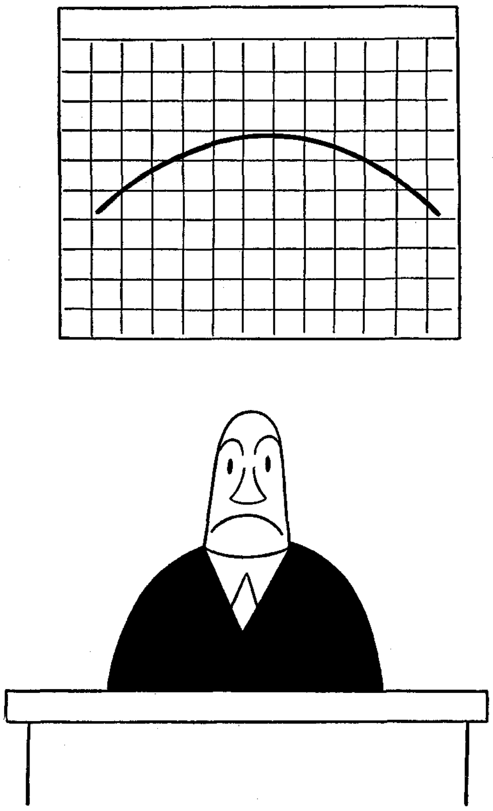
"Not us!" Freisleben shouted, patting Sophie on the floral-print shorts. "We got various things to do to report back on to our analysts Monday morning." He and Sophie both went for more shrimp dip.

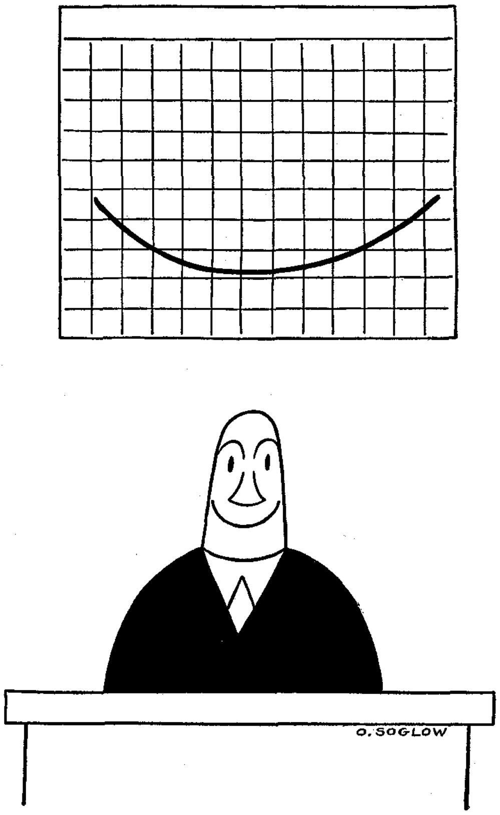
"Isn't Phyllis *some*thing?" Effie said to Spencer. "Who else in Fairfield County would have the nerve to invite a Negro up for the weekend?"

"Where?" Spencer said.

Sailboat tilted his Martini in the direction of a very handsome young man with light-brown skin. He was wearing tartan-plaid wool Bermuda shorts and a camel's-hair jacket with gold buttons, and he had just sat down at the upright piano. Several of the guests began edging over toward him. Just then, Larry Elmendorf joined Spencer and the Seltzers. In one hand Larry was carrying an ashtray, and in the other a highball. A lady's coat was slung over one shoulder. There was still a touch of the caddie about Larry Elmendorf. Although he had a rather obtrusive potbelly and was almost completely bald except for a few wisps of hair at the base of his skull, he had the freckled face of a barefoot boy on a calendar going fishing down a sunlit country road. Bowing pleasantly at everybody, he managed to crook the arm holding the ashtray around Spencer's shoulders in greeting. Not since the days when his maternal grandfather was alive had Spencer felt so favored. His grandparents had lived with his father and mother—or, rather, the Fifields and Spencer, who was an only child, had lived with the grandparents, in the latter's town house—for the first seventeen years of Spencer's life. Only last spring, Spencer had devoted half a dozen sessions with Dr. Blauberman to his grandfather. "Grandpa *liked* me," was the way Spencer summed up what he had learned at the end of the sessions. Larry Elmendorf liked him, too. He kept his arm around Spencer, hanging on while swaying back and forth gently in conversation with the Seltzers.

"Shet mah mouth, Larry, you trying to get the K.K.K. to crash this wing-





ding?" Sailboat said. "I've got to hand it to you."

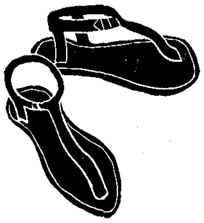
"You're wonderful," Effie said. "Larry, you and Phyllis are wonderful."

"You mean Johnny?" Larry said, indicating the young man at the piano. "We only invite people we like. I know Johnny's big brother, Tom. Tom is the most influential broker in Harlem. You'd be surprised what the weekly figure is of what they buy up there in Harlem."

"Wouldn't surprise *me*," Sailboat said. "Not after our study on the Phylogenetic Thrust."

"The middle-class Negro has drive," Spencer said. "I have a Negro patient, a lawyer, and the suppressed hostility—"

But Larry, his arm still crooked around Spencer, wasn't paying attention. Neither was anybody else, and Spencer dropped what he was trying to say and looked around for Bobbie.



"Tom sent Johnny over to me to see if there's anything I can do for the kid," Larry was saying to Sailboat Seltzer. "Seems the kid gets into trouble. Overshadowed by successful powerhouse older brother—that sort of thing, you know?"

"I try not to work on weekends," Sailboat said.

Larry laughed. "The kid got thrown out of Harvard," he said. "Drank, and flunked out, you know?"

"He probably needs help," Spencer said.

"I need a refill," Sailboat said, turning the stem of his empty Martini glass. "Where's that butler of yours?"

There was a rumor around that Sailboat had gone sailing during the summer with the Kennedys at Hyannis Port. Sailboat hadn't exactly quashed the rumor. Dr. Blauberman had found out, however, with considerable satisfaction, that Sailboat had indeed visited Hyannis Port in August, but only to see an actress patient of his who was playing in the Cape Cod Melody Tent. "Dr. Seltzer is a brilliant doctor, but he gets ahead of himself," Dr. Blauberman had told Spencer.

"This patio reminds me of my grandfather's house," Spencer now said. "My grandfather had a town house in the city, with a patio just like this one in the back. A town house is the only way to live in the city." Sailboat owned a town house where he both lived and kept his office. The house was also the headquarters of the study project on "Psychoanalysis and Negro Integration." He ought to have been interested in the subject of town houses, but apparently he didn't feel like discussing it with Spencer. Larry, however, said, "Nice," and gave Spencer a friendly hug. "Our investment buddy with the hot tips we want will be along later," he said. "I'll get you a drink, Sailboat."

Dick Freisleben came back with Sophie. "Sailboat!" he shouted. "You'll love this! Tell him, Soph!"

"The latest on why people in Great Neck aren't building any fallout shelters," Sophie said.

"This'll kill you!" Freisleben shouted.

"Because they figure they won't *need* them," Sophie said. "They figure if war comes the men will all be at their offices in New York, the women will all be out shopping, the kids will be in school. So why build? For the *help*?"

Everybody laughed the same kind of laugh, united and exact, a laugh that was divided clearly into two parts, two syllables—an "ah" that went uphill quickly into a knowing "hah."

"Isn't that wild?" Freisleben shouted joyously. He used to live, with his about-to-be-divorced wife, in Great Neck.

"I hear Kim Novak is building a fallout shelter," Sailboat said. "They're big in California."

"Frankly, don't you find Kim Novak a very superficial individual?" Spencer said, but again his remark got lost. He began to droop. He noticed it immediately. It was frightening. If only Bobbie would come.

"Where's that drink?" Sailboat said, turning away, and found himself face to face with a Japanese floor lamp. "Don't scare me like that," Sailboat said to the lamp.

Spencer heard exuberant laughter coming from some people standing at the piano. He glanced around. The Negro maid was between the piano and him. There was a particularly blank expression on her face as she stood looking toward the young man at the piano and extending the bowls of shrimp dip and potato chips to Spencer. He took a potato chip, and scooped it into the mixture. Then he nodded in the direction of the piano and said, "Johnny going to start playing now?"

"I don't know, sir," the maid said.

"I mean, did Johnny play before?" Spencer said. "Frankly, I just got here."

"I don't know, sir," the maid repeated.

Spencer put down the potato chip on a table and looked desperately toward the stairway, which he could see through the French doors that opened onto the patio. Possibly he should run upstairs and *find* Bobbie—give her a hand, maybe, with Bunny. He tried to focus on the faces of people he had been introduced to a few minutes before. He tried to remember their names, but he couldn't. As he was pushing his way through the crush toward the stairway, he suddenly encountered Phyllis.

"Kitty Lenz, Dr. Spencer Fifield," Phyllis was saying, and he realized that she was introducing him to a young woman who was wearing tight, fuchsia-colored toreador pants.

Kitty Lenz gave Spencer her hand to shake. It was cold. She looked ill at ease and alone. She kept wetting her lips. Her white lace overblouse fell a couple of inches short of the top of the toreador pants, exposing a smooth, tanned strip of skin. She wore high-heeled gold sandals, her face was heavily made up, and she had long fingernails painted to match the color of her pants. She presented Spencer with an expression of gaiety—an expression that she had probably taken to many other cocktail parties where she had wandered ill at ease and alone. Spencer recognized the expression. In the past, at other parties, he had often found himself drawn to women like her.

"Did you see Bobbie?" Spencer said to Phyllis. "Will Bobbie be down soon?"

"Soon as she gets Bunny to bed," Phyllis said.

"What a trip!" Spencer said expansively. "I expected Bunny to oops in the car, but she slept practically all the way."

"Keep the windows of the car open," Kitty Lenz said. "Don't let them know you're worrying about it, and just don't make a big production out of it. Cute kid at the piano there. I like his gold buttons. Who brought the cute kid at the piano, Phyl?"

"She's three," Spencer said. "And she looks exactly like little Caroline Kennedy." Turning to Phyllis, he said, "I'd better run upstairs and see if I can help Bobbie."

"You stay right here with us, darling," Phyllis said, leaning against him. And then, answering Kitty Lenz, she said, "Johnny's brother is one of our favorite people. Larry does a lot of business with him."

"Such cute buttons," Kitty Lenz said, and gave Spencer a smile.

"Johnny's brother that investment man?" Spencer said.

Phyllis let out a shriek of laughter. "No, darling," she said. "Johnny's brother is relatively small potatoes. We've got something special lined up for you."

"What's up, Doc?" Kitty Lenz said, trying to make herself sound comical. "You need a new stethoscope?"

Phyllis gave another shriek, which was echoed by a burst of laughter from the vicinity of the piano. Spencer saw Sailboat Seltzer pumping Johnny's hand. "My tan is better than your tan!" he said jovially to the young Negro.

Johnny took a newly lighted cigarette out of his mouth and threw back his head and laughed. He laughed for an unusually long time. Everybody around the piano tried to laugh along with him. Then Larry held out his ashtray to Johnny, who snapped the whole cigarette into the tray, scattering sparks on the front of Larry's shirt. Larry picked up the cigarette and put it out, and Johnny threw back his head again and laughed some more.

"Play something, Johnny," Phyllis called out. Larry saw her and came over, and she gave him a wifely peck on the cheek.

"Johnny sure is adorable," Kitty Lenz said, as though speaking to herself, but looking wistfully at Spencer. "That lad has got beautiful choppers."

Spencer looked away from her without answering.

"Pul-lay som-a-thing!" Phyllis called out to Johnny.

"Does he play?" Larry asked. "I didn't know he played."

"He *must* play," Phyllis said.

"Why?" Kitty Lenz said.

Spencer edged away from her. She was making him feel nervous. He wanted to stand with Phyllis and Larry without being disturbed by this oddball-screwball.

"How about some Cole Porter, man?" Sailboat said. " 'Night and Day.' How about 'Night and Day'?" Sailboat motioned with his drink to the Elmendorfs to come over to the piano. Spencer started to go with them, but Kitty Lenz held him back by saying quickly, "Dr. Fifield—or am I expected to call you by your first name?"

"Spencer," he said stiffly.

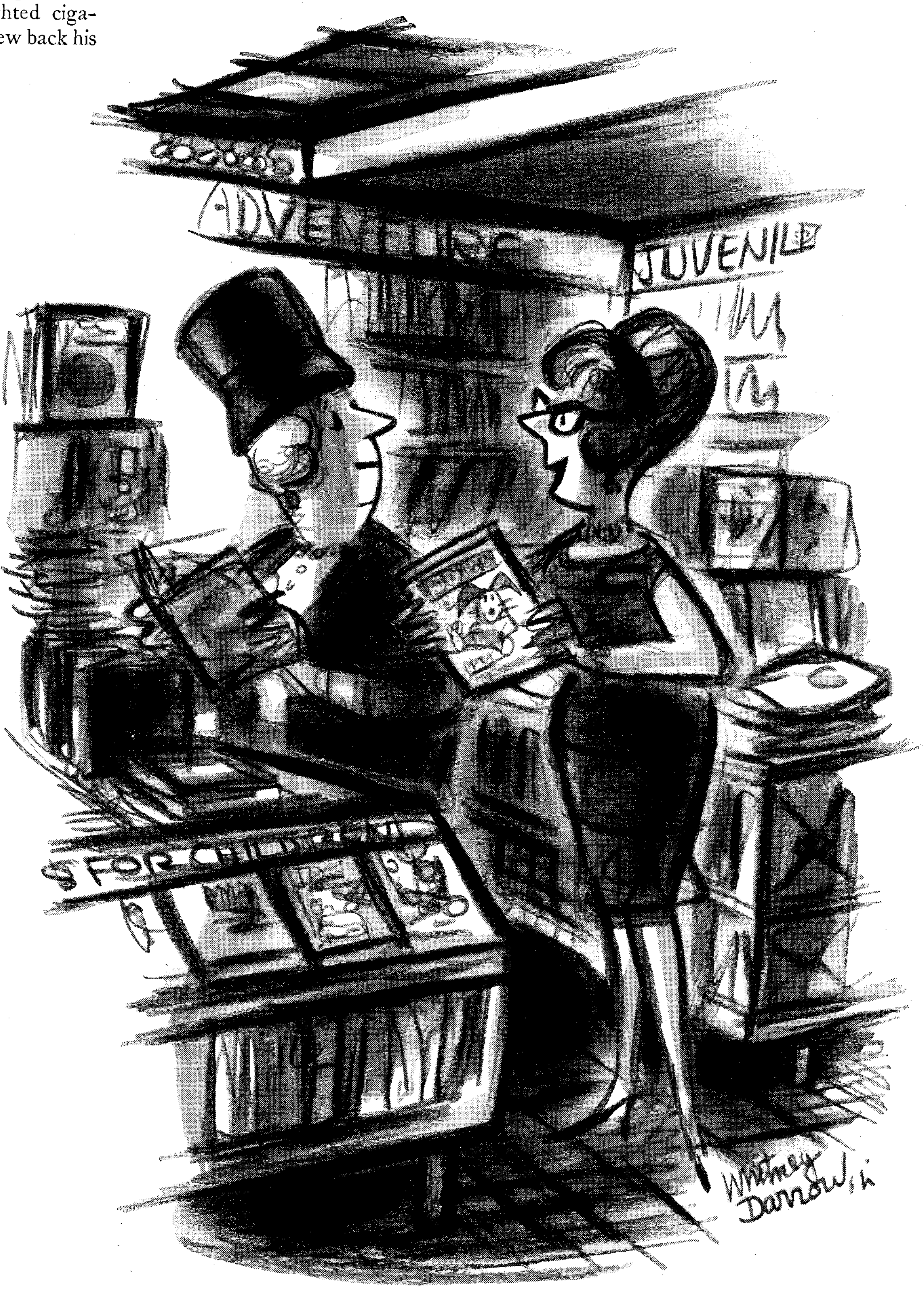
"Relax, Spencer, I'm harmless. Do you mind if I ask what kind of doctor are you?"

"An internist," Spencer said.

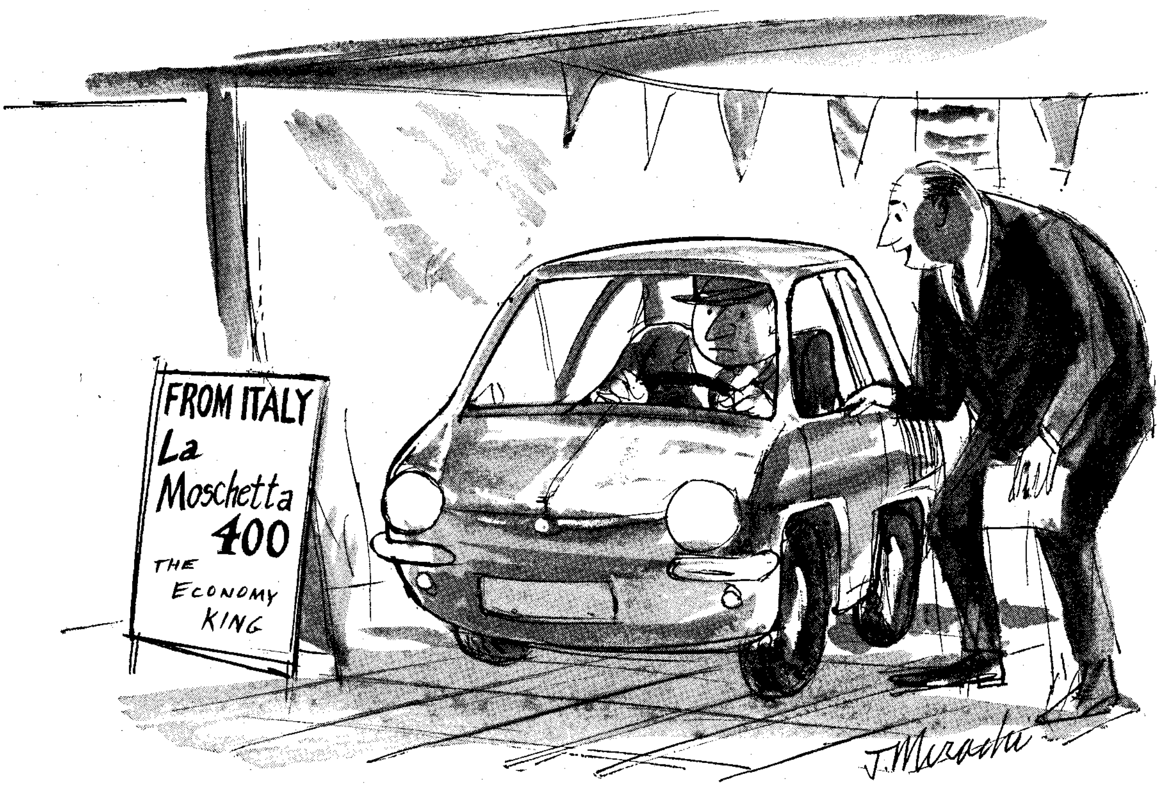
"My ex-husband was an internist. My ex-husband moved out to the Coast. He had this theory that all his patients needed him to mother them—that he was their mother figure. That was his theory. So we got divorced. Maybe you knew him—Dr. Donald Lenz. *Summa cum laude*, Harvard, 1940. Harvard Med School, 1944. His office was on Seventy-third and Park."

"I'd better go up and get Bobbie," Spencer said, but he couldn't move.

On the other side of the piano, Phyllis was asking Johnny to play some



"If he's pre-school, here's one that squeaks, whistles, and is completely edible."



"Bellissima! Eh, Mac?"

Twist music. "Play Chubby Checker," she said.

"How about Joey Dee?" Johnny said softly, and he put his head back and laughed.

"Twist, Johnny!" Phyllis yelled.

"Ray Charles' 'Do the Twist' is better than any of Chubby Checker, frankly," Spencer said.

"What do you know, a Ray Charles man!" Kitty Lenz said.

There was something in her tone that Spencer heard as mockery. He lit a cigarette, and he saw that his hands were trembling. He felt an old panic. Then, inhaling deeply, he forced himself to concentrate on what he had to remember: He was over the hump now. Dr. Blauberman had led him to his graduation from the lame-duck school of the Kitty Lenzes. He had graduated from the Rod Millers. He had now reached what Dr. Blauberman had assured him was the adult level of the Elmendorfs, of Bobbie Kirsch. He was one of them now. He had finally joined what Dr. Blauberman liked to call the human race. And Dr. Blauberman had shown him how to fight for his position.

"You wear too much makeup," he heard himself say to Kitty Lenz. She gave him a look of astonishment. He left her and went over to Larry and Phyllis.

"Cole Porter," Sailboat was saying to Johnny. " 'Night and Day.' "

Johnny started banging meaninglessly on the piano keys. Then he lifted his hands high above the keyboard and held them poised there, and burst into a laugh. The audience began laughing, too.

"Yeah, man!" Sailboat said, and, reaching across a couple of guests, he took a fresh drink from the Negro butler.

" 'Night and day . . .' " Johnny began, in a high, strained voice, and he brought both hands, fingers spread out, down at random, without playing real chords. " 'Night and day . . . day and night . . . night and day . . .' " He seemed to sing in bits and pieces of the accepted styles of several popular singers. Then he lifted his head way up high, closed his eyes, and brought his head way down low, until his chin practically rested on the keyboard.

Kitty Lenz joined the group at the piano. "He doesn't know the song, Phyl," she said to Phyllis, but Phyllis had her eyes closed, and was busy nodding and tapping her foot.

"He's not playing the piano," Kitty Lenz said, touching Phyllis on the arm. "He's just hitting the keys."

Phyllis opened her eyes, but looked at Sailboat, who was slapping the side of the piano drunkenly. "Cool, man, cool!" Sailboat said, to the piano.

" 'You are the one . . .' " Effie Seltzer put in, lifting her head as Johnny was doing and closing *her* eyes, too.

" 'You are the one . . . you are the one . . . you are the one . . .' " Johnny repeated, and struck a few more would-be chords, at opposite ends of the keyboard.

"Why don't you all leave him alone?" Kitty Lenz said, to no one in particular. "He's not playing the piano. There's nothing there. Stop pushing him."

Phyllis gave her a look of annoyance and joined Sailboat in a slapping duet on the wood of the piano. Kitty Lenz was right, Spencer realized. Johnny wasn't really singing, and he wasn't really playing the piano. Spencer looked at Phyllis and Larry and the Seltzers. All four of them now were nodding and foot-tapping a would-be beat to the nonexistent rhythm, the nonexistent melody, the abortive lyrics. Spencer looked back at Kitty Lenz blankly. She could *afford* to stand around telling the truth. She was on the outside of everything anyway.

Just then, Bobbie came into the room. Spencer signalled to her to work her way in alongside him. "How's Bunny?" he said to her, in a loud voice. He took hold of the back of Bobbie's neck and looked over at Kitty Lenz.

"She's fast asleep," Bobbie said.

"Martini, dear?" Spencer said.

"With lemon peel," Bobbie said.

As Spencer headed for the butler and the drinks, he passed Phyllis, who was still tapping her foot enthusiastically, going through all the motions of keeping time, or what she thought was time, to the nonexistent music. For a moment, Spencer felt his panic returning, but then he saw clearly that it didn't matter whether Johnny was playing music or not; the important thing was that everybody *acted* as if he was. Who needed Kitty Lenz?

"Cool?" Phyllis said, smiling at Spencer, smiling at Bobbie, smiling at Johnny at the piano.

"Real cool," Spencer said.

—LILLIAN ROSS

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Place designations also may be abbreviated in heads: Fifth Ave., Fordham Rd., Patchen Pl.—*The New York Times Style Book for Writers and Editors.*

If there's not enough room to make it Patchin Place.

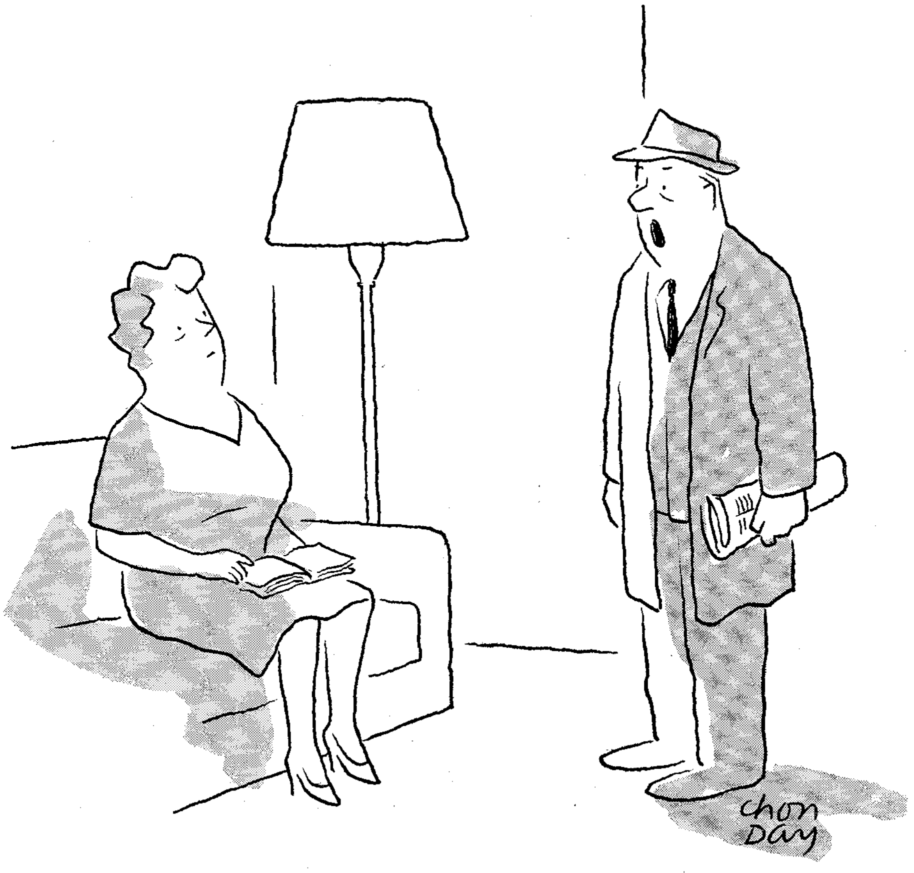
THE EMBARKMENT FOR CYTHERA

Tom and Jessica Coliver lived in Proxmire Manor, a place that was known up and down the suburban railroad line as the place where the lady got arrested. The incident had taken place five or six years before, but it had the endurance of a legend, and the lady had seemed briefly to be the genius of the pretty place. The facts are simple. With the exception of one robbery, still unsolved, the eight-man police force of Proxmire Manor had never found anything to do. Their only usefulness was to direct traffic at weddings and large cocktail parties. They listened day and night on the interstate police radio to the crimes and alarms in other communities—car thefts, mayhem, drunkenness, and murder—but the blotter in Proxmire Manor was clean. The burden of this idleness on their self-esteem was heavy as, armed with pistols and bandoleers of ammunition, they spent their days writing parking tickets for the cars left at the railroad station. It was like a child's game, ticketing commuters for the most trifling infractions of the rules the police themselves invented, and they played it enthusiastically.

The lady—Mrs. Lemuel Jameson—had similar problems. Her children were away at school, her housework was done by a maid, and though she played cards and lunched with friends, she was often made ill-tempered by abrasive boredom. Coming home from an unsuccessful shopping trip in New York one afternoon, she found her car ticketed for being a little over a white line. She tore the ticket to pieces. Later that afternoon, a policeman found the pieces in the dirt and took them to the police station, where they were pasted together.

The police were excited, of course, at this open challenge to their authority. Mrs. Jameson was served with a summons. She called her friend Judge Flint—he was a member of the Club—and asked him to fix it. He said that he would, but later that afternoon he had an attack of acute appendicitis and was taken to the hospital. When Mrs. Jameson's name was called in traffic court and there was no response, the police were alert. A warrant for her arrest was issued, the first such warrant in years. In the morning two patrolmen, heavily armed and in fresh uniforms and in the company of an old police matron, drove to Mrs. Jameson's house with the warrant. A maid opened the door and said that Mrs. Jameson was sleeping. With at least a hint of force, they entered the beautiful drawing room and told the maid to wake Mrs. Jameson. When Mrs. Jameson heard that the police were downstairs, she was indignant. She refused to move. The maid went downstairs, and in a minute or two Mrs. Jameson heard the heavy steps of the policemen. She was horrified. Would they dare enter her bedroom? The ranking officer spoke to her from the hall. "You get out of bed, lady, and come with us, or we'll get you up." Mrs. Jameson began to scream. The police matron, reaching for her shoulder holster, entered the bedroom. Mrs. Jameson went on screaming. The matron told her to get up and dress or they would take her to the station house in her night clothes. When Mrs. Jameson started for the bathroom, the matron followed her and she began to scream again. She was hysterical. She screamed at the policemen when she encountered them in the upstairs hallway, but she let herself be led out to the car and driven to the station house. Here she began to scream again. She finally paid the one-dollar fine and was sent home in a taxi.

Mrs. Jameson was determined to have the policemen fired, and the moment she walked into her house she began to organize her campaign. Counting over her neighbors for someone who would be eloquent and sympathetic, she thought of Peter Dolmetch, a free-lance television writer, who rented the Fulsoms' gatehouse. No one liked him, but Mrs. Jameson sometimes invited him to her cocktail parties, and he was indebted to her. She called and told him her story. "I can't believe it, darling," he said. She said that she was asking him, because of his natural eloquence, to defend her. "I'm against Fascism, darling," he said, "wherever it raises its ugly head." She then called the mayor and demanded a hearing. It was set for eight-thirty that night. Mr. Jameson happened to be away on business. She called a few friends, and by noon everyone in Proxmire Manor knew that she had been humiliated by a policewoman, who followed her into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the tub while she dressed, and that Mrs. Jameson had been taken to the station house at the point of a gun. Fifteen or twenty neighbors showed up for the hearing. The mayor and his councilmen numbered seven, and the two patrolmen and the matron were also there. When the meeting was called to order, Peter stood and asked, "Has Fascism come to Proxmire Manor? Is the ghost of Hitler stalking our tree-shaded streets? Must



"I am being replaced by a machine that goes 'clickety-boop, clickety-boop, clickety-boop, clickety-boop . . .'"

we, in the privacy of our homes, dread the tread of the Storm Troopers' boots on our sidewalks and the pounding of the mailed fist on the door?" On and on he went. He must have spent all day writing it. It was all aimed at Hitler, with only a few passing references to Mrs. Jameson. The audience began to cough, to yawn, and then to excuse themselves. When the protest was dismissed and the meeting adjourned, there was no one left but the principals, and Mrs. Jameson's case was lost, but it was not forgotten. The conductor on the train, passing the green hills, would say, "They arrested a lady there yesterday;" then, "They arrested a lady there last month;" and presently, "That's the place where the lady got arrested." That was Proxmire Manor.

THE ALYSCAMPS AT ARLES

The bodies that covered the bones died.
Then the bones died.

Now the stones that covered the bones are dying
in the Alyscamps at Arles.

The lizard darts between the thick lips
of the hollow-bodied stones.
Under the broken lids, the scorpion lives transfixed.

The sculptor who forms by destroying form
and finds form beneath
has peeled the bodies and found the bones,
has dwindled the bones till they snapped
in the coffin-beds of the stones.

Now he crumbles the heavy limbs of the stones
that have been dying for two thousand years
in the Alyscamps at Arles.

Soft bodies died soonest.
Flesh was a colored dew wiped off.
Bones were chalk to the sculptor.
But he has been rubbing at the bodies
of these stones for two thousand years.

See, they have faces, with mouths and sockets!
See, in the shadows of the poplars
are great square skulls
with noseholes dark, like caves—
there, where the lizard spreads his saurian hand.

Moonlight puts a flesh around the recumbent ribs
of the stones.

When the passion of the nightingale begins,
the sculptor seems to sleep.

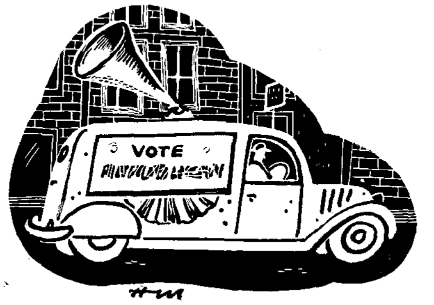
—May Swenson

• •

THE village stood on three leafy hills north of the city, and was handsome and comfortable, and seemed to have eliminated, through adroit social pressures, the thorny side of human nature. This knowledge was forced on Jessica Coliver one afternoon when a neighbor, Laura Hilliston, came in for a glass of sherry. "What I wanted to tell you," Laura said, "is that Grace Lockhart is a slut." Jessica heard the words down the length of the room as she was pouring sherry, and wondered if she had heard correctly, the remark seemed so callous. What kind of tidings were these to carry from house to house? She was never sure—how could one be, it was all so experimental—of the exact nature and intent of the society in which she lived, but did it really embrace this kind of thing?

Laura Hilliston laughed. Her laughter was healthy and her teeth were white. She sat on the sofa, a heavy woman with her feet planted squarely on the rug. Her hair was brown. So were her large, soft eyes. Her face was fleshy, but with a fine ruddiness. She was long married and had three grown sons, but she had recently stepped out of the country of love—briskly and without a backward glance, as if she had spent too much time in its steaming jungles. She was through with all *that*, she had told her wretched husband. She had put on some perfume for the visit, and she wore a thick necklace of false gold that threw a brassy light up onto her features. Her shoes had high heels, and her dress was tight, but these lures were meant to establish her social position and not to catch the eyes of a man.

"I just thought you ought to know," Laura said. "It isn't mere gossip. She has been intimate with just about everybody. I mean the milkman, and that old man who reads the gas meter. That nice fresh-faced boy who used to deliver the laundry lost his job because of her. The truck used to be parked there for hours at a time. Then she began to buy her groceries from Narobi's, and one of the delivery boys had quite a lot of trouble. Her husband's a nice-looking man, and they say he puts up with it for the sake of the children. He adores the children. But what I really wanted to say is that we're getting her out. They have a twenty-eight-thousand-dollar mortgage with a repair clause, and Charlie Peterson at the bank has just told them that they'll have to put a new roof on the house. Of course, they can't afford this, and so Bumps Trigger is going to give them what they paid for the place and they'll have to go somewhere else. I just thought you might like to know."



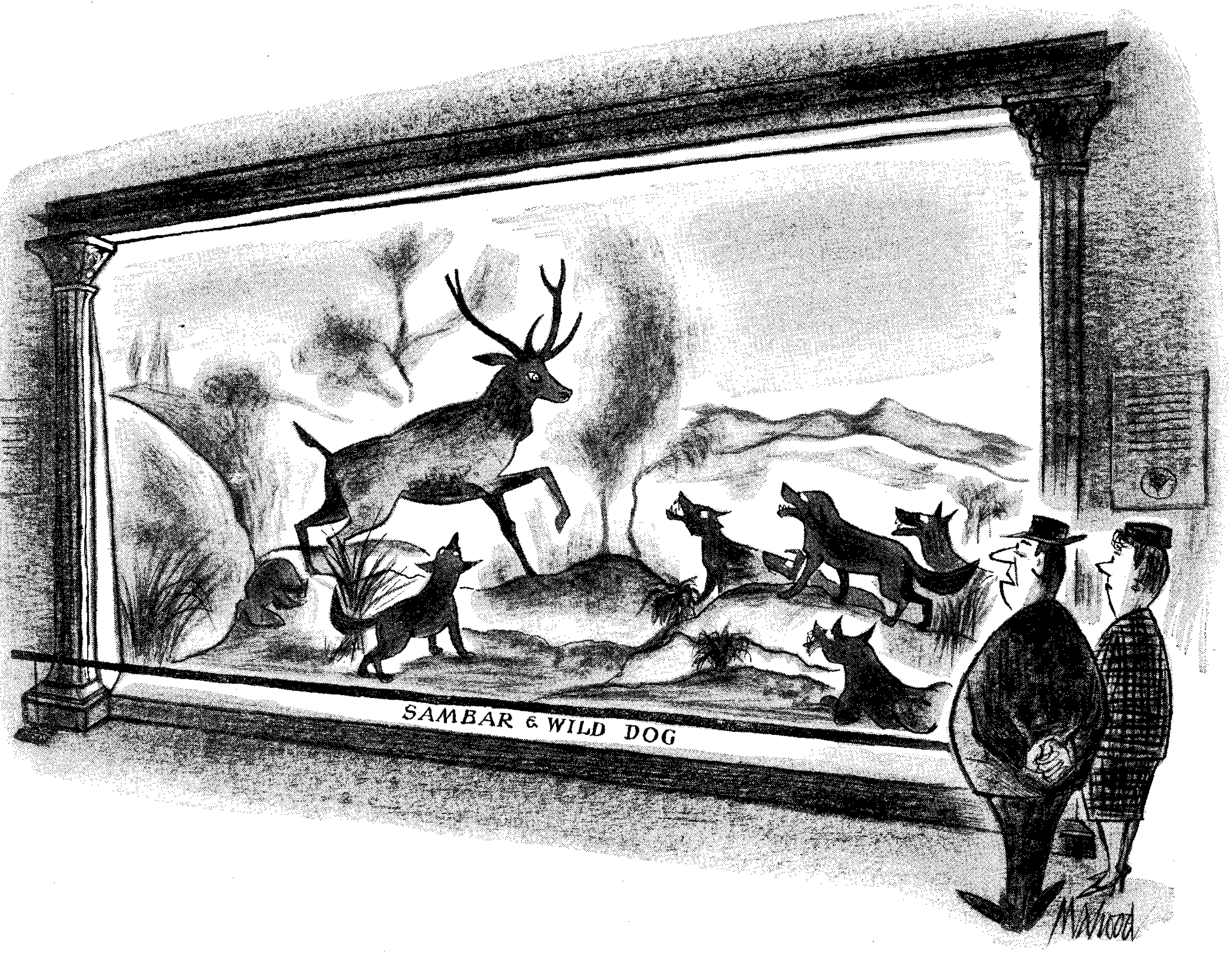
"Thank you," Jessica said. "Will you have some more sherry?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I must get along. We're going to the Wishings'. Aren't you?"

"Yes, we are," Jessica said.

Laura put on a short mink jacket and stepped out of the house with that grace, that circumspection, that gentle and unmistakable poise of a lady who has said farewell to love.

Then the back doorbell rang. The cook was out with the baby, and so Jessica went to the back door and let in one of Mr. Narobi's grocery boys. She wondered if he was the one Mrs. Lockhart had tried to seduce. He was a slender young man with brown hair and



"That's the sort of day I have every day."

• •

blue eyes that shed their light evenly, as the eyes of the young will, and were so unlike the eyes of the old—those haggard lanterns that shed no light at all. She would have liked to ask him about Mrs. Lockhart, but this, of course, was not possible. She gave him a quarter tip, and he thanked her politely, and she went upstairs to bathe and dress for the Wishings' dance.

The Wishings' dance was an annual affair. As Mrs. Wishing kept explaining, they gave it each year before the rugs were put down. There was a three-piece orchestra, a fine dinner with glazed salmon, *bœuf en daube*, a dark, flowery claret, and a bar for drinks. By quarter after ten, Jessica felt bored and would have asked Tom to take her home, but he was in another room. Lovely and high-spirited, she was seldom bored. Watching the dancers, she thought of poor Mrs. Lockhart, who was being forced out of this society. On the other hand, she knew how easy, how mistaken it was to assume that the exceptions—the drunkard and the lewd—penetrate, through their excesses, the carapace of immortal society. Did Mrs. Lockhart know more about mankind than she, Jessica? Who did have the power of penetration? Was it the priest who saw how their hands trembled when they reached for the chalice, the doctor who had seen them stripped of their clothing, or the psychiatrist who had seen them stripped of their obdurate pride, and who was now dancing with a fat woman in a red dress? And what was penetration worth? What did it matter that the drunken and unhappy woman in the corner dreamed frequently that she was being chased through a grove of trees by a score of naked lyric poets? Jessica was bored, and she thought her dancing neighbors were bored, too. Loneliness was one thing, and she knew herself how sweet it could make lights and company seem, but boredom was something else, and why, in this most prosperous and equitable world, should everyone seem so bored and disappointed? She asked Bumps Trigger to get her a drink, and he brought her back a glass of dark bourbon. She felt a profound nostalgia, a longing for some emotional island or peninsula that she had not even discerned in her dreams. She seemed to know something about its character—it was not a paradise, but its elevating possibilities of emotional richness and freedom stirred her. It was the stupendous feeling that one could do much better than this; that the reality was not Mrs. Wishing's dance; that the world was not divided into rigid parliaments of good and evil but was ruled by the absolute authority and range of her desire.

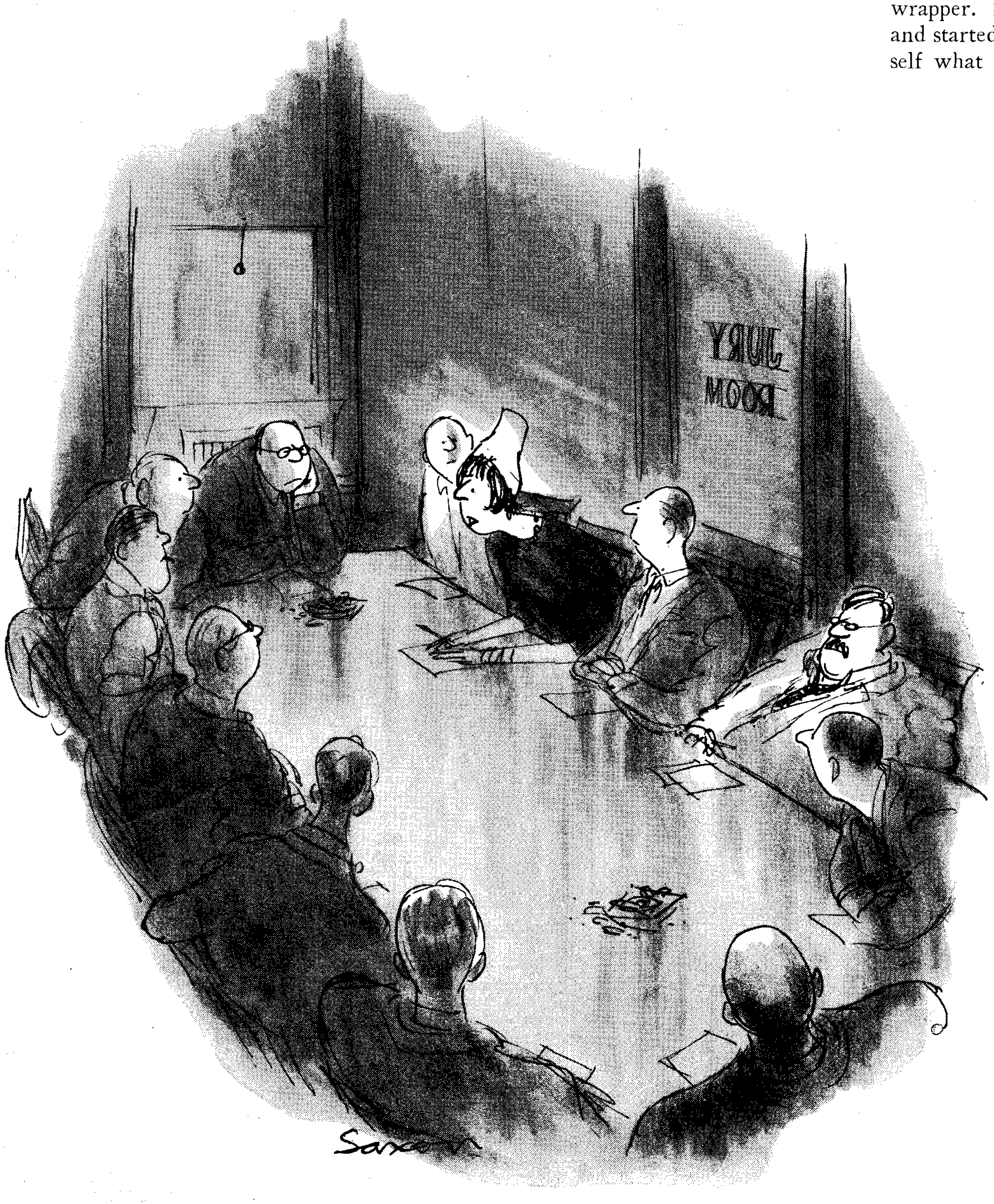
She began to dance then, and danced until three, when the band stopped playing. Her feelings had changed from boredom to a ruthless greed for pleasure. She did not ever want the party to stop, and stayed until dawn.

ON Sunday night, Tom took a plane to Detroit, planning to be gone three weeks. On Monday night, alone in the house with her son and the cook, Jessica had a sentimental dream. The landscape was romantic. It was evening, and since there was no trace anywhere of mechanical things—automobile tracks and the noise of planes—it seemed to her to be evening in another century. The sun had set, but a polished afterglow lighted up the sky. There was a winding stream with alders, and on the farther banks the ruins of a castle. She spread a white cloth on the grass and set this with long-necked wine bottles and a loaf of new bread, whose fragrance and warmth was a part of the dream. Upstream a man was swimming naked in a pool. He spoke to her in French, and it was part of the dream's lightness that it all happened in another country, another time. She saw the man pull himself up onto the bank and dry himself with a cloth while she went on setting out the things for supper.

She was waked from this dream by the barking of a dog. It was 3 A.M. She heard the wind. It was changing its quarter and beginning to blow from the northwest. She was about to fall asleep when she heard the front door come open. Sweat started at her armpits and her young heart strained its muscles, although she knew it was only the wind that had opened the door. Not long ago, a thief had broken into a house in the neighborhood. In the garden, behind a lilac bush, a pile of cigarette ends had been found, where he must have waited patiently for hours for the lights of the house to be turned out. He had made an opening in a window with a glass cutter, rifled a wall safe of cash and jewelry, and left by the front door. In reporting the theft, the police had described his movements in detail: He had waited in the garden. He had entered by a back window. He had gone through the kitchen and pantry into the dining room. But who was he? Had he been tall or short, heavy or slender? Had his heart throbbed with terror in the dark rooms, or had he experienced the thief's supreme sense of triumph over a pretentious and gullible society? He had left traces of himself—cigarette ends, footprints, broken glass, and a rifled safe—but he had never been found, and so he remained disembodied and faceless.

It was the wind, she told herself; no thief would have left the door standing open. Now she could feel the cold air spreading through the house, rising up the stairs and moving the curtains in the hall. She got out of bed and put on a wrapper. She turned on the hall light and started down the stairs, asking herself what it was she was afraid of in the dark rooms below. She was afraid of the dark, like a primitive or a child, but why? What was there about darkness that threatened her? She was afraid of the dark as she was afraid of the unknown, and what was the unknown but the force of evil, and why should she be afraid of this? She turned on the lights one after another. The rooms were empty, and the wind was enjoying the liberty of the place, scattering the mail on the hall table and peering under the edge of the rug. The wind was cold, and she shivered as she closed and locked the front door, but now she was unafraid and very much herself. In the morning she had a cold.

The doctor came several times during that week, and when she got no better he ordered her to go to the hospital. In the middle of the morning, she went upstairs to pack. She had been to the hospital in recent years only once, to have her son, and then the drives of pregnancy had carried her unthinkingly through her preparations. This time she carried no life within her; she carried, instead, an infection. And, alone in her bedroom, choosing a nightgown and a hairbrush, she



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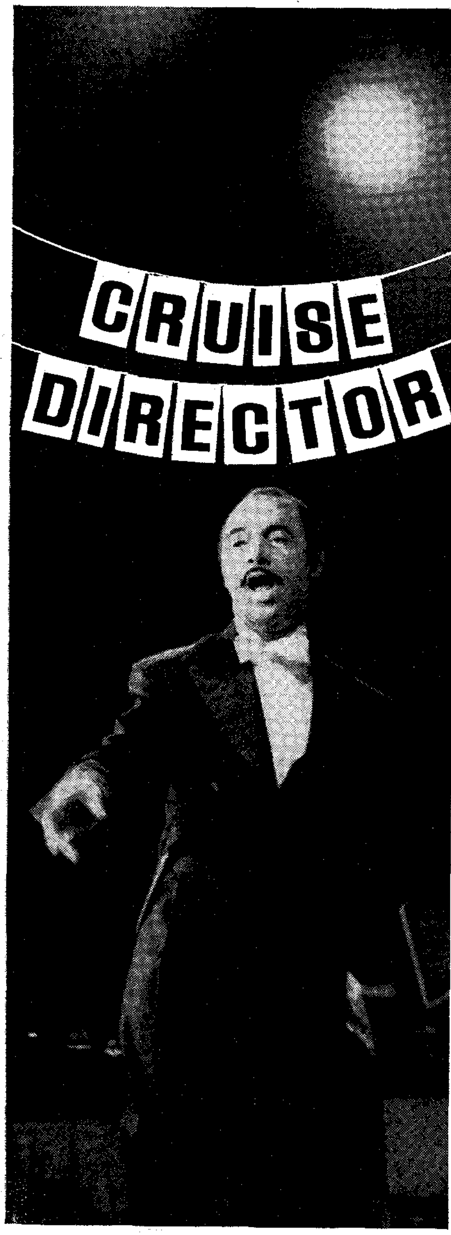

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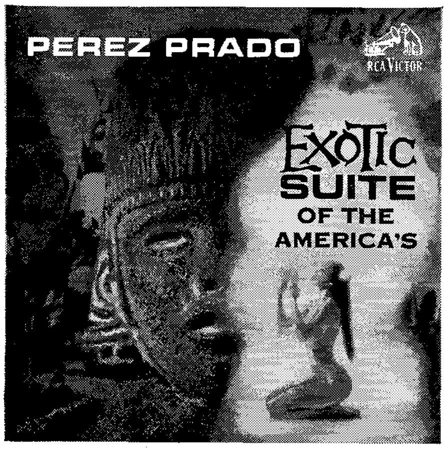
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felt as if she had been singled out to make some mysterious voyage. She was not a sentimental woman, and she had no sad thoughts about parting from the pleasant room she shared with her husband. She felt weary but not sick, although there was a cutting pain in her chest. A stranger watching her would have thought she was insane. Why did she empty the carnations into the wastebasket and rinse out the vase? Why did she count her stockings, lock her jewelry box and hide the key, glance at her bank balance, dust off the mantelpiece, and stand in the middle of the room, looking as if she was listening to distant music? The foolish impulse to dust the mantelpiece was irresistible, but she had no idea why she did it, and anyhow it was time to go.

The hospital was new, and conscientious efforts had been made to make it a cheerful place, but her loveliness—you might say her elegance—was put at a disadvantage by the undisguisable atmosphere of regimentation, and she looked terribly out of place. A wheelchair was brought for her, but she refused to use it. She would have looked crestfallen and ridiculous, she knew, with her coat bunched up around her middle and her purse in her lap. A nurse took her upstairs and led her into a pleasant room, where she was told to undress and get into bed. While she was undressing, someone brought her lunch on a tray. It was a small matter, but she found it disconcerting to be given a chop and some canned fruit while she was half naked and before the clocks had struck noon. She ate her lunch dutifully and the doctor came at two and told her she could count on being in the hospital ten days or two weeks. He would call Tom. She fell asleep, and woke at five with a fever.

The imagery of her fever was similar to the imagery of love. Her reveries were spacious, and she seemed to be promised the revelation of some truth that lay at the center of the labyrinthine and palatial structures where she wandered. The fever, as it got higher, eased the pain in her breast and made her indifferent to the heavy beating of her heart. The fever dreams seemed like a healthy employment of her imagination to distract her from the struggle that went on in her breast. She was standing at the head of a broad staircase with red walls. Many people were climbing the stairs. They had the attitudes of pilgrims. The climb was gruelling and lengthy, and when she reached the summit she found herself in a grove of lemon trees and lay down on the grass to rest. When she woke from this dream, her

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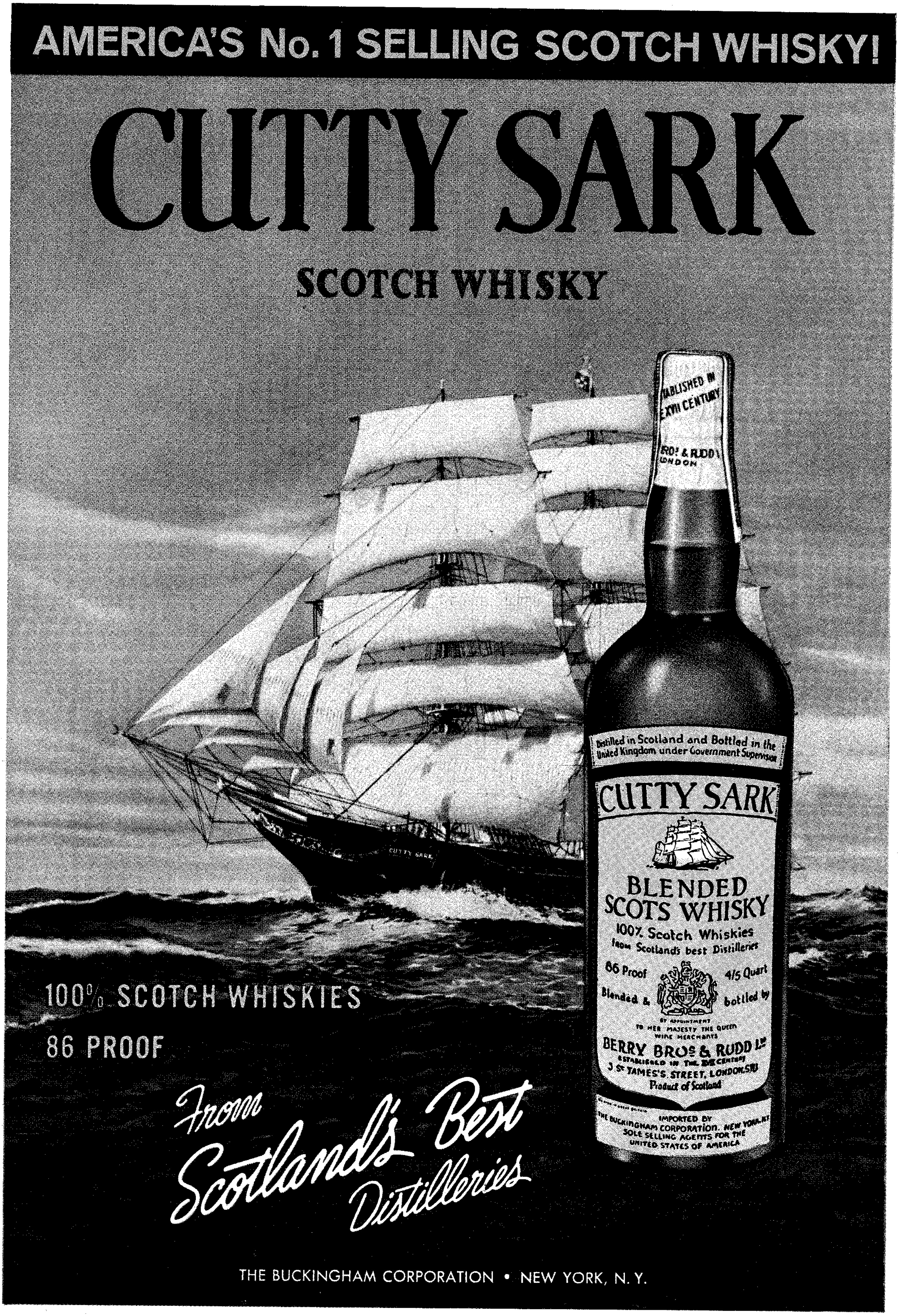
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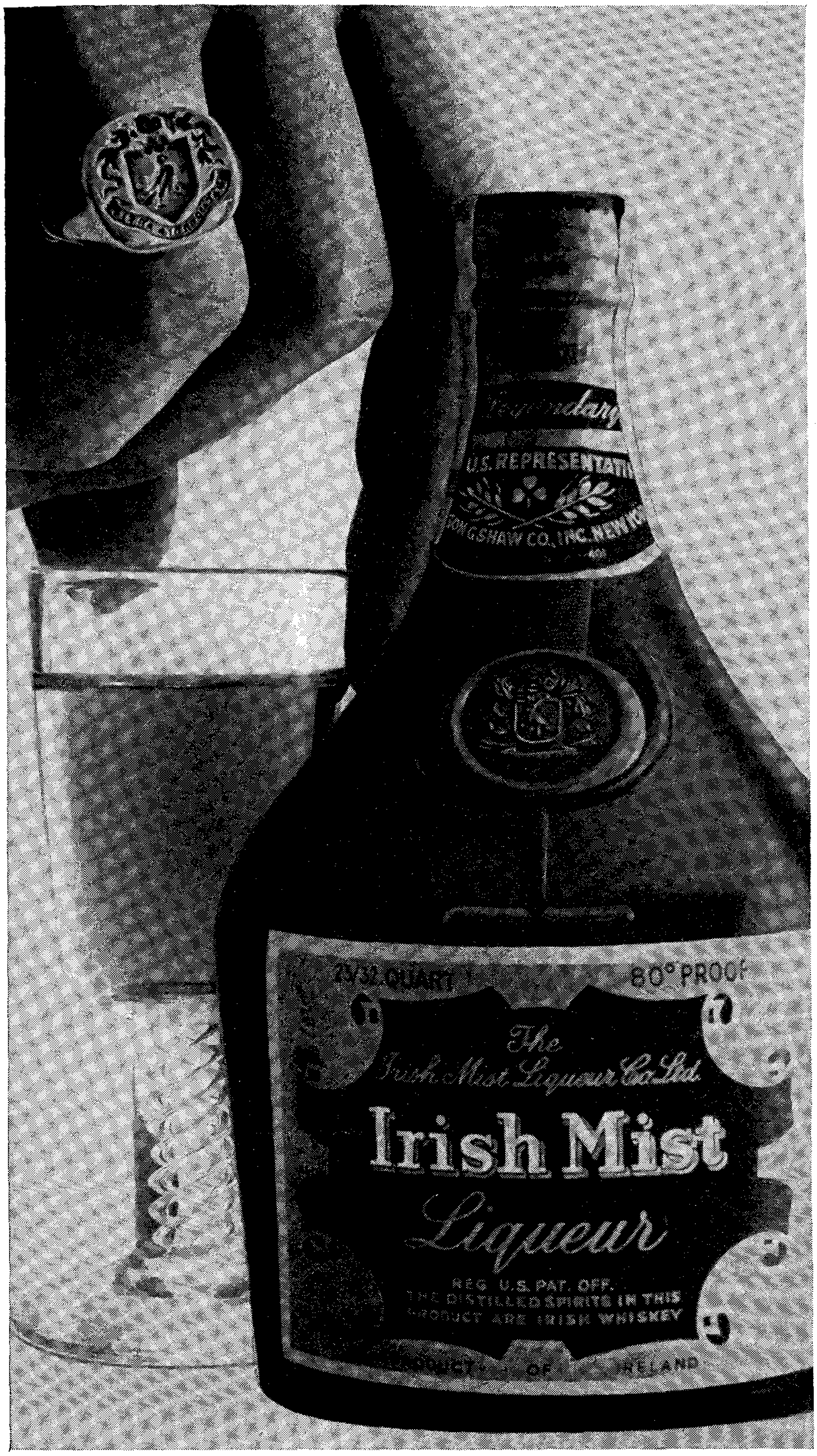
nightgown and the bed linen were soaked with sweat. She rang for a nurse, who changed them.

She felt much better when this was done. She felt that the fever had been a crisis and that, passing safely through it, she had triumphed over her illness. At nine the nurse gave her some medicine and said good night. Some time later she felt the lassitude of fever returning. She rang, but no one came, and she could not resist the confusion in her mind as her temperature rose. The labored beating of her heart sounded like a drum. She confused it with a drum in her mind, and saw a circle of barbaric dancers. The dance was long, rising to a climax, and at the moment of the climax, when she thought her heart would burst, she woke, shaking with a fresh chill and wet with sweat. A nurse finally came and changed her clothing and her linen again. She was relieved to be dry and warm. The two attacks of fever had weakened her but left her with a feeling of childish contentment. She felt wakeful, got out of bed, and by supporting herself on the furniture made her way to the window to see the night.

While she watched, clouds covered the moon. It must have been late, because most of the windows were dark. Then a window in the wall at her left was lighted, and she saw a nurse bring a young woman and her husband into a room identical with the one where she sat in the dark. The young woman was pregnant but not having labor pains. She undressed in the bathroom and got into bed while her husband was unpacking her bag. The window, like all the others, was hung with a Venetian blind, but no one had bothered to close the slats, and the exposure of this intimate scene, long past midnight, was startling. When the unpacking was done, he unfastened the front of her nightgown, knelt beside the bed, and laid his head on her breasts. He remained this way for several minutes without moving. Then he got up—he must have heard the nurse approach—and covered his wife. The nurse came in and snapped the blind shut.

Jessica heard a night bird calling, and wondered what bird it was, what it looked like, what it was up to, what its prey was. There was a deep octave of thunder, magnificent and homely, as if someone in heaven had moved a chest of drawers. Then there was some lightning, distant and discolored, and a moment later a shower of rain dressed the earth. The sound of the rain seemed to Jessica, with the cutting pain in her breast, like the repeated attentions of a lover. It fell on the flat roofs of the hos-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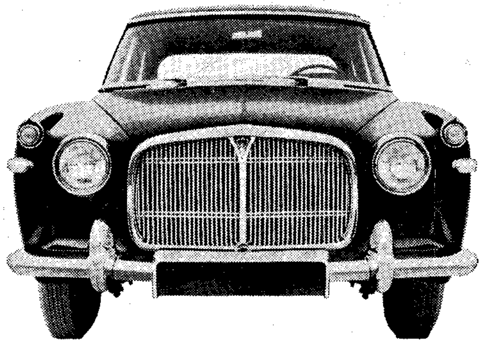

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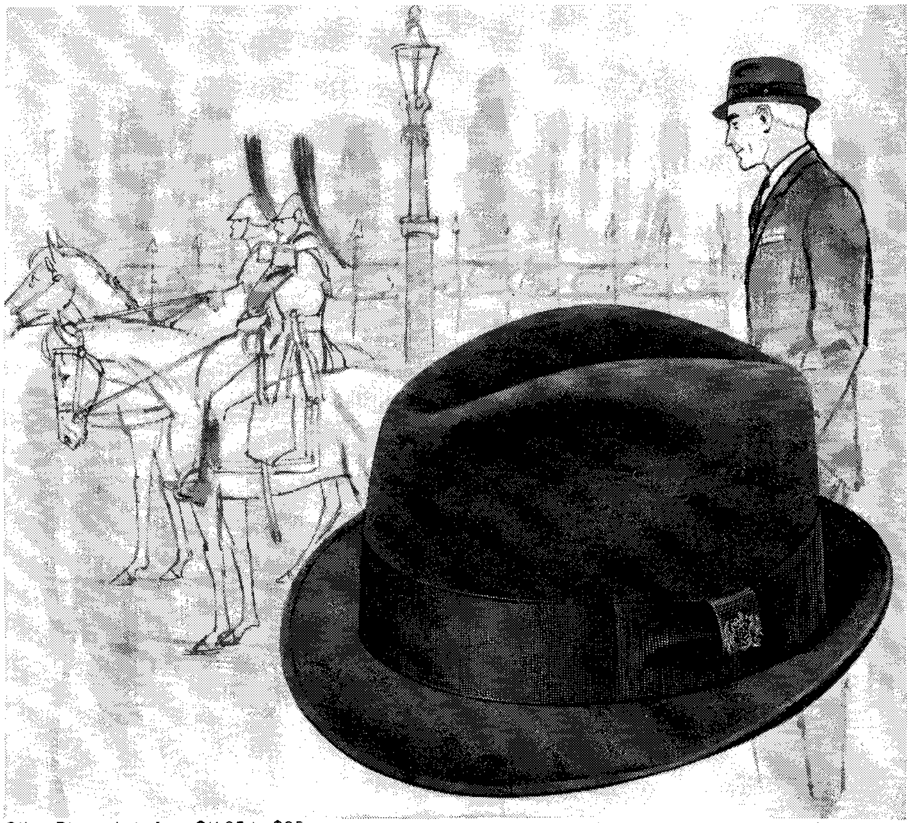

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pital, the lawns, and the leaves in the wood. The pain in her chest seemed to spread and sharpen in proportion to her stubborn love of the night, and she felt for the first time in her life an unwillingness to leave any of this; a fear as senseless and powerful as her fear of the dark when she went down to shut the door; a horror of death.

TOM got home the next day, and came to the hospital every evening. Facing her in an armchair, he drank whiskey and read the paper. One night he kissed her, locked the door, and began to throw off his clothing. To her own astonishment, she began to cry.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wasn't thinking. I suppose you must still be tired." He meant to be gentle, but he was only baffled, and when he sat down in the chair again, with his face half in the light, she saw the bewilderment he always suffered when he was frustrated in expressing the importunate, cheerful, and vulgar demands of his body.

At the end of two weeks she went home, although she still felt unlike herself and tired easily. The drugs that cured her depressed her. She felt, like any convalescent, unnaturally sentient, as if there was some persistent imbalance in her appetites, her loss of strength, giving her an illusion of spirituality—which did not, however, overwhelm her abundant common sense. She stood, late one afternoon, at her window watching the ring of golden light that crowned the eastern hills at that season and time of day. It rested also on the Babcocks' lawn, the Fillmores' ranch house, the stone walls of the church, the Thompsons' chimney—lambent, and as yellow and clear as strained honey, and really a ring, because, as she watched, she saw at the base of the hill a clear demarcation between the yellow light and the rising dark, and watched the band of light lift past the Babcocks' lawn, the Fillmores' ranch house, the stone walls of the church, and the Thompsons' chimney, up into thin air. The street was empty, or nearly so. Everyone in Proxmire Manor had two cars and no one walked, with the exception of old Mr. Cosden, who belonged to the generation that took constitutionals. Up the street he came, his blue eyes fixed on the last piece of yellow light that touched the church steeple, as if exclaiming to himself, "How wonderful, how wonderful it is!" He passed, and then a much stranger figure took her attention—a tall man with unusually long arms. He was a stray, she decided; he must live in the slums of Parthenia. In his right

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hand he carried an umbrella and a pair of rubbers. He was terribly stooped, and to see where he was going had to crane his neck forward and upward like an adder. He had not bent his back over a whetstone or a workbench or under the weight of a brick hod or at any other honest task. It was the stoop of weak-mindedness, abnegation, and bewilderment. He had never had any occasion to straighten his back in self-esteem. Stooped with shyness as a child, stooped with loneliness as a youth, stooped now under an invisible burden of social disregard, he walked with his long arms reaching nearly to his knees. His wide, thin mouth was set in a silly half grin, meaningless and sad, but the best face he had been able to hit on. As he approached the house, the beating of her heart seemed to correspond to his footsteps, the cutting pain returned to her breast, and she felt the return of her fear of darkness, evil, and death. Carrying his umbrella and rubbers, although there was not a cloud in the sky, he duck-footed out of sight.

A few nights later, Jessica was driving back from the village of Parthenia. The street was lighted erratically by the few stores that hung on at the edge of town—general stores smelling of stale bread and bitter oranges, where those in the neighborhood who were too lazy, too tired, or too infirm to go to the palatial shopping centers bought their coffee rings, beer, and hamburgers. The darkness of the street was sparsely, irregularly checkered with light, and she saw the tall man crossing one of these apertures, throwing a long, crooked shadow ahead of him on the paving. He held a heavy bag of groceries in each arm. He was no more stooped than before—the curvature of his spine seemed set—but the bags must be heavy, and she pitied him. She drove on, evoking defensively the worlds of difference that lay between them and the chance that he would have misunderstood her kindness had she offered to give him a ride. But when she had completed her defense it seemed so shallow, idle, and selfish that she turned the car around in her own driveway and drove back toward Parthenia. Her best instinct was to help him—to make some peace between his figure and her irrational fear of death—and why should she deny herself this? He would have passed the lighted stores by this time, she decided, and she drove slowly up the dark street, looking for his stooped figure. When she saw him, she turned the car around and stopped. "Can I help you?" she asked. "Can I give you a ride? You seem to

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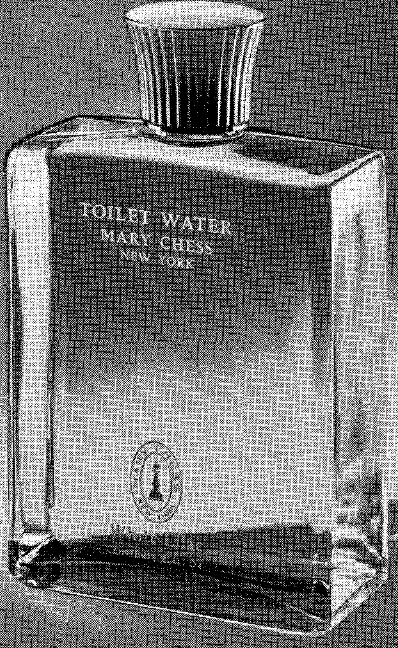

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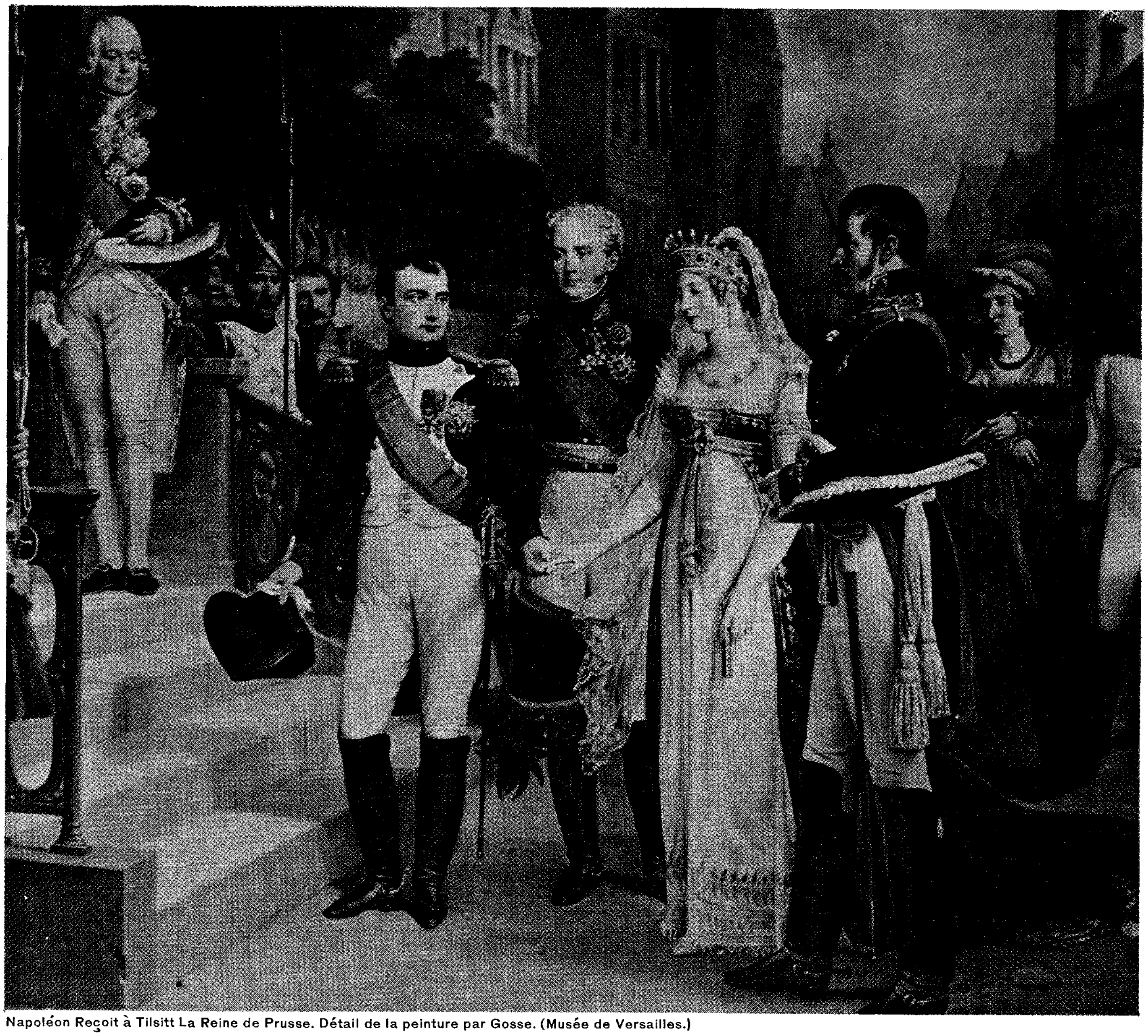

Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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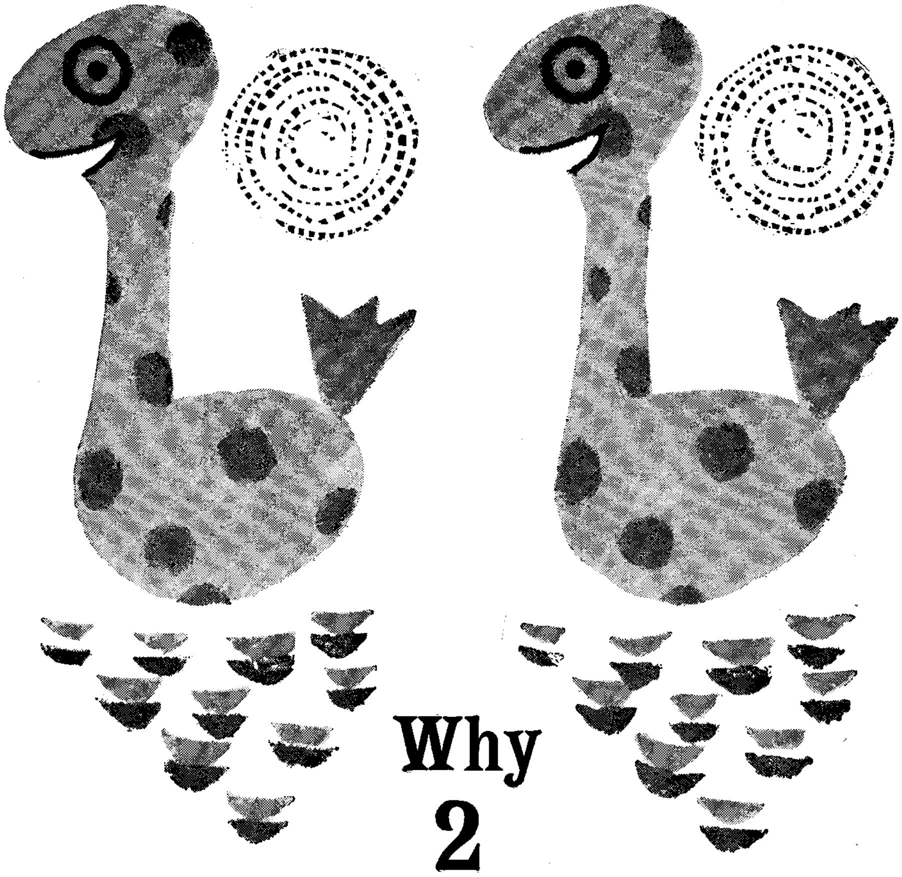
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

have so much to carry." He turned and looked at the beautiful stranger without quite relaxing his half grin, and she wondered if he wasn't a deaf-mute as well as weak-minded. Then a look of distrust touched the grin. There was no question about what he was feeling. She was from that world that had gulled him, pelted him with snowballs, and rifled his lunchbox. His mother had told him to beware of strangers and here was a beautiful stranger, perhaps the most dangerous of all. "No!" he said. "No, no!" She drove on, wondering what was at the bottom of her impulse; wondering, in the end, why she should scrutinize a simple attempt at kindness.

ON Thursday the maid was off, and Jessica took care of the baby. He slept after lunch, and she woke him at four, lifting him out of his crib and letting the blankets fall. They were alone. The house was quiet. She carried him into the kitchen, put him in his high chair, and opened a can of figs. Sleepy and docile and pale, he followed her with his eyes, and smiled sweetly when their eyes met. His shift was stained and wet, and she wore a wrapper. She sat by him at the table, with her face only a few inches from his, and they spooned the figs out of the can. He shuddered now and then with what seemed to be pleasure. The quiet house, the still kitchen, the pale and docile boy in his stained shift, her round white arms on the table, the comfortable slovenliness of eating from a can were all part of an intimacy so intense and yet so tranquil that it seemed to her as if she and the baby were the same flesh and blood, subjects of the same heart, all mingled and at ease. What a comfort, she thought, is one's skin. . . . But it was time then to change the boy, time to dress herself, time to take up cheerfully the other side of her life. Carrying the child through the living room, she saw, out of the window, the stooped figure with his rubbers and umbrella.

A wind was blowing, and he moved indifferently through a diagonal fall of yellow leaves, craning his neck like an adder, his back bent under its impossible burden. She held the baby's head against her breast, foolishly, instinctively, as if to protect his eyes from some communicable evil. She turned away from the window, and shortly afterward there was a loud pounding on the back door. How had he found where she lived, and what did he want? He might have recognized her car in the driveway; he might have asked who she was, the village was that small. He had



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not come to thank her for her attempted kindness. She felt sure of that. He had come—in his foolishness—to accuse her of something. Was he dangerous? Was there any danger left in Proxmire Manor? She put the boy down and went toward the back door, summoning her self-respect. When she opened it, there was Mr. Narobi's good-looking grocery boy.

He made it all seem laughable—came in beaming and with a kind of radiance that seemed to liberate her from this absurd chain of anxieties.

"You're new?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I don't know your name."

"Emile. It's a funny name. My father was French."

"Did he come from France?"

"Oh, no. Quebec. French Canadian."

"What does he do?"

"When people used to ask me that, I used to say, 'He plays the harp.' He's dead. He died when I was little. My mother works at the florist's—Barnum's—on Green Street. Maybe you know her?"

"I don't think I do. Would you like a beer?"

"Sure. Why not? It's my last stop."

She asked if he wanted something to eat, and got him some crackers and cheese.

"I'm always hungry," he said.

She brought the baby into the kitchen and they all three sat at the table while he ate and drank. Stuffing his mouth with cheese, he seemed to be a child. His gaze was clear and disarming. She couldn't meet it without a stir in her blood. And was this sluttishness? Was she worse than Mrs. Lockhart? Would

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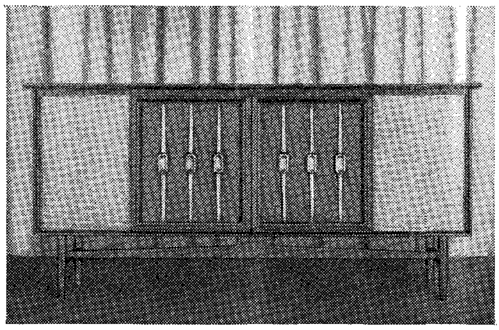

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ELEGANCE EVANS

she be dragged figuratively out of Proxmire Manor at the tail of a cart? She didn't care.

"Nobody ever gave me a beer before," he said. "They give me Cokes, sometimes. I guess they don't think I'm old enough. But I drink. Martinis, whiskey, everything."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen. Now I have to go."

"Please don't go," she said.

He stood at the table, covering her with his wide gaze, and she wondered what would happen if she reached out to him. Would he run out of the kitchen? Would he shout, "Unhand me!"? He seemed ripe; he seemed ready for the picking; and yet there was something else in the corner of his eyes—reserve, wariness. He perhaps had a vision of something better, and if he had, she would encourage him with all her heart. Go and love the drum majorette, the girl next door.

"Oh, I'd like to stay," he said. "It's nice here. But it's Thursday, and I have to take my mother shopping. Thank you very much."

THE Moonlite Drive-In was divided into three magnificent parts. There was the golf links, the roller rink, and the vast amphitheatre itself, where thousands of darkened cars were arranged in the form of an ancient arena, spread out beneath the tree of night. Above the deep thunder from the rink and the noise from the screen, you could hear—high in the air and so like the sea that a blind man would be deceived—the noise of traffic on the great Northern Expressway that flows southward from Montreal to the Shenandoah, engorging in its cloverleafs and brilliantly engineered gradings the green playing fields, rose gardens, barns, farms, meadows, trout streams, forests, homesteads, and churches of a golden past. The population of this highway gathered for their meals in a string of identical restaurants, where the murals, the urinals, the menus, and the machines for vending sacred medals were uniform. It was some touching part of the autumn night and the hazards of the road that so many of these travellers pleaded for the special protection of gentle St. Christopher and the blessings of the Holy Virgin.

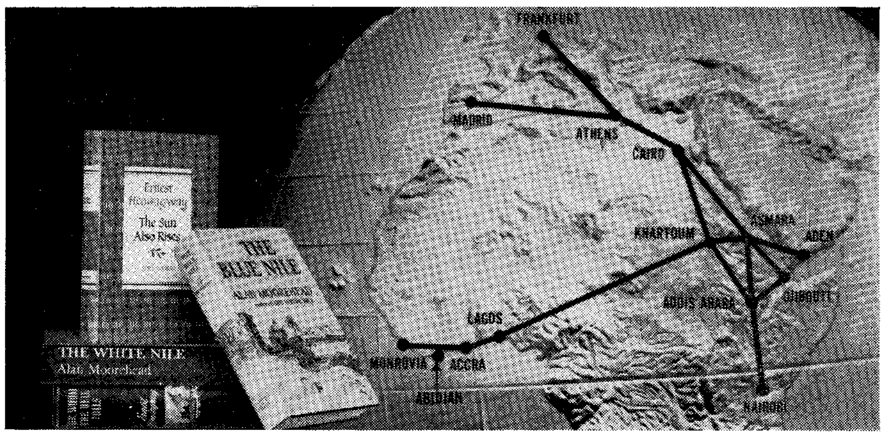
An exit (Exit 307) curved away from the Northern Expressway down toward the Moonlite, and here was everything a man might need: the means for swift travel, food, exercise, skill (the golf links), and in the dark cars of the amphitheatre a place to perform the rites of spring—or, in this case,

Jets over the Lands of Hemingway and Moorehead

Beginning in January, 1963, new Boeing 720B jets will appear in the skies over Europe and over Africa . . . jets emblazoned with the green, yellow and red of the Empire of Ethiopia and bearing two golden Lions of Judah . . . jets of Ethiopian Airlines.

The new Ethiopian jets will provide you and all other adventure-bound travelers with the first direct link between Spain and Africa's Valleys of the two Niles—the world's most romantic lands celebrated by Ernest Hemingway and by Alan Moorehead.

The new jets will fly over the sun-drenched olive groves of Iberia . . . the famed land of Don Quixote and of Carmen, the home of the dramatic corridas, the Spain which Hemingway found so exciting and portrayed so vividly in his great "The Sun Also Rises" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls."



The Ethiopian 720Bs will also soar over the fabulous Nile, ancient stronghold of countless dynasties with its Pyramids and Sphinx, its prehistoric Empire of Axum ruled by the Queen of Sheba and its legendary Land of Prester John—which have become present-day Ethiopia—the mysterious area whose history is so brilliantly revealed by Moorehead in "The Blue Nile" and "The White Nile."

The date, January, 1963, is significant because it will mark the 17th anniversary of the creation of Ethiopian Airlines by an extraordinary man, His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, and the lifting of the ancient "Land of the Queen of Sheba" from its centuries of isolation.

From Madrid, you'll jet non-stop over the azure blue Mediterranean, over Sardinia, over the "boot" of Italy and on across the Ionian Sea to Athens. As your plane circles for a landing at the Athens airport you'll see the majestic Acropolis with its crown, the Parthenon.

Or, if your travels have brought you to northern Europe, you can also fly by Ethiopian jet from Frankfurt to Athens and continue on your African adventure from there.

By jet to Cairo you'll enter another world, the world of the two Niles, an area filled with unforgettable experiences. Cairo, a city of bazaars, mosques and museums, is the prelude to the mystery and fascination of Africa.

You can fly Ethiopian to Khartoum, capital of the Sudan made famous by "Chinese" Gordon and Lord Kitchener, where the White and Blue Niles merge. Nearby is thousand-year-old Shendy Market, declared by Moorehead to have been the great crossroads of the Nile, where traders sold everything including slaves.

Your Ethiopian jet will fly over Ethiopia's vast Lake Tana, source of the Blue Nile, and over that river's Tisisat Falls which Moorehead calls the grandest spectacle offered by the Blue or the White. In Ethiopia you can visit the prehistoric towns of Axum, Sheba's capital with its mysterious obelisks, and Lalibela with its incredible churches carved completely from solid rock. Addis Ababa, one of Africa's most exotic cities, warrants several days' stay.

Ethiopian then will jet you to Nairobi in Kenya from where you can retrace the steps of Stanley and Livingstone, Burton and Speke in the dramatic explorations which revealed the White Nile's source at Lake Victoria. You can view the unforgettable spectacle of the river roaring through a 19-foot gorge at Murchison Falls. And there's much more to be seen—the romantic Mountains of the Moon, the pygmies of Bundibugyo, the great Rift Valley. In the large game parks nearby, you can photograph lions, rhinos and elephants from safe seats in a car. You can also stop overnight at Treetops, the extraordinary hotel set high in a fig tree. As you enjoy a leisurely dinner, you'll see a procession of African game in its wild state.

Or, after you have viewed the unique attractions of Ethiopia, you can fly, also by Ethiopian jet, to the new nations of West Africa—Nigeria, Ghana and Liberia—nations which are intriguing to visit. Ethiopian was the first airline to span the continent from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean and thereby help to unify the countries south of the Sahara.

In the air on an Ethiopian jet you'll soar in a truly Imperial manner because the airline's inflight service is superb. It has been described by many veteran travelers as "excellent" and "second to none." You'll find the utmost courtesy and hospitality which makes every flight an outstanding experience. And at meal time, you'll enjoy gourmet food prepared under the supervision of the former chef to the Emperor of Ethiopia.

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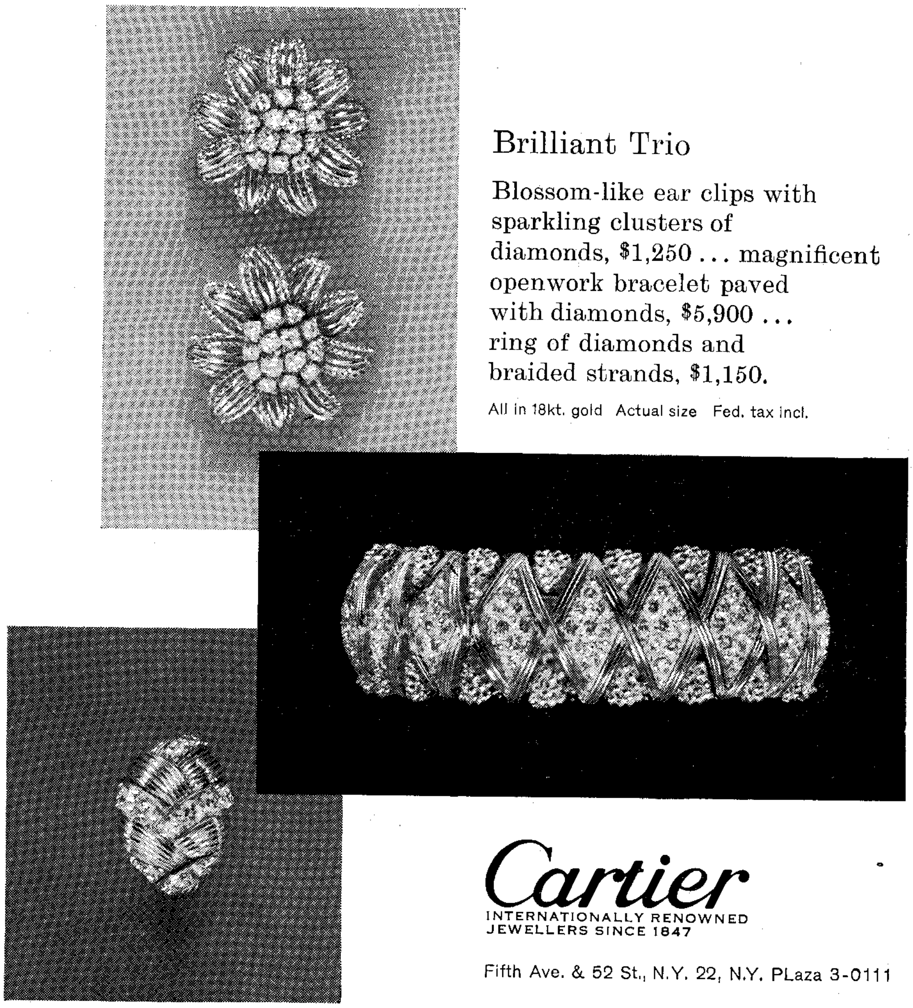

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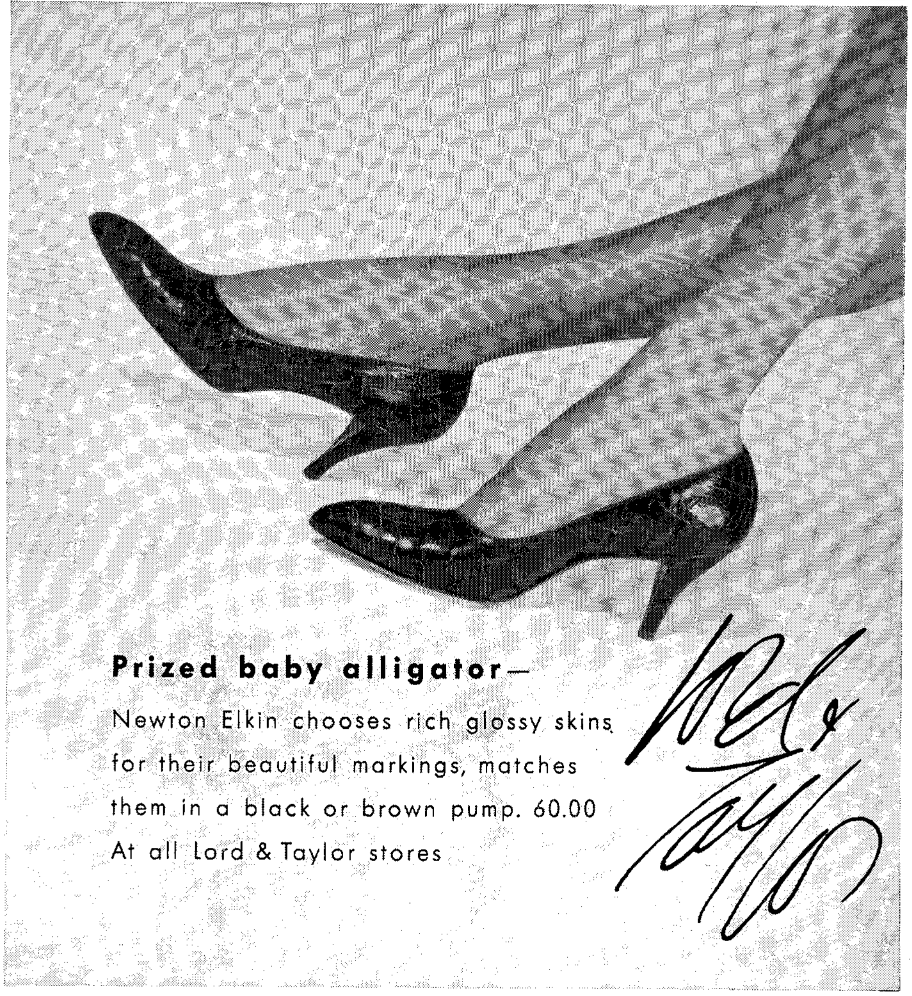

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the rites of autumn. It was an autumn night, and the air was full of pollen and decay. Emile sat in the back seat with Louise Mecker. Charlie Putney, his best friend, was in the front seat with Doris Pluzinski. They were all drinking whiskey out of paper cups, and they were all in various stages of undress. On the screen a woman exclaimed, "I want to put on innocence, like a bright, new dress. I want to feel clean again!" Then she slammed a door.

Emile was proud of his skin, but the mention of cleanliness aroused his doubts and misgivings. He blushed. These parties were a commonplace of his generation, and if he hadn't participated in them he would have got himself a reputation as a prude and a faggot. Four boys in his high-school class had been arrested for selling pornography and heroin. They had approached him, but the thought of using narcotics and obscene pictures disgusted him. His sitting undressed in the back seat of a car might be accounted for by the fact that the music he danced to and the movies he watched dealt less and less with the heart and more and more with overt sexuality, as if the rose gardens and playing fields buried under the Expressway were enjoying a revenge. What is the grade-crossing tender standing in the autumn sun thinking of? Why has the postmaster such a dreamy look? Why does the judge presiding at General Sessions seem so restless? Why does the cabdriver frown and sigh? What is the shoeshine boy thinking of as he stares out into the rain? What darkens the mind and torments the flesh of the truck driver on the Expressway? What are the thoughts of the old gardener dusting his roses, the garage mechanic on his back under the Chevrolet, the idle lawyer, the sailor waiting for the fog to lift, the drunkard, the soldier? The times were venereal, and Emile was a child of the times.

Louise Mecker was a tomato, but her looseness seemed only to be one aspect of a cheerful disposition. She did what she was expected to do to get along, and this was part of it. And yet in her readiness she sometimes seemed to debase and ridicule the seat of desire, toward which he still preserved some vague and tender feelings. When the lilac under his bedroom window bloomed in the spring and he could smell its fragrance as he lay in bed, some feeling, as strong as ambition but without a name, moved him. Oh, I want—I want to do so well, he thought, sitting naked at the Moonlite. But what did he want to do? Be a jet pilot? Discover a water-

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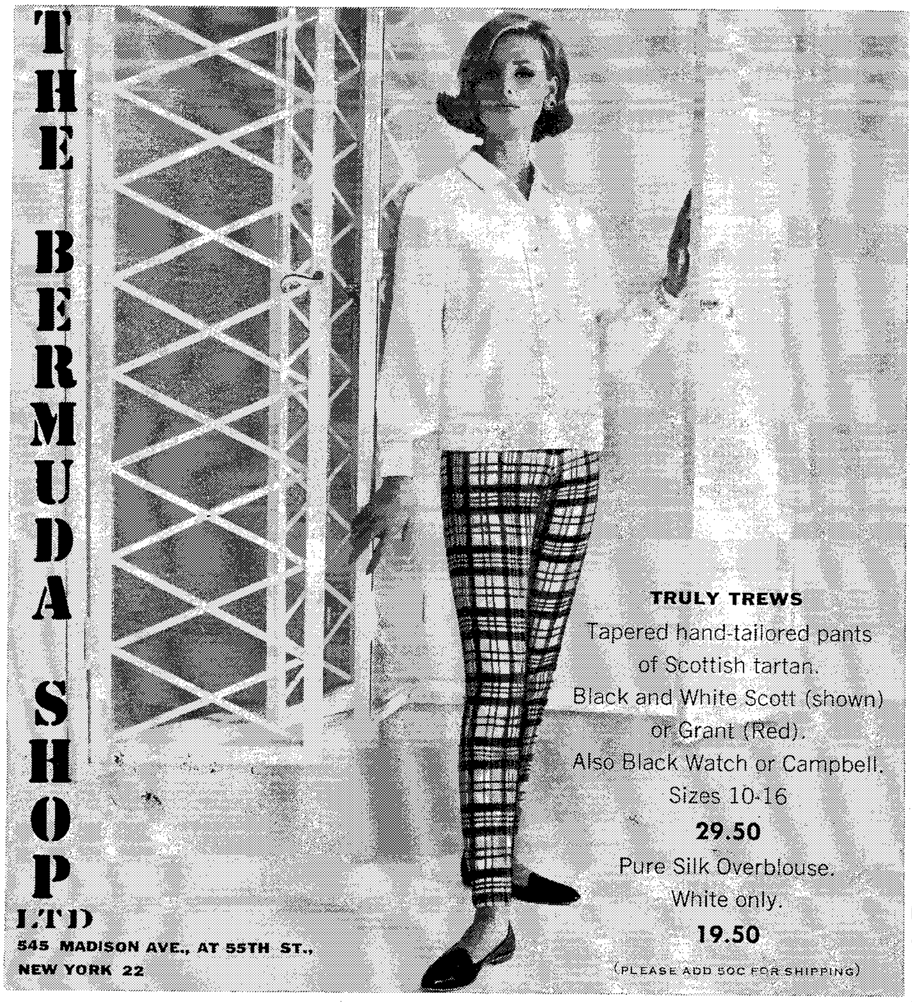
Burlington Hosiery Co., 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19, N.Y. A Division of Burlington Industries fall in Africa? Manage a supermarket? Whatever it was, he wanted something that would correspond to his sense that life was imposing; something that would confirm his feeling that, as he stood at the window of Narobi's grocery store watching the men and women on the sidewalk and the stream of clouds in the sky, the procession he saw was a majestic one.

He thought of Jessica, who by giving him a beer had penetrated into his considerations. In the last six or eight months, he had been bewildered by the sudden interest men and women took in his company. They seemed to want something from him and to want it ardently, and although he was not an innocent or a fool, he was genuinely uncertain about what it was they wanted. His own desires were violent. While he was shaving in the morning, a seizure of sexual need doubled him up with pain and made him groan. "Cut yourself, dear?" his mother asked. And yet he was a young man who could be dissuaded from the most violent sexual excitement by the sight of a pear tree blooming in a back yard. Louise satisfied him, but Mrs. Coliver excited a much broader realm of desire. He thought of her—oddly enough—as a tragic figure, frail, lonely, and misunderstood. Her husband, whoever he was, would be obtuse, stupid, and clumsy. Weren't all men his age? She was a fair prisoner in a tower.

Halfway through the feature, they got dressed and, with the cutout open and the radio blaring "Take It Easy, Greasy," roared out of the Moonlite onto the Expressway, jeopardizing their lives and the lives in every car they passed (men, women, and children in arms), but gentle St. Christopher or the mercies of the Holy Virgin spared them and got Emile safely home. He climbed the stairs, kissed his mother good night—she was studying an article in *Reader's Digest* about the pancreas—and went to bed. Lying in bed, he decided, quite innocently, that he was tired of tomatoes, movies, and paper cups, and that he would become Mrs. Coliver's lover.

HE went to the house three or four times a week. Jessica was usually alone in the late afternoon, and he timed his visits. He wondered if he should bring her a present—a box of candy or something like that. Sometimes she seemed to be waiting for him. No one had ever been so attentive. She seemed interested in all the facts of his life—that his father had been a surveyor, that Emile drove a second-hand Buick, that he had done well at school. She usually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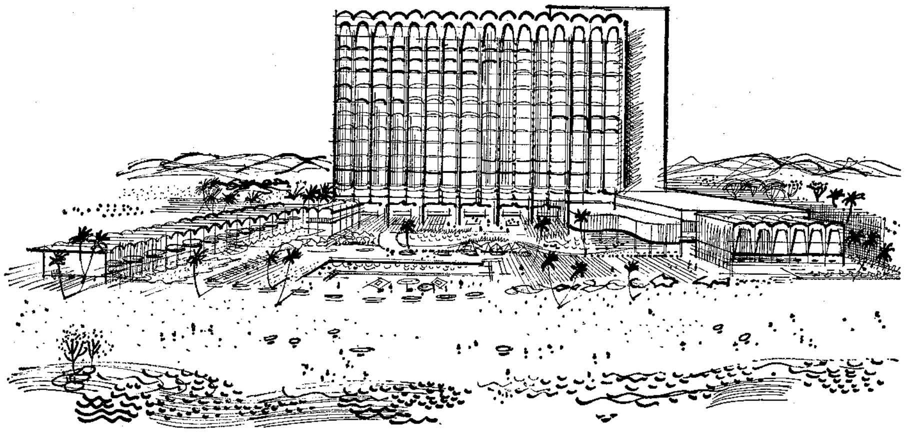

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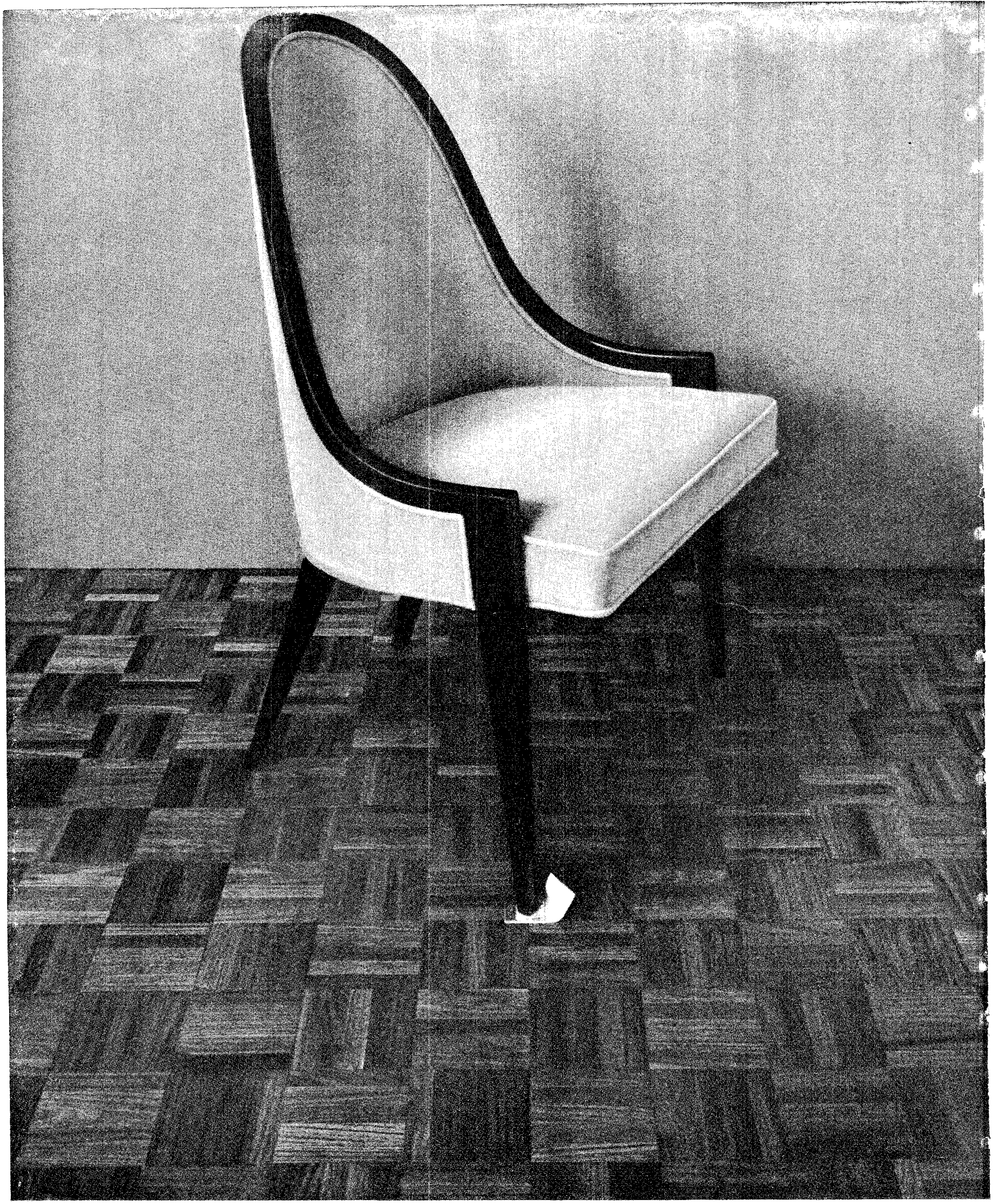

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gave him a beer and sat with him in the kitchen. Her company excited him. It made him feel that some of her worldliness, some of her finesse, would rub off on him and get him out of the grocery business. Suddenly, one afternoon, she said quite shyly, "You know, you're beautiful."

He wondered if she hadn't lost her marbles. He had heard that women sometimes did. Had he been wasting his time? He didn't want to be the lover of a woman who had lost her marbles. He knew he wasn't beautiful. If he was beautiful, someone would have said so before. . . . And if he *had* been beautiful, and had been convinced of this, he would have concealed it—not through modesty but through an instinct of self-preservation. He sensed that uncommon beauty, like any other uncommon gift, would entail responsibilities, and he would have wanted to evade them. At this level he resisted her praise flatly. But at another level, and one much more wary, appeared her right to say what she felt. Was it possible that people could love and praise one another openly without having lost their marbles? This was what he had wanted, this was what he had planned, but it was all in the wrong terms. "Oh, I'm not beautiful," he said earnestly, and finished his beer. "Now I have to get back to the store."

Jessica went shopping a few days later. She took a midmorning train and sat with her neighbor, Gertrude Bender. Gertrude had silver-gilt hair, skinned back in a chignon with such preciseness and skill that Jessica wondered how it had been accomplished. She had matching silver-gilt furs, and rattled six gold bracelets. She was a pretty, shallow woman who wielded the inarguable powers of great wealth and whose voice was shrill. She talked about her daughter Betty. "She's worried about her schoolwork, but I tell her, 'Betty,' I tell her, 'don't you worry about your schoolwork. Do you think what I learned in school got me where I am today? Develop a good figure and learn the forks. That's all that matters.' "

In the seat in front of Jessica there was an old lady whose head was bowed under the weight of a hat covered with cloth roses. A family occupied the facing seats across the aisle—a mother and three children. They were poor. Their clothing was cheap and threadbare, and the woman's face was worn. One of her children was sick and lay across her lap, sucking his thumb. He was two or three years old, but it was hard to guess his age, he was so pale and

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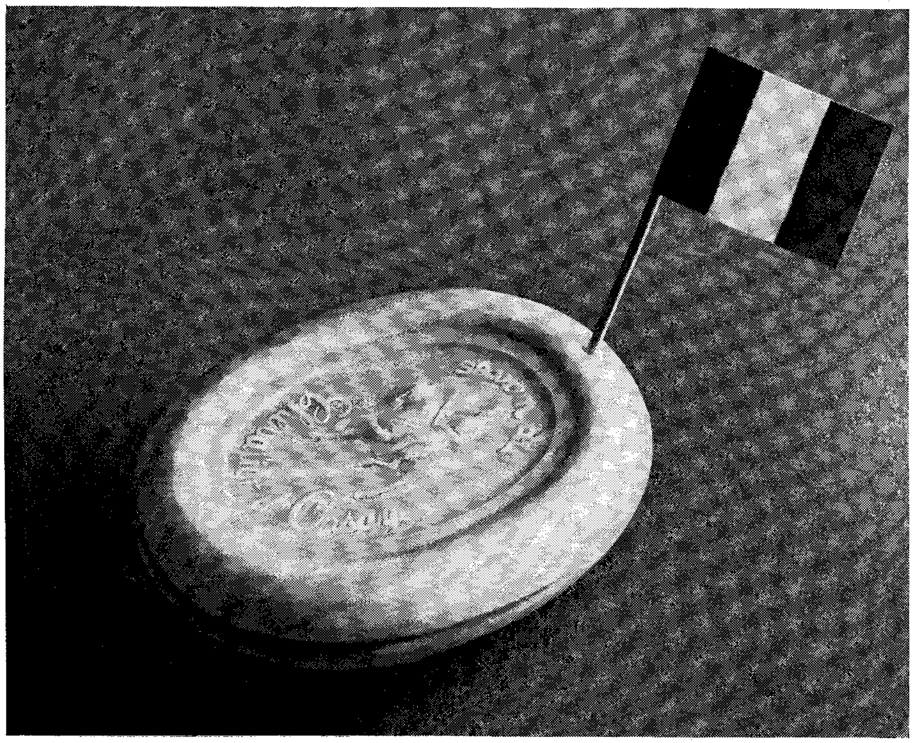


MONSIEUR CLEAN

50,000 bubbles can't be wrong and Savon du Chevalier is the soap of the French gentleman who has the quality habit. Imported directly from France by D'Orsay along with a superb, snappy cologne, it's available for you now for the first time in America. At fine shops everywhere, or write D'Orsay's U. S. Agent, 1 East 57 Street, New York, N.Y., for name of your nearest store. **D'ORSAY**

SAVON, 3 BARS, 4.50/COLOGNE, 4 OZ., 3.50; 8 OZ., 6.50/SAVON & COLOGNE SET, 5.00/AFTER SHAVE LOTION, 2.50/PLUS TAX

thin. There were sores on his forehead and sores on his thin legs. The lines around his mouth were as deep as those on the face of a man. He seemed sick and miserable, but stubborn and obdurate at the same time, as if he held in his fist a promise of something bewildering and festive that he would not relinquish in spite of his sickness and the strangeness of the train. He sucked his thumb noisily and would not move from his position in the midst of life. His mother bent over him as she must have done when she nursed him, and sang him a lullaby as they passed Parthenia, Gatesbridge, Tuxon Valley, and Tokinsville.

Gertrude said, "I don't understand people who lose their looks when they don't have to. I mean what's the point of going through life looking like an old laundry bag? Now, take Molly Singleton. She goes up to the Club on Saturday nights wearing those thick eyeglasses and an ugly dress and wonders why she doesn't have a good time. There's no point in going to parties if you're going to depress everyone. I'm no girl and I know it, but I still have all the partners I want and I like to give the boys a thrill. I like to see them perk up. It's amazing what you can do. Why, one of the grocery boys wrote me a love letter. I wouldn't tell Eddie—I wouldn't tell anyone—because the poor kid might lose his job, but what's the sense of living if you don't generate a little excitement once in a while?"

Jessica was jealous. That the rush of feeling she suffered was plainly ridiculous didn't diminish its power. She seemed, unknowingly, to have convinced herself of the fact that Emile worshipped her, and the possibility that he worshipped them all, that she might be at the bottom of his list of attractions, was a shock. It was all absurd, and it was all true. She seemed to have rearranged all of her values around his image, to have come unthinkingly to depend upon his admiration. The fact that she cared at all about his philandering was painfully humiliating.

She left New York in the middle of the afternoon and called Narobi's when she got back. She ordered a loaf of bread, garlic salt, endives—nothing she needed. He was there fifteen or twenty minutes later.

"Emile?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Did you ever write a letter to Mrs. Bender?"

"Mrs. who?"

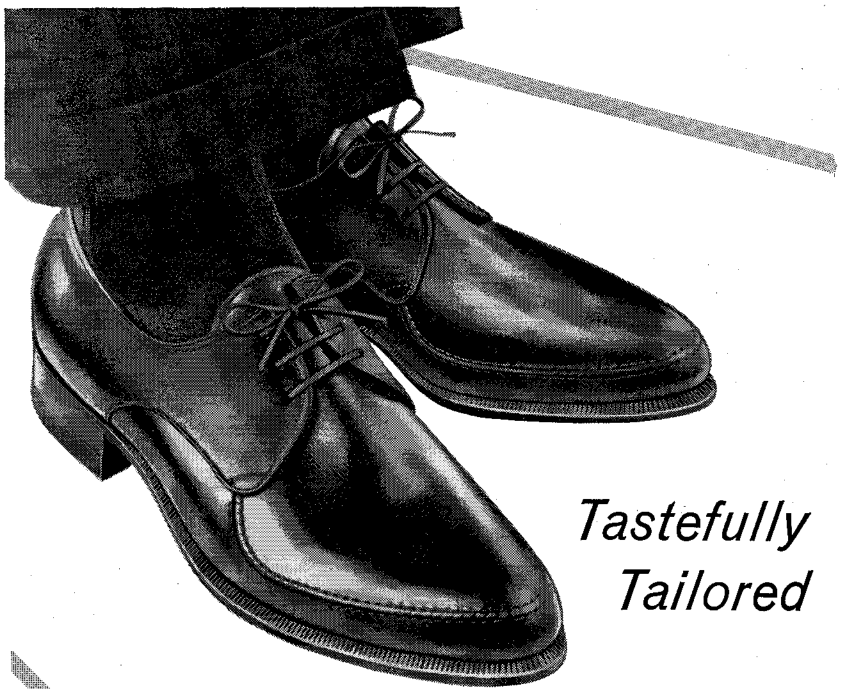
"Mrs. Bender."

"I haven't written a letter since last Christmas. My uncle sent me ten dol-

Tycoons have changed... to Gleneagles

Remember when topcoats were a weighty matter? Today, Gleneagles is the light in the life of people who have turned their backs on the bulk of yesteryear. Gleneagles is a wardrobe of coats—all in one. Why stand in the way of progress? Now you can follow the trend and un-shoulder the burden of coats that have seen their day. ☐ Note well: The Plaza. 100% wool. French silk velvet collar. Contemporary charcoal grey. Satin Bemberg lined. Welcome, bon vivant! About $70. For the name of nearest store, write: Lamm Bros., Inc., 311 N. Exeter Street, Baltimore 2, Md.

Gleneagles



by FRENCH SHRINER

Smart low-line stitching turns the basic blucher into a significant styling achievement. The unusual—as usual—from French Shriner. Ask for Style 1963.

French Shriner 443 Albany Street, Boston, Mass.

LOOK INTO THIS SUIT . . .
SUSSEX

NEXT TIME YOU'RE AT MR. GUY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA; FARNSWORTH REED LTD., WASHINGTON, D.C.; JOHN JARRELL, INC., ATLANTA, GA. ■ NEW RHODES MODEL, EXEMPLIFIES THE TREND. THE LONGER 3-BUTTON JACKET IS FAINTLY INDENTED AT THE WAIST AND THE LAPELS ARE slightly WIDENED. HAND-TAILORED IN AN IMPORTED FINELY-STRIPED LIGHTWEIGHT WORSTED. FOR OTHER STORES WRITE SUSSEX CLOTHES LTD., 120 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

lars and I wrote a letter and thanked him."

"Emile, you must know who Mrs. Bender is."

"No, I don't. She probably buys her groceries somewhere else."

"Are you telling the truth, Emile?"

"Sure."

"Oh, I'm making such a damn fool of myself," she said, and began to cry.

"Don't be sad," he said. "Please don't! I like you very much, I think you're fascinating, but I wouldn't want to make you sad."

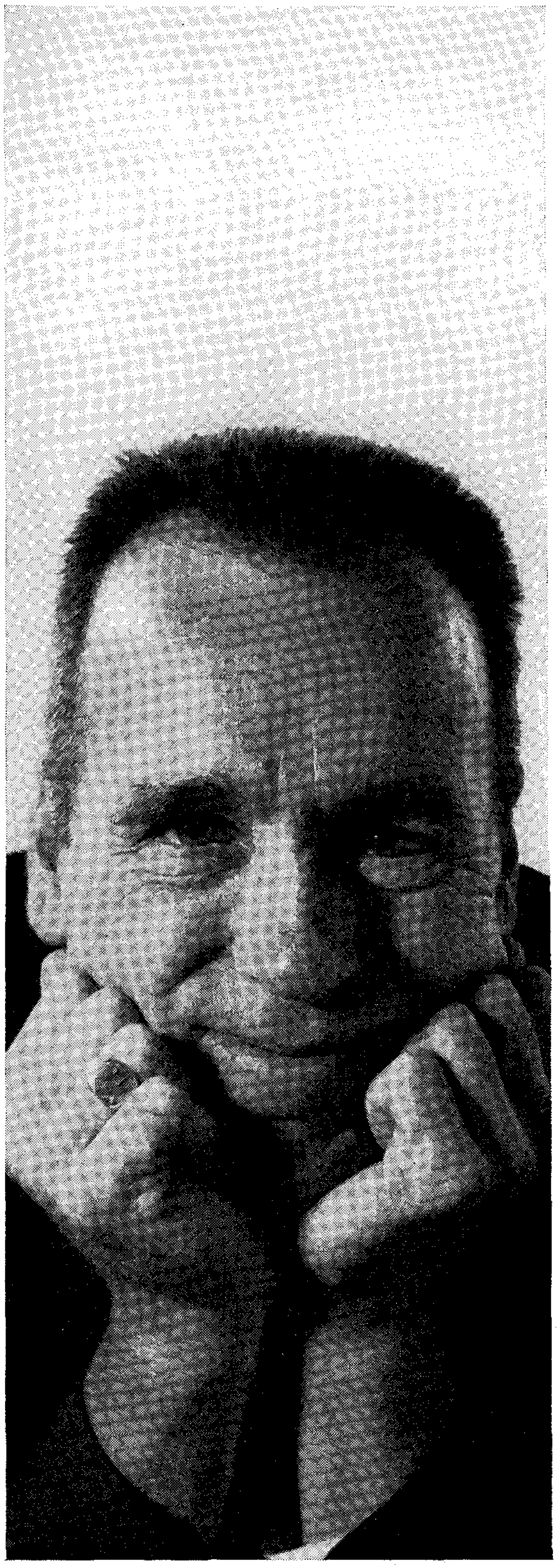
"Emile, I'm going to Nantucket on Saturday, to close up the house there. Would you like to come with me?"

"Sure, I'd love to."

He didn't, in the end, have to do anything.

WHEN he had gone, she was alone in the dark house. She had done what she wanted; she had acted on her deepest instincts, and who would be harmed? . . . Who wouldn't? Her husband, her son, her friends, her neighbors, even her old Uncle Lawrence, dying in Palo Alto, would suffer, but the person who seemed most vulnerable to her then was Emile's mother. She had never seen Mrs. Cranmer. She could not imagine what the woman looked like. She got into the car and drove to the florist shop on Green Street. There was a bell attached to the door and, inside, the smell of flowers. Mrs. Cranmer came out of the back, taking a pencil from her bleached hair and smiling like a child.

Emile's mother was one of those widows who keep themselves in a constant state of readiness for some call, some invitation, some meeting that will



"I was a 197-pound weakling"

"I couldn't hold up my end of a discussion. My understanding was frail; my opinions were pallid. I was intellectually undernourished. Then I discovered The New York Times."

Saved! But (sobering thought) how many less fortunate wretches still stagger down life's path shrouded in darkness? How many find the world about them chaotic, overpowering?

If you know of any such soul, lend him the enlightening help of The New York Times. Nourish the inner man with healthy portions of news, served crisp and clear. Strengthen his knowledge. Add substance to his opinions. Rekindle his enthusiasms for sports, theater, politics and other interests of his peers.

In short, place in his hands a copy of the *colorful, complete* New York Times.

You and The Times can turn a weakling into a giant. You'll be a bigger man for it yourself.

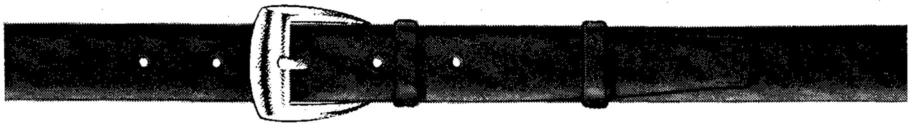
Today's most interesting people read

The New York Times

Designed by Herbert Bergheim.
Distinguished cravats and handkerchiefs in the gentlemen's domain. Light-weight woven pure dye silk . . . the set, 12.50. At fine stores . . . or write yApre' Cravats, Inc., 99 Madison Avenue, New York 16. In Montreal: 901 Bleury Street

A FREUDIAN APPEAL TO YOUR SENSE OF SECURITY

Some men have recurring dreams that find them sans pants on busy thoroughfares. Some men wear suspenders and belts simultaneously. You see, it's natural that all men feel better adjusted when their trousers are securely in place. Think about it. Wouldn't it make you feel better to know your trousers are held up by the uncommonly handsome Canterbury belt shown here. It would make **us** feel fine.



Illus: Canterbury-Garbieri design in luxuriously supple calf tanned with whale oil. Hand-finished tubular construction by Italy's finest leather artisans. 1" wide; black, brown, tobacco; solid brass buckle. $10. Write for name of store near you.

Canterbury Belts Ltd.
36 East 31st Street, New York City

never take place, because the lover is dead. You find them answering the telephone in the back-street cabstands of little towns, their hair freshly bleached, their nails painted, their high-arched shoes ready for dancing with someone who cannot come. They sell nightgowns, flowers, stationery, and candy, and the lowest in their ranks sell movie tickets. They are always in a state of readiness, they have all known the love of a good man, and it is in his memory that they struggle through the snow and the mud in high heels. Mrs. Cranmer's face was painted brightly, her dress was silk, and there were bows on her high-heeled pumps. She was a small, plump woman, with her waist cinctured in sternly, like a cushion with a noose around it. She looked like a figure that had stepped from a comic book, although there was nothing comic about her.

Jessica ordered some roses, and Mrs. Cranmer passed the order on to someone in the back and said, "They'll be ready in a minute." The doorbell rang and another customer came in—a thick-featured man with a white plastic button in his right ear that was connected by an electrical cord to his vest. He spoke heavily. "I want something for a deceased," he said. Mrs. Cranmer was diplomatic, and through a series of delicate indirections tried to discover his relationship to the corpse. Would he like a blanket of flowers, at perhaps forty dollars, or something a little less expensive? He gave his information readily, but only in reply to direct questions. The corpse was his sister. Her children were scattered. "I guess I'm the closest she had left," he said confusedly, and Jessica, waiting for her roses, felt a premonition of death. She must die—she must be the subject of some such discussion in a flower shop, and close her eyes forever on a world that distracted her with its beauty. The image, hackneyed and poignant, that came to her was of life as a diversion, a festival from which she was summoned by the secret police of extinction, when the dancing and the music were at their best. I do not want to leave, she thought. I do not ever want to leave. Mrs. Cranmer gave her the roses, and she went home.

Emile went to the airport alone on Saturday morning. Jessica had bought the plane tickets and made all the arrangements, and she had asked him not to speak to her on the plane. He wore new shoes and a new pair of pants, and walked with a bounce in order to feel the thickness of the new soles and to feel the nice play of muscle as it worked up his legs and back into his

THE FIRST SHIRT GUARANTEED TO WEAR AT LEAST 18 MONTHS

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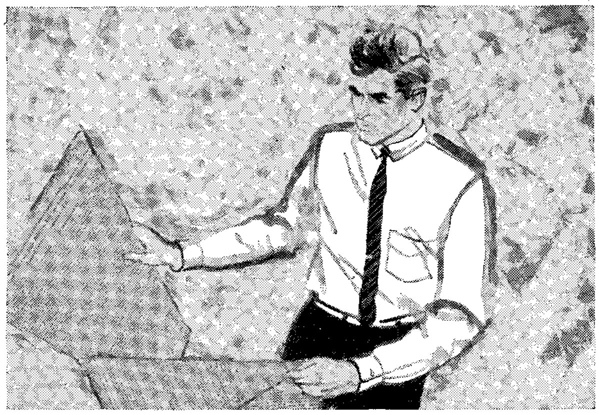

One of the longest wearing shirts ever; tailored of all extra long staple PIMA COTTON ■ It looks like silk and wears like iron ■ In tab collar as shown, or in modified spread ■ Featuring Duo-cuffs to be worn with or without cuff links ■ In white or blue $5.00 ■ Write for the name of the fine store nearest you.

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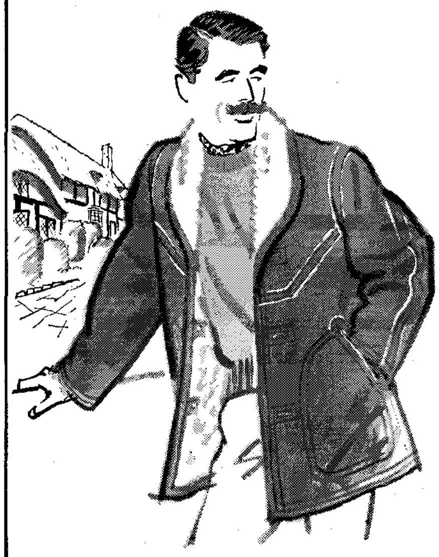

SAVILE ROW

Distinctively mannered sheepskin coats from Britain

Look to "Savile Row", our new shop for men, for the finest from Great Britain. Here, a jacket that reflects the traditional British leadership in men's fashions: Magnificent sheepskin, ruggedly tailored with shawl collar, button-thru front and large framed slash pockets in rust shade. S, M, L. **$155**

Savile Row, Street Floor

Mail and phone orders filled.

Outside delivery area add 75c.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

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An unique hair groom is here

The virtues of this new hair groom are to be learned only from experience. They cannot be told by comparison, because St. Johns Hair Groom is, literally, unique. A few drops of this light, beneficent liquid will keep your hair in place even in a fair spanking breeze. The aroma is true West Indies Bay Rum, curiously uplifting. Imported only to fine shops from the Virgin Islands. Five dollars the eight ounce bottle, plus tax. Handsomely garbed in handwoven palm frond jacket.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write our U. S. Agent, Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Avenue, New York.

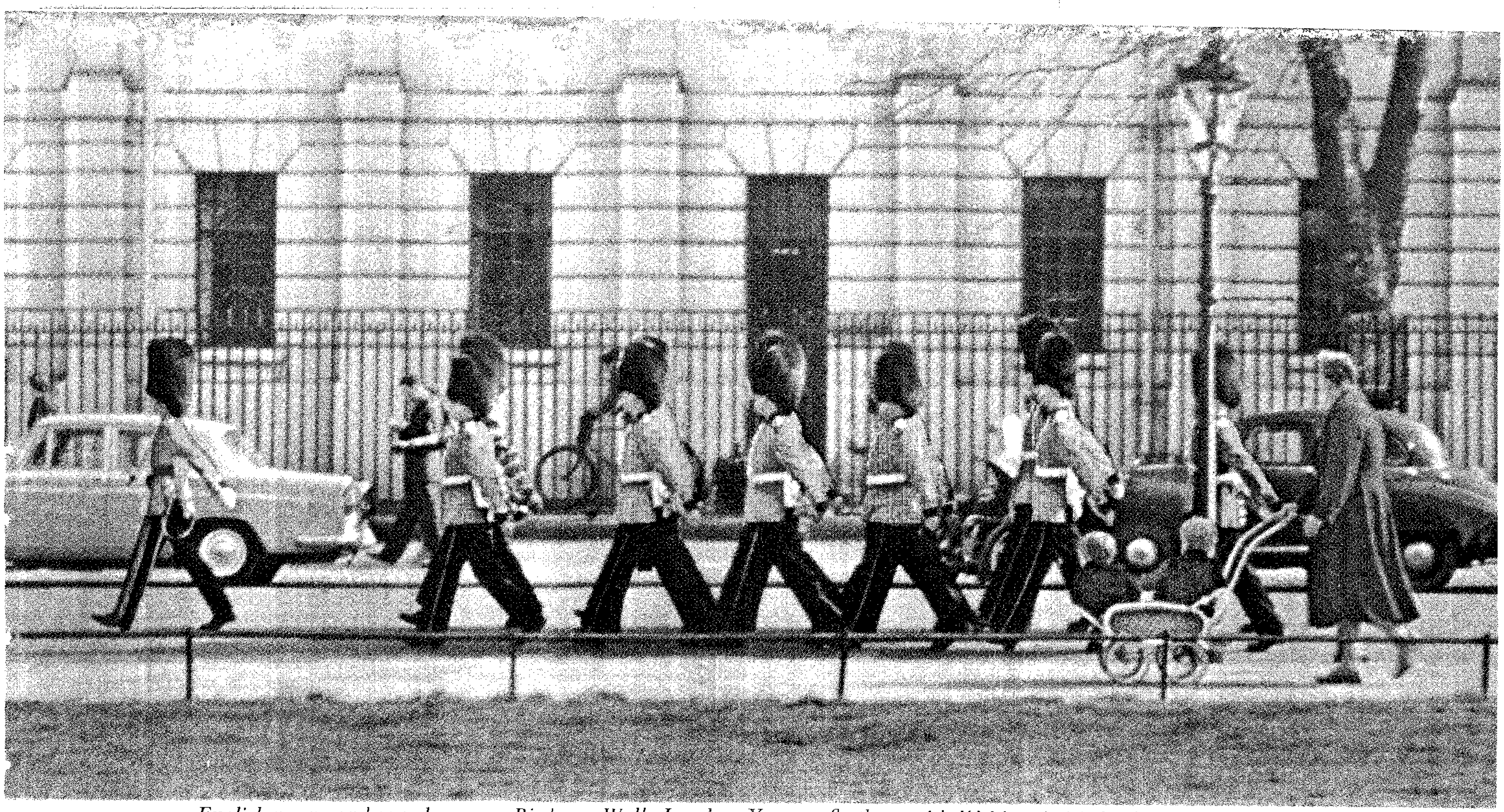
shoulders. He had never been on a plane before, and he was disappointed to find that it was not as sleek as the planes in magazine advertisements, and that the fuselage was dented and stained with smoke. He got a window seat and watched the activity on the field, feeling that as soon as the plane was airborne he would begin a new life of motion, comfort, and freedom. Hadn't he always dreamed of going here and there and making friends in different places and being easily accepted as a man of strength and intelligence and not a grocery boy without a future or a destiny, and had he ever doubted that his dreams would come true? Jessica was the last but one to get on. She was wearing a fur coat, and the dark skins made her appear to him like a visitor from another continent, where everything was beautiful, orderly, and luxurious. She didn't look in his direction. A drunken sailor took the seat beside Emile and fell asleep. Emile was disappointed. Watching the planes that passed over Parthenia and Proxmire Manor, he had assumed that the people who travelled in them were of a high order. In a little while they were off the ground.

It was charming. At the distance of a few hundred feet, all the confused and mistaken works of man seemed orderly and charming, and the higher they got above the roofs of Long Island the more it seemed to him that the lives lived there must be full of love and happiness, and he smiled down broadly at the earth and its population. The sensation he had looked forward to, of being airborne, he did not have; flying was not what he had anticipated, and it seemed to him that the engines of the plane were struggling to resist gravity and hold them in their place among the thin clouds. The sea they were crossing was dark and colorless, and as they lost sight of land he felt in himself a corresponding sense of loss, as if at this point some sustaining bond with his green past had been cut. The island, when he saw it below them on the sea, with a cuff of foam on its northeast edge, looked so small and flat that he wondered why anyone should want to go there. When he left the plane, she was waiting for him by the steps, and they walked through the airport and got a cab. She told the driver, "First I want to go into the village and get some groceries, and then I want to go to Madamquid."

"What do you want to go to Madamquid for?" the driver asked. "There's nobody out there now."

"I have a cottage out there," she said.

They drove across a bleak landscape, but one so closely associated with her



English nanny and guardsmen on Birdcage Walk, London. You can fly there with KLM and visit 3 other cities at no extra air fare.

Fly reliable KLM to London—your KLM jet captain spends 12 years learning his job, longer than a doctor

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

If you're getting ideas about going to Europe, read these fascinating facts that explain why many experienced travelers name KLM as the most *reliable* of all airlines. (You'll also find out how you can save $136 on KLM trips to Europe this winter.)

1. Your KLM jet captain also has to be a licensed radio operator and navigator. He must have flown 12 years before taking command of a jet. He goes back to school *seven* times a year, and takes a proficiency test every 6 months.

All told, it costs KLM a quarter of a million dollars to train one jet flight crew—even though every one of its members has had years of experience flying piston-engine planes.

2. Every KLM jet liner carries one-third more fuel than it needs to fly the Atlantic. Another comforting thought: Seven separate navigation systems guide your KLM jet—to make certain you get to Europe on schedule.

3. KLM is the only European airline allowed to service NATO jets. More than 30 percent of KLM's maintenance work is done for other airlines. A nice vote of confidence in KLM reliability.

4. Small fry can rely on KLM. Every purser is armed with a grab bag of books, games, and other diversions to keep children happy for hours on end.

In one year, KLM's tiny passengers go through 23,500 picture books, 10,000 colored pencils—and more than 20,000 games, toys, and dolls. To say nothing of several million cookies and over *six thousand* jars of baby food.

5. "We were treated to food and drink that would have made Louis XIV jealous," write two KLM passengers from Denver. A typical *economy-class* menu on KLM includes: Hors d'Oeuvres. Médaillon de Veau or Poulet de Grain Rôti. Petits Pois. Compote de Fruits. Camembert. And all the fresh Dutch coffee you can drink.

How to save $136

From now through March 31, you can fly to London and back on a KLM jet for only $389.60—17-day jet economy excursion fare. Regular jet economy fare: $525.60.

Along the way, you can visit Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam—and you pay no extra air fare at all.

Save even more by flying with a group

Fly to Europe and back with a qualified party of 25 or more people and you each save a thumping $200 or more. Ask your travel agent to explain how your group can qualify.

Have you seen KLM's new booklet of thrift-season tours?

It has all the facts and figures on KLM city-hopping plans that take you to as many as *twenty-nine* extra cities—all for the fare to a single city. To get a copy of the booklet, mail this coupon.

For information, see your travel agent, call KLM, or mail coupon.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17. Tel: PLaza 9-3600

Please send me KLM's new booklet of thrift-season tours, "A Bag Full of Miracles."

Mr/Mrs/Miss ________________

Address ________________

City ________ **Zone** ____ **State** ____

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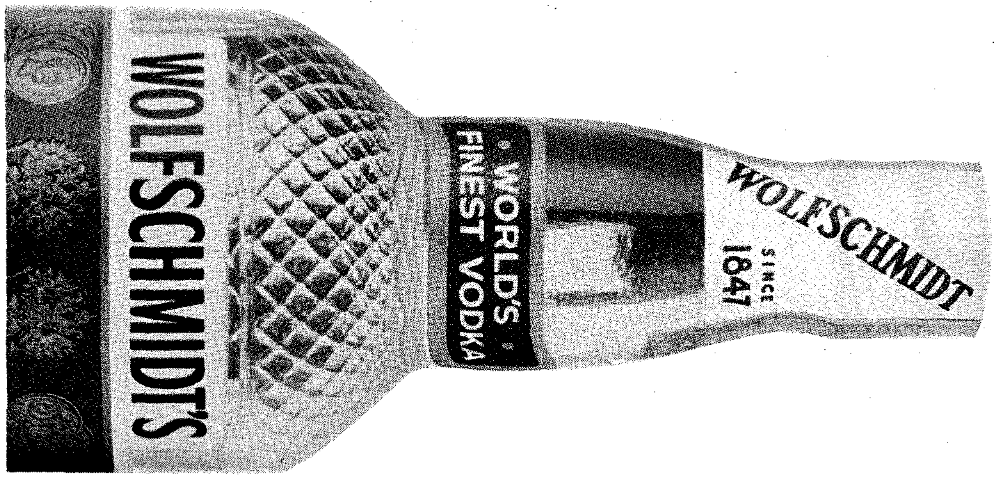
(Name of your travel agent)

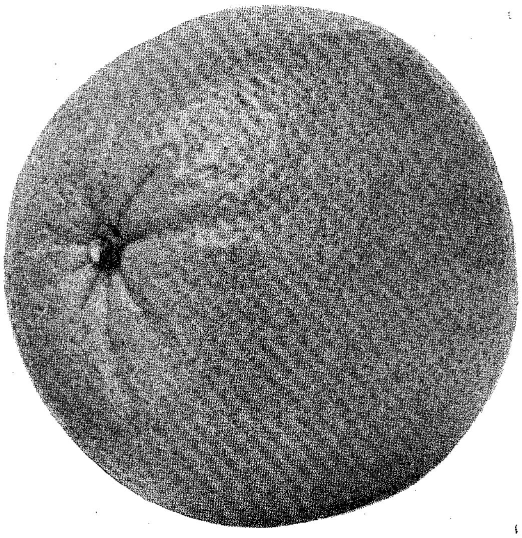
B-15

KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

"You sweet doll, I appreciate you. I've got taste.
I'll bring out the real orange in you. I'll make you famous.
Kiss me."

"Who was that tomato
I saw you with last week?"


WOLFSCHMIDT'S
WORLD'S FINEST VODKA
WOLFSCHMIDT
SINCE 1847



Wolfschmidt Vodka has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka. Wolfschmidt in a Screwdriver is an orange at its best. Wolfschmidt brings out the best in every drink. General Wine and Spirits Company, New York 22, N.Y. Made from Grain, 80 or 100 Proof. Product of U.S.A.

youth and her happiness that the bleakness escaped her. In the village, they stopped at the grocery store where she had always traded, and she asked Emile to wait outside. When she had bought the groceries, a boy wearing the white apron and bent in exactly the same attitude as Emile was when she first saw him carried them out to the taxi. She gave him a tip and looked up and down the street for Emile. He was standing in front of the drugstore with some other young men his age.

Her courage left her then. The society of the bored and the disappointed, from which she had hoped to escape, seemed battlemented, implacable, and splendid—a creation useful to concert halls, hospitals, bridges, and courthouses, and one that she was not fit to enter. She had wanted to bring into her life the freshness of a journey and had achieved nothing but a galling sense of moral shabbiness.

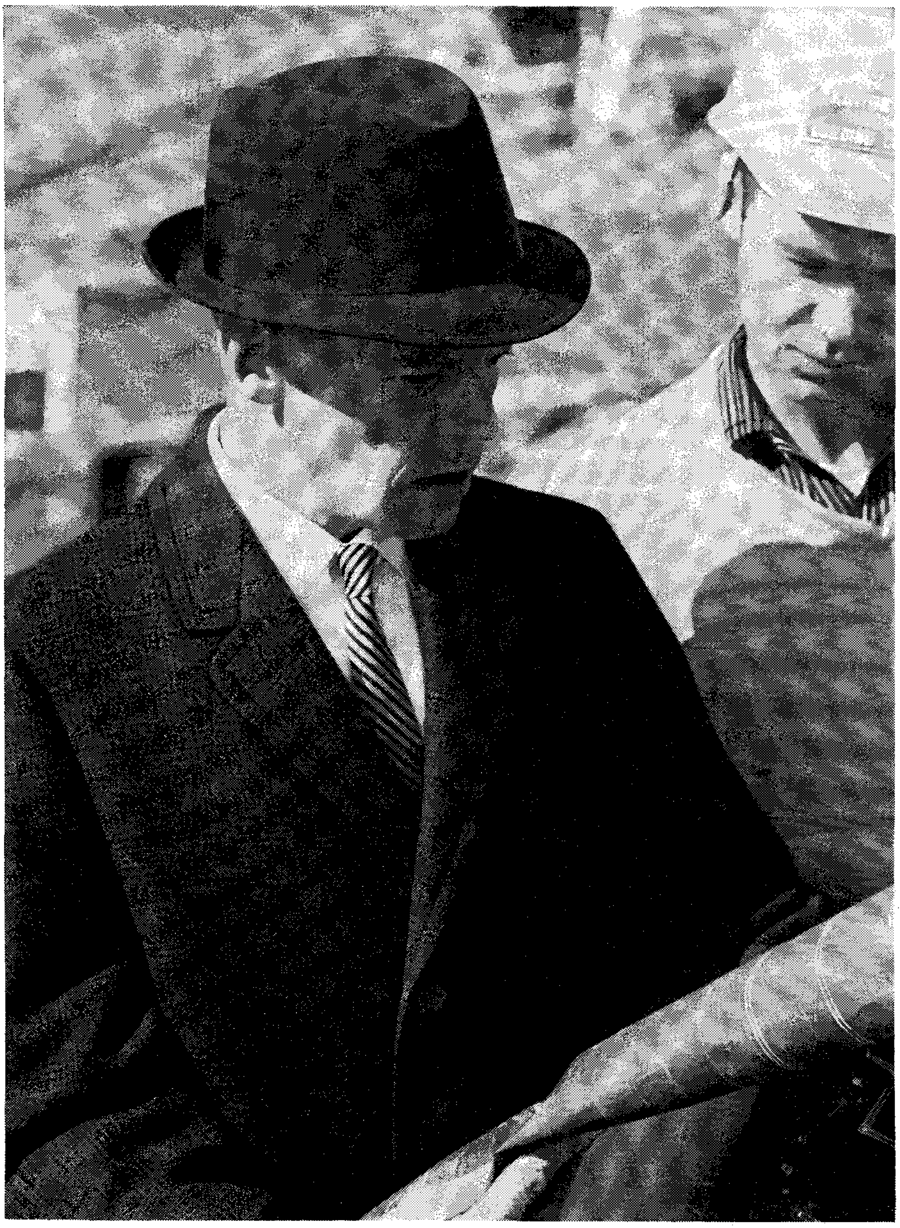
"You want me to get your boy friend?" the cabdriver asked.

"He's not my boy friend," Jessica said. "He's just come out to help me move some things."

Emile saw her then, and crossed the street, and they started for Madamquid. She felt so desperate that she took his hand, not expecting him to support her, but he turned to her with wonderful largess, a smile so strong and tender that she felt the blood pour back into her heart. They were heading out to the point, where there was nothing to see but the cream-colored dunes, with their scalp locks of knife grass, and the dark autumn ocean. He was perplexed by this. One of the several divisions in his world was that group of people who went away for the summer—who closed their houses in June and bought no more groceries until September—and, never having enjoyed any such migratory privileges himself, he had imagined the places where they went as having golden sands and purple seas, the houses palatial and pink-walled, with patios and swimming pools, like the houses he saw in the movies. There was nothing like that here, and he couldn't believe that even in the long, hot days of summer this place would look less of a wilderness. Were there fleets of sailboats, deck chairs, and beach umbrellas? There was no trace of summery furniture now. She pointed out the house to him and he saw a big, shingled building on a bluff. He could see that it was big—it was big, all right—but if you were going to build a summer house, why not build something neat and compact, something that would be nice to look at? But maybe he was wrong, maybe there was something

THE ARCHITECT

Designer of some of today's most-talked-about buildings. Pretty well talked about himself, for being as neatly turned out as his structures. "My secret," he says "is spelled K-u-p-p-e-n-h-e-i-m-e-r. My clients want buildings with the extra built-in value of good, sound design. I buy clothes for the same reason. I have confidence in Kuppenheimer quality, and they give me confidence in the wearing. I'll tell you another secret. My favorite men's store salesman picks out all my accessories. That's his job, and he's good at it." Outercoats from $90 to $425, wherever only good clothes and accessories are sold. B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., Chicago 12, Ill. · New York · Melbourne



Comfort and confidence go hand-in-hand in this perfectly balanced Kuppenheimer outercoat of lustrous virgin-wool velour. The perfect complement to a Kuppenheimer suit.

THE KUPPENHEIMER LOOK
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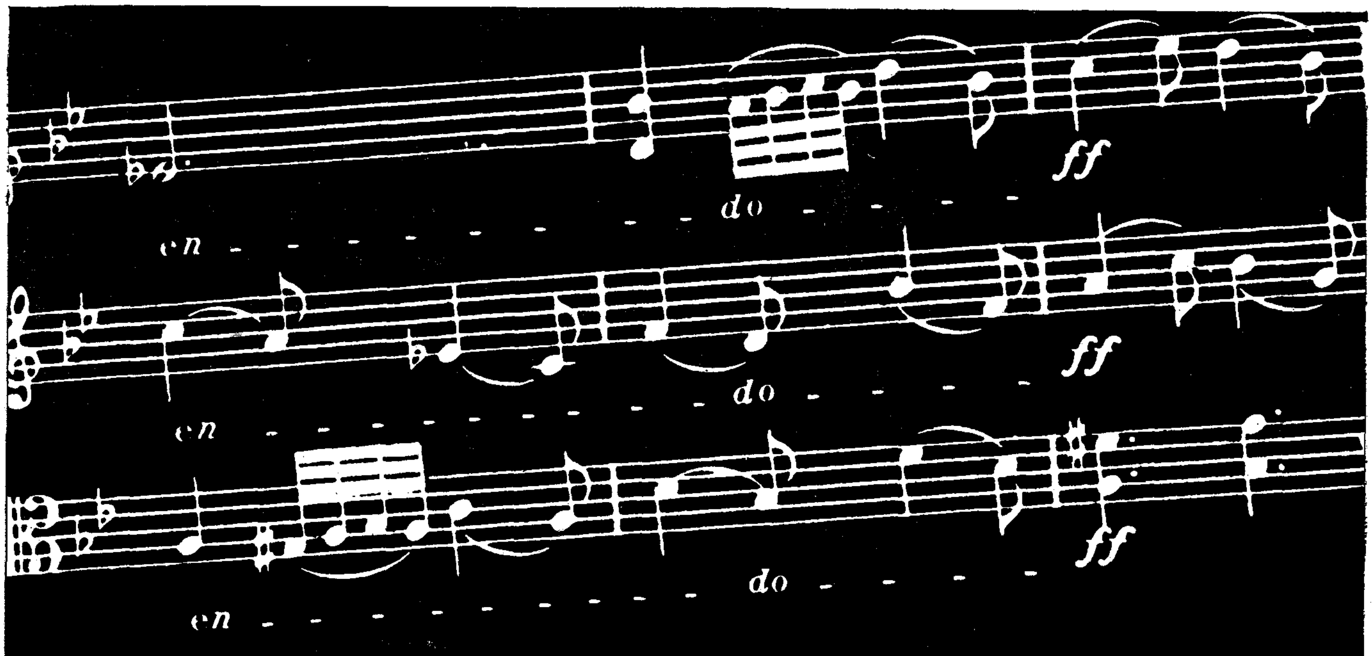
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A King, a Wolf, and a Hall—see how they sound

At the turn of the dial, television takes you to some of the most notable events of the musical season. To name a few in November: A production (in English) of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov;* Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf,* with Art Carney confronting Bil Baird's puppets; a *Young People's Concert,* with Leonard Bernstein describing how Philharmonic Hall in New York's Lincoln Center is being "tuned" like an instrument.

Television presents the best in theatre, ballet, and music. It is a nation's center for the performing arts—as well as for news, public events, education, and sports. (For a selection of rewarding programs in November, see column at right.)

Television Information Office, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

November . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Mr. Lucifer
The devil (Fred Astaire) on Madison Avenue.
Thursday, November 1 (10-11 PM)

Richard Rodgers Concert
Musical profile with Diahann Carroll, Peggy Lee, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi.
Sunday, November 4 (8-9 PM)

The Misunderstanding
A drama by Albert Camus.
Sunday, November 4 (10:30-11 AM)

Election Returns
Beginning at 7 and 7:30 PM.
Tuesday, November 6

The National Cultural Center
Sunday, November 11 (4:30-5:30 PM)

The Danny Kaye Show
Guest: Lucille Ball.
Sunday, November 11 (9-10 PM)

The Man without God
Readings from Albert Camus.
Sunday, November 11 (10:30-11 AM)

A Horse Has a Big Head—Let Him Worry!
Diahann Carroll teaching near-blind children.
Wednesday, November 14 (10-11 PM)

On Jordan's Stormy Banks
The water crisis in the Middle East.
Saturday, November 17 (10-11 PM)

The Headache Ball
Urban renewal problems in Boston.
Tuesday, November 20 (10:30-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 22 (10 AM-Noon)

Two Black Candles
José Quintero directs episode in *The Nurses*.
Thursday, November 22 (9-10 PM)

Shakespeare: Soul of an Age
Michael Redgrave and Ralph Richardson in a tour of Shakespeare locales.
Friday, November 30 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World of Jacqueline Kennedy
Friday, November 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM COLLEGE OF THE AIR TODAY CALENDAR DISCOVERY '62
Mondays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Tuesdays:	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Wednesdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	INTERNATIONAL SHOWTIME EYEWITNESS
Saturdays:	READING ROOM EXPLORING NCAA FOOTBALL GAME
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE MEET THE PROFESSOR ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS THIS IS NBC NEWS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS WINSTON CHURCHILL—THE VALIANT YEARS WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR VOICE OF FIRESTONE HOWARD K. SMITH—NEWS AND COMMENT

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

to be learned here; she seemed so pleased at the sight of the old place that he was willing to suspend judgment. She paid off the cabdriver and tried to open the front door, but the lock had rusted in the salt air and he had to help. He finally got the door open, and she went in and he carried in the bags and then, of course, the groceries.

She knew well enough that the place was homely—it was meant to be—but the lemony smell of the matchboard walls seemed to her like the fragrance of the lives that had been spent there in the sunny months. Her sister's old violin music, her brother's German textbooks, the water color of a thistle her aunt had painted seemed like the essence of their lives. And while she had quarrelled with her brother and her sister and they no longer communicated with each other, all her memories now were kind and gentle. "I've always been happy here," she said, "I've always been terribly happy here. That's why I wanted to come back. It's cold now, of course, but we can light some fires." She noticed then, on the wall at her left, the pencil markings where each Fourth of July her uncle had stood them up against the matchboard and recorded their growth. Afraid that Emile might see this incriminating evidence of her age, she said, "Let's put the groceries in the icebox."

"That's a funny word, icebox," he said. "I never heard it before. It's a funny thing to call a frigidaire. But you speak differently, you know—people like you. You say lots of different things. Now, you say 'divine'—you say lots of things are 'divine'—but, you know, my mother, she wouldn't ever use that word, excepting when she was speaking of God."

Frightened by the chart in the hallway, she wondered if there was anything else incriminating in the house, and remembered the gallery of family photographs in the upstairs hall. Here were pictures of her in school uniforms, in catboats, and many pictures of her playing on the beach with her son. While he put the groceries away, she went upstairs and hid the pictures in a closet. Then they walked down the bluff to the beach.

It was surprisingly warm for that time of year. The wind was southerly; in the night it would probably change around to the southwest, bringing rain. All along the beach, the waves from Portugal rolled in. There was the noise of a detonation, the roar of furling water, and then the glistening discharge fanned out on the sand, faded, and sank. Ahead of her, at the high-water mark, she saw a sealed bottle with a note in-

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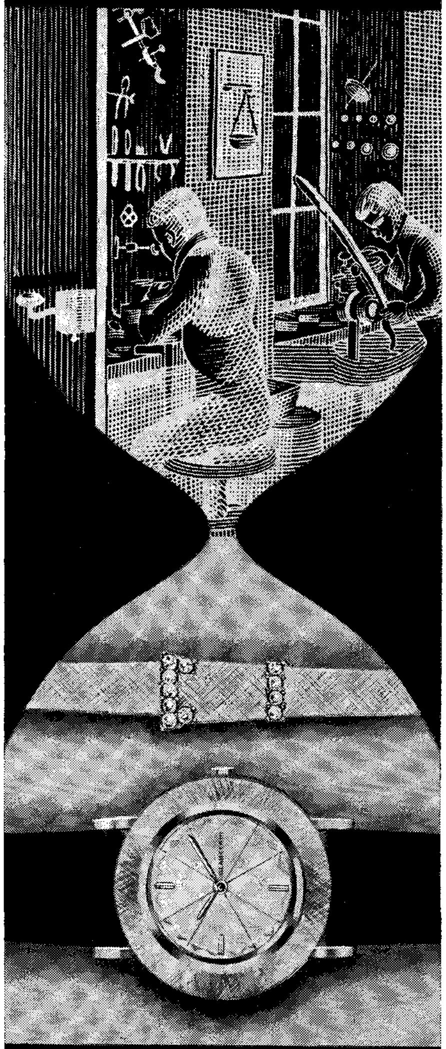

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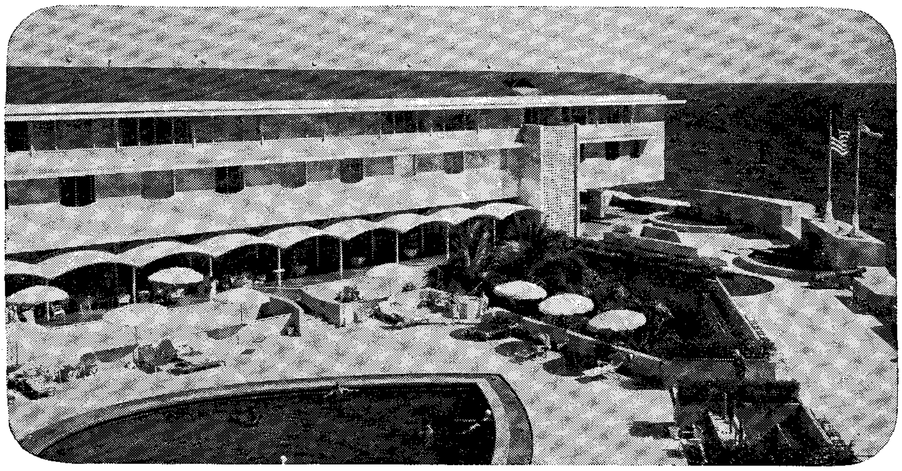

Front Porch On The Caribbean

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Notice the broad walks around the terrace? Those are the ramparts of an ancient waterfort. And the Curaçao Intercontinental is built right on top of it! All glass and tile and modern as can be. But turn around, step outside the hotel, and you'll think you're in 17th century Holland! A picture-book setting! Come, shop for fantastic bargains in the free port of Curaçao. Then plunge into our swimming pool. Cocktail, dine on our terrace. Ships pass right by the walls! Dancing. Entertainment. A casino, too! And nearby: boating, deep-sea fishing, skin diving, water skiing, tennis, golf. Everything! Ask your travel agent. Or write us: Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N.Y.
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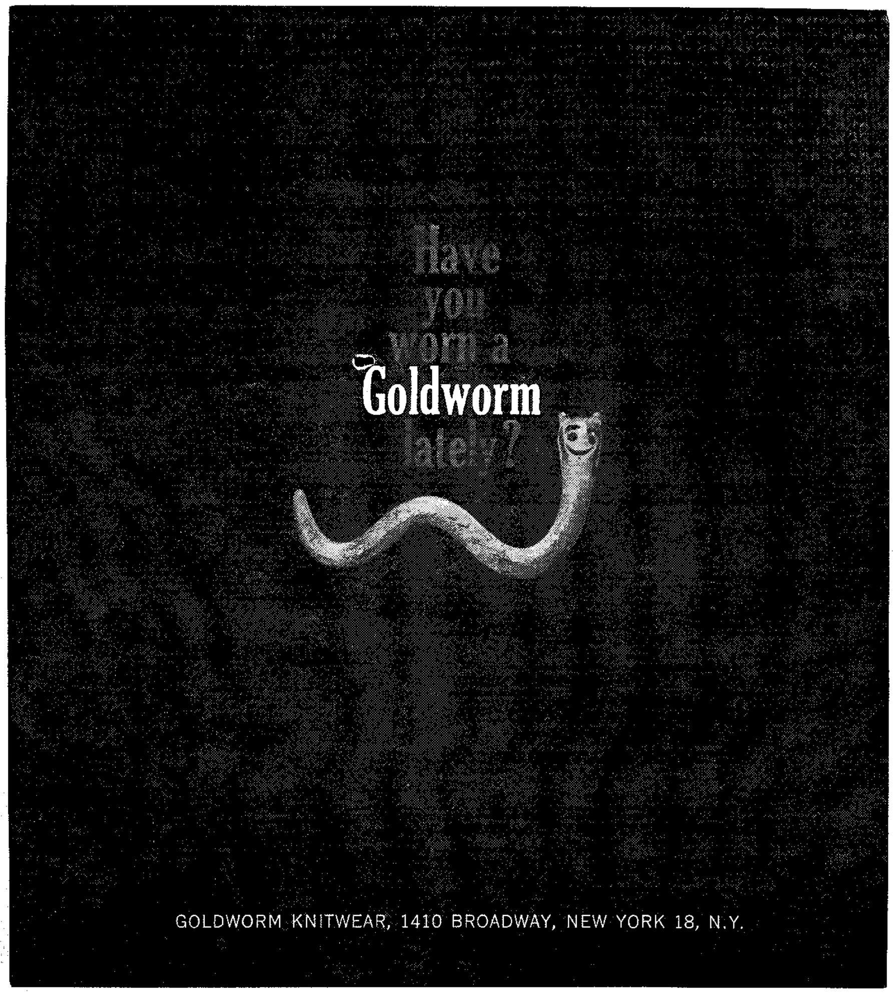
INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS


Have you worn a Goldworm lately?

GOLDWORM KNITWEAR, 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

side and ran to pick it up. What did she expect? The secret of the Spada treasure, or a proposal of marriage from a French sailor? She handed Emile the bottle and he broke it open on a stone. The note was written in pencil. "To whomever in the whole wide world may read this I am a 18 yr old college boy, sitting on the beach at Madamquid on Sept. 8. . . ." His sense of the act of setting his name and address adrift on the tide was rhapsodic, but the bottle must have returned to where he stood a little while after he had walked away. Emile asked if he could go swimming, and then bent down to unlace his new shoes. One of the laces knotted and his face got red. She dropped to her knees and undid it herself. He got out of his clothes hurriedly in order to display his youth and his brawn, but he asked her earnestly if she minded if he took off his underpants. He stood with his back to her while he did this, and then walked off into the sea. It was colder than he had expected. His shoulders and his buttocks tightened and his head shook. Naked and shivering, he seemed pitiful, vain, and fair—a common young man trying to find some pleasure and adventure in his life. He dove into a wave and then came lunging back to where she stood. His teeth were chattering. She threw her coat over him and they went back to the house.

She had been right about the wind. After midnight, or later, it came out of the southwest, spouting rain, and as she had done ever since she was a child, she got out of bed and crossed the room to close the windows. He woke and heard the sound of her bare feet on the wooden floor. He couldn't see her in the dark, but as she came back toward the bed her step sounded heavy and old.

It rained in the morning. They walked on the beach, and Jessica cooked a chicken. Looking for a bottle of wine, she found a long-necked green bottle of Moselle, like the bottle she had set out in her dream of the picnic and the ruined castle. Emile ate most of the chicken. At four they took a cab to the airport, and flew back to New York. In the train out to Proxmire Manor he sat several seats ahead of her, reading the paper. Tom met her at the station and was pleased to have her back. The baby was awake, and Jessica sat in a chair in their bedroom singing, "Sleep, my little one, sleep. Thy Father guards the sheep. . . ." She sang until both the baby and Tom were asleep.

EMILE was at the house the next afternoon with a scheme. Some friends of his had a shack at the edge of

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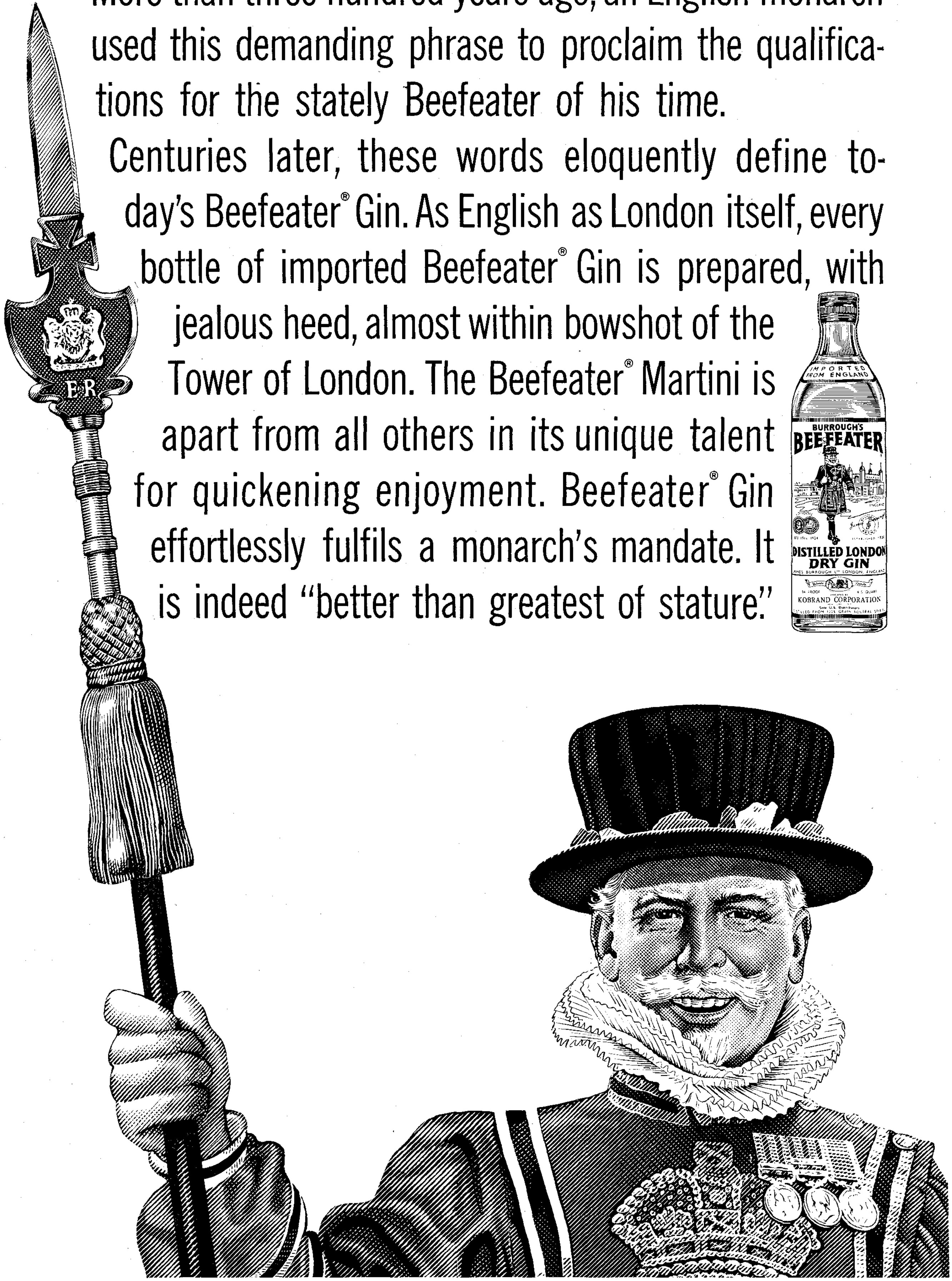
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The Country Shirt

THE COUNTRY SHIRT, an incorporated American firm at 1407 Broadway, New York

town where they took girls, and Jessica and he could meet there. He admitted that it wasn't much of a place, but he could get a clean blanket and some curtains for the windows. He might even paint the inside. He was excited, and she saw that there wouldn't be any point in stating her objections, although the idea disgusted her. He told her the next afternoon that he was going ahead with his plans for improving the shack. He had bought some paint and a roller and was going to do the walls that night. It would be ready for the weekend. She put him off that weekend, but he was angry. The next Saturday, they met in Boston. She told Tom that she had to go north to see her aunt. Her aunt was not in Boston—she was in Florida—but Tom didn't question her explanation.

She and Emile flew in separate planes. He arrived an hour later than she, and went to her room, where they spent the afternoon. Later they went out for a walk. It was very cold, and, looking at the façades and campaniles of Copley Square, she was moved by the thought that Boston had once thought itself the sister city of Florence, that vale of flowers. The wind scored her face. He stopped to look at a ring in a jeweller's window. It was a man's ring, a star sapphire set in gold. The ring did not interest her, but it seemed to hold him. She shook with the cold while he admired the stone. "It's pretty, isn't it," he said. "I mean the star caught in the stone. I wonder how much it costs. I'm going in and ask."

"Don't, Emile," she said. "I'm frozen. And anyhow, those things are always terribly expensive."

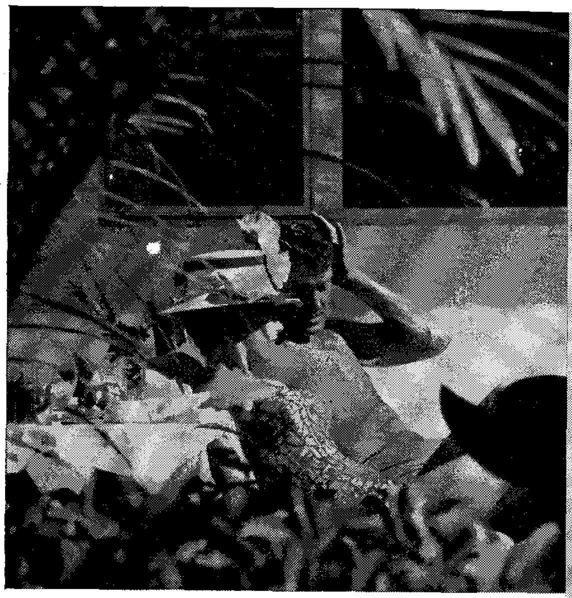
"I'll just ask. It won't take a minute."

She waited for him in the shelter of the door. "Eight hundred dollars!" he exclaimed when he came out. "Think of that. Eight hundred dollars."

"I told you it would be expensive."

"Eight hundred dollars. But it was pretty, though, wasn't it? And I suppose if you needed money you could always sell it. I mean, they must fix the price on things like that, don't you think? It would be sort of like an investment. You know, if I had eight hundred dollars, I might buy a ring like that. I just might. People, when they saw the ring, they would always know that you were worth eight hundred dollars. Waiters. Like that. I mean they would respect you when you were wearing a ring like that."

It seemed to her that he was deliberately debasing their relationship and forcing her into the humiliating position of buying him the ring, but she was mis-



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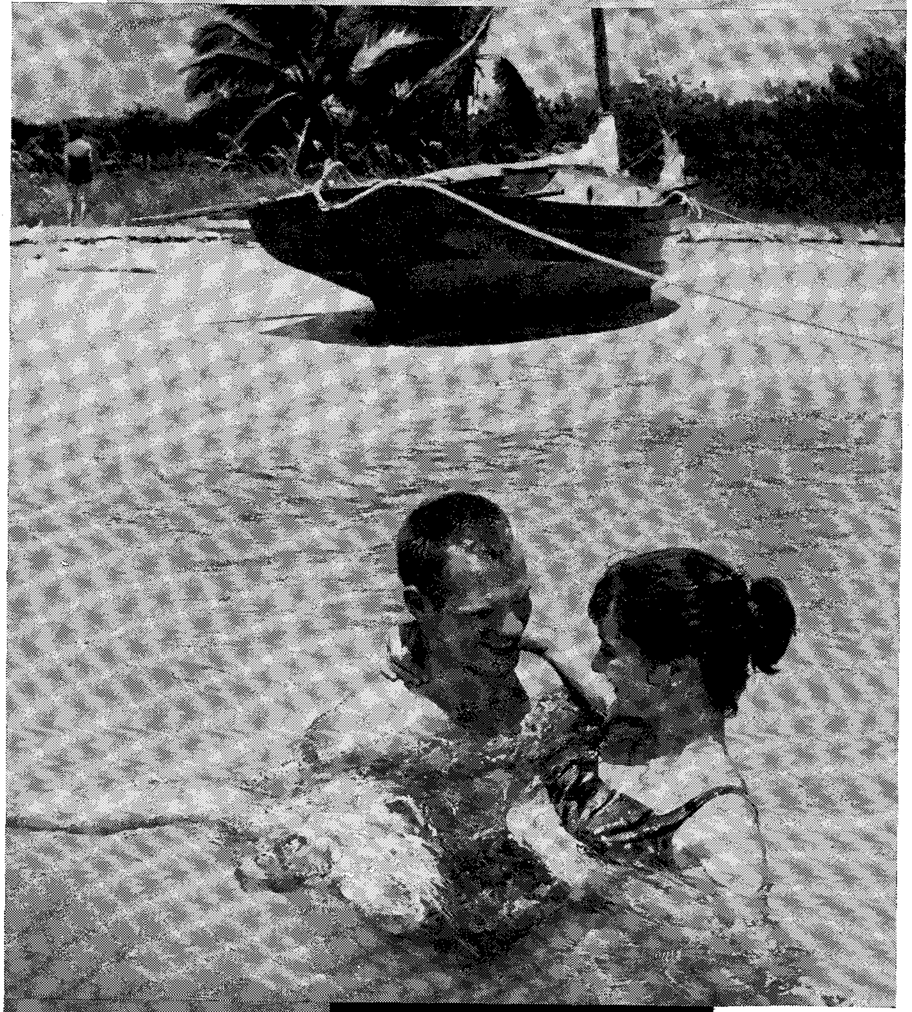

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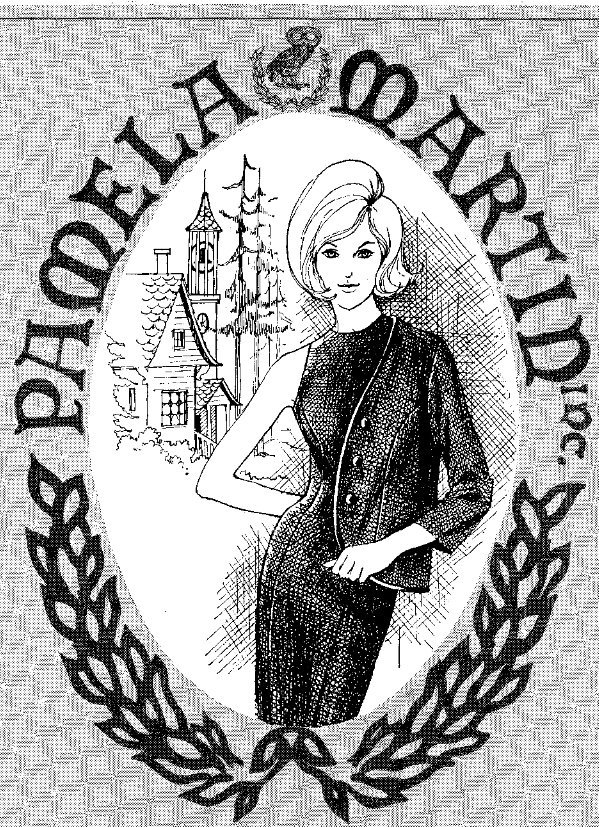

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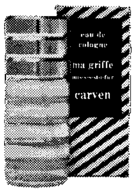

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taken; the idea had never occurred to him.

"Do you want me to buy you the ring, Emile?"

"Oh, no, I wasn't thinking about that. It just caught my eye. You know how things catch your eye."

"I'll buy it for you."

"No, no, forget about it."

They had dinner in a restaurant and went to a movie. Walking back to the hotel, he bought a newspaper, and he sat reading it in her room while she undressed and brushed her hair. "I'm hungry," he said suddenly. His tone was petulant. "At home I get a bowl of cornflakes or a sandwich—something before I go to bed." He stood up, put his hands on his stomach, and shouted, "I'm hungry! I just don't get enough to eat in these restaurants. I'm still growing. I have to have three big meals a day and sometimes something in between!"

"Well, why don't you go down and get something to eat?"

"Well."

"Do you need money?"

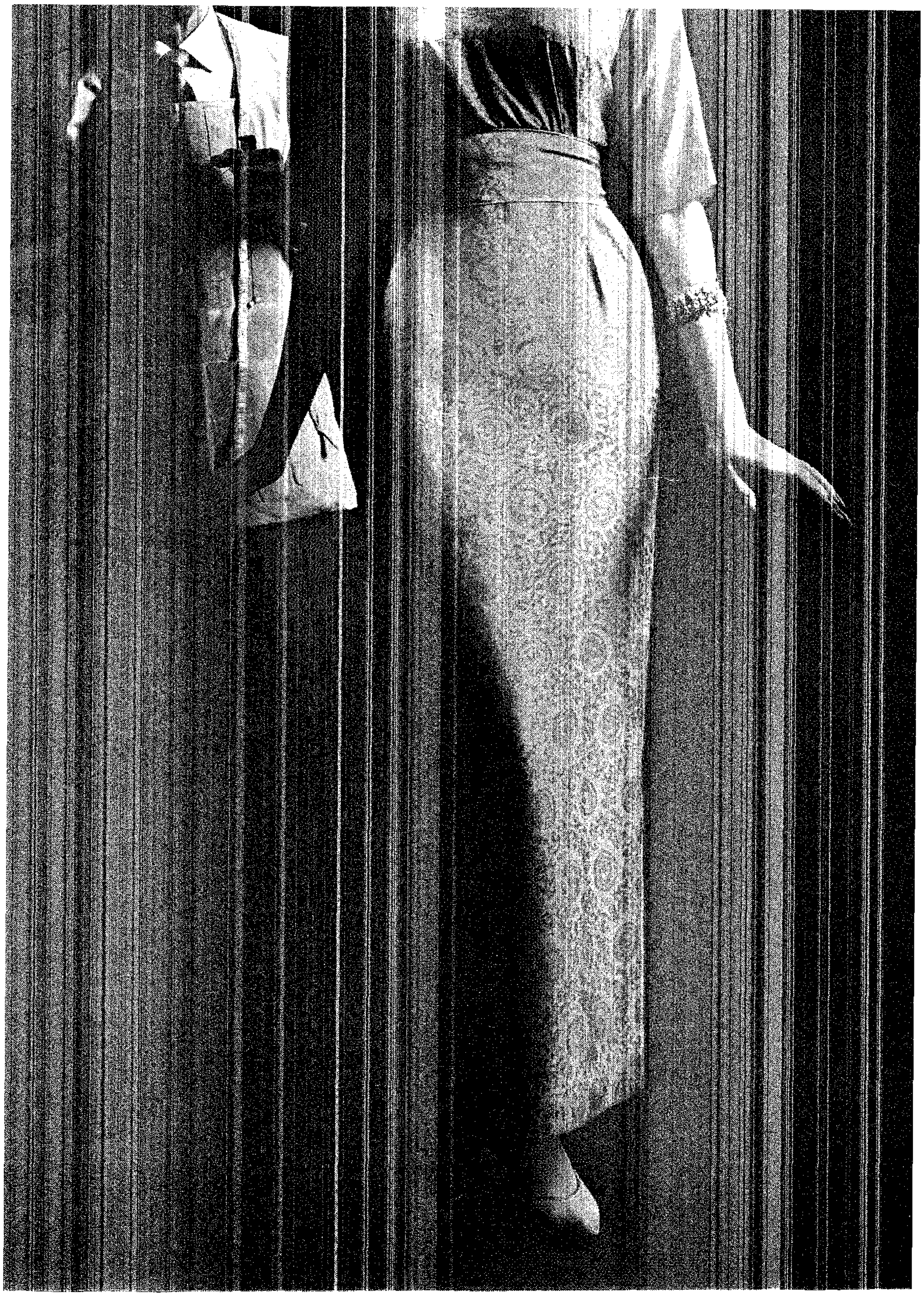
"Sort of."

"Here," she said. "Here's some money. Go down and get some supper."

He went out, but he didn't return. At midnight she locked the door and went to sleep. In the morning she dressed, went to the jeweller's, and bought the ring. "Oh, I remember you," the clerk said. "I saw you last night. I saw you standing outside the door when your son came in to ask the price." It was a blow, and she supposed she could be seen to flinch. She thought that perhaps the winter dark and the pale light in the street had made her seem old. "You're a very generous mother," the clerk said when he took her check and passed her the box. She called Emile's room and when he came down she gave him the ring. His pleasure and gratitude were not, she thought, mercenary and crass but only a natural response to the ancient tokens of love, the immemorial power of stones and fine gold. It was a foggy afternoon, all the planes were grounded, and they went back on the train, sitting in different cars.

He sat by the window, watching the landscape. Somewhere south of Boston, the train passed a suburban tract of houses. They were new, and although the architects and the gardeners had rung a few changes here and there, the effect was monotonous. What interested him was that rising in the center of the development was a large, ugly, loaf-shaped, and colorless escarpment of granite, too steep to hold the foundations of a house. It was the only form on

ook what Marco Polo brought you from Cathay



one man made this at-home costume

What! Let this pure silk damask pass through any but his own deft fingers? Never! Chan does every stitch himself. Enjoys watching it grow from a length of luxurious fabric to a stunning Dynasty costume. That's why it flows so beautifully, looks so elegant. Wear it at your next important evening at home. Geranium (shown), celestial blue, lotus beige. Sizes 10 to 16. About $60. Lord & Taylor, all stores; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C. And other fine stores everywhere. Or write Dynasty, 210 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16. DYNASTY

the landscape that had not succumbed to change. It could not be dynamited. It could not be quarried and carried away piecemeal. It was useless, and it was invincible. Some boys his age were climbing the steep face, and he guessed this was their last refuge.

It was late and it was getting cold, and he could remember the sense of the season and the hour when it was time to leave off playing and go home to study. Near where he lived, there was a similar rock, and he had climbed it on winter afternoons, to smoke cigarettes and talk with his friends about the future. He could remember grasping for handholds on the steep face, and how the rough stone pulled at his best school clothes, but what he remembered most clearly was how once his feet were on the ground he had a sense of awakening to a whole new life, the arrival at a new state of consciousness, as clearly unlike his past as sleep is unlike waking. Standing at the foot of the cliff at that hour and season—about to go home and study but not yet on the path—he would stare at the yards and the trees and the lighted houses with a galvanic sense of discovery. How forceful and interesting the world had seemed in the early winter light! How new it all seemed. He must have been familiar with every window, roof, tree, and landmark in the place, but he felt as if he were seeing it all for the first time. How old he had grown since then.

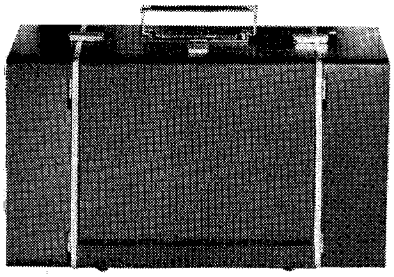
THEY met ten days or two weeks later, in a New York hotel. She was there first and ordered some whiskey and roast-beef sandwiches. When he came in, she poured herself a drink and made one for him, and he ate both the sandwiches she had ordered. She was wearing a bracelet, made of silver bells, that she had bought long ago in Casablanca. She had been given a Mediterranean cruise as a Christmas present by a rich elderly cousin, and in her travels she had never been able to escape a genuine and oppressive sense of gratitude to the old lady. When she saw Lisbon, she thought, Oh, Cousin Martha, I wish you could see Lisbon! When she saw Rhodes, she thought, Oh, Cousin Martha, I wish you could see Rhodes! Standing in the Casbah at dusk, she thought, Oh, Cousin Martha, I wish you could see how purple the skies are above Africa! Remembering this, she gave the silver bells a shake.

"Do you have to wear that bracelet?" he asked.

"Of course not," she said.

"I hate that kind of junky stuff," he said. "You've got lots of nice jewelry—

THE NEW LOOK
OF STEREO



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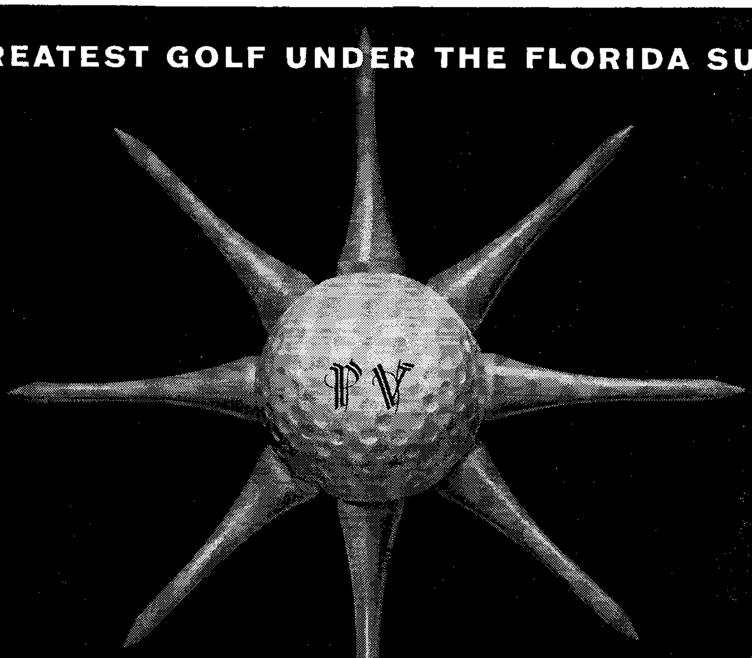

27 holes of great golf-by-the-sea... and lots more! A miles-long beach, 6 tennis courts, Olympic pool, wonderful food. And from November 20th to February 21st, take advantage of our GOLFER'S HOLIDAY — $18 per person (2 to a room) includes 3 meals, daily membership, green fees and tennis privileges.

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those sapphires. I don't see why you want to wear junk. Those bells are driving me crazy. Every time you move they jingle. They get on my nerves."

"I'm sorry, darling," she said. She took off the bracelet. He seemed ashamed or confused by his harshness; he had never before been harsh or callous with her.

"Sometimes I wonder why it happened to me like this," he said. "I mean, I couldn't have had anything better, I know that. You're beautiful and you're fascinating—you're the most fascinating woman I ever saw—but sometimes I wonder—wondered—why it should happen to me this way. I mean, some fellows—right away they get a pretty young girl, she lives next door, their folks are friendly, they go to the same schools, the same dances, they go dancing together, they fall in love and get married. But I guess that's not for poor people. No pretty girls live next door to me. There aren't any pretty girls on my street. Oh, I'm glad it happened to me the way it did, but I can't stop wondering what it would have been like some other way. I mean like in Nantucket that weekend. That was the big football weekend, and I was thinking, there we were, all alone in that gloomy old house—that was a real gloomy place, rainy and everything—while some fellows were driving in convertibles to the football game."

"I must seem terribly old."

"Oh, no. No, you don't. It isn't that. . . . Only once. That was in Nantucket, too. It was raining in the night. It began to rain and you got up to shut the window."

"And I seemed terribly old?"

"Just for a minute. . . . Not really. But you see, you're used to comfort, you're different. Two cars, plenty of clothes. I'm just a poor kid."

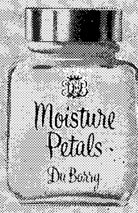
"Does it matter?"

"Oh, I know you think it doesn't, but it does. When you go into a restaurant, you never look at the prices. Now, your husband, he can buy you all these things. He can buy you anything you want, he's loaded, but I'm just a poor kid. I guess I'm sort of a lone wolf. I guess most poor people are. I'll never live in a house like yours. I'll never get to join a country club. I'll never have a place at the beach. And I'm still hungry," he said, looking at the empty sandwich plate. "I'm still growing, you know. I have to have lunch. I don't want to seem ungrateful or anything, but I'm hungry."

"You go down to the dining room, darling," she said, "and get some lunch. Here's five dollars." She kissed

UNDERLYING SECRET

of a complexion that looks water-lily fresh all day. It's Moisture Petals—the remarkable moisturizing foundation that works its spell undercover, underneath make-up. Softens and smooths the skin to promote a youthful look. And at the same time, it helps your make-up blend more evenly, cling hours longer. Try Moisture Petals—your day will end lovelier than it began!



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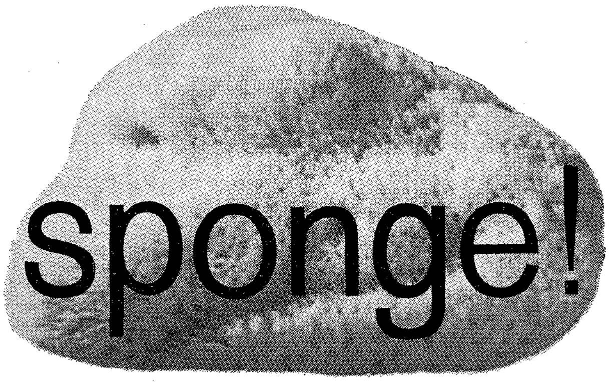

A Bostonian craftsman takes sponge in hand and patiently hand rubs choice leathers that will become the "uppers" of a finished shoe. This "antiquing" is responsible for the smooth, rich finish found in every Handshoemaker. Many hands and much time go into the crafting of a Handshoemaker by Bostonian. Priced from Thirty-Five Dollars the pair.

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No. 2202 in Burnished Oak Brown or Black. Handshoemakers available at Ware Pratt Co., Worcester, Mass.; Leighton's, New York City; Metropolitan Co., Dayton, Ohio; Womble's, Raleigh, N. C.; Quality Shop, Portsmouth, Va.; Oppenheim's, Jackson, Mich.

him, and then as soon as he was gone she left the hotel herself.

She wandered around the streets—she had no place to go—wondering what had been the first in the chain of events that had brought her to where she was. The barking of a dog, the dream of a castle, or her boredom at Mrs. Wishing's dance? She waited for the crushing pain of guilt and retribution, but the blow seemed suspended, and the thought of Emile eating his lunch put some blessed distance between her and him; they were individuals once more. She took a train home, her only anxiety then being that he would follow her and insist on some roaring confrontation—insist at least on a scene—although she should have known him better than this. The afternoon passed quietly, and they never met again except in passing. Driving down Green Street one evening, she saw him with a big blonde—a girl two or three inches taller than he. Tom never once suspected what had been going on, and she bought her groceries someplace else.

—JOHN CHEEVER

•

SANITY RETURNS TO OL' VIRGINNY

[*A letter in the Richmond Times-Dispatch*]

Thank goodness, most of the state of Virginia has gone back to the time the natural laws of the universe intended this earth to be run on.

DST kept me completely haywire for five whole months. Every morning it was a drag to get up and heretofore I have loved getting up in the good ole summertime. For years it has seemed absolutely heavenly, after a long, hard winter of groping around in the dark each morning, to be able to arise when it was daylight. But this summer, no such luck. Where I used to leap out of bed at 6 a.m. with joy in my heart over the beautiful summer morning, I found myself dragging out of bed at 5 a.m. (supposedly 6 a.m., but no one was fooling me) with the same old sluggishness I was afflicted with all winter long.

And, of course, I am not the only one it affected adversely. Many people with whom I talked absolutely detest this brainstorm on the part of I won't say whom because I feel that no one person is ever responsible for such a monstrous, widespread, far-reaching irritation as DST. In fact, I would go right along with a traveling salesman I met during my travels this summer who said in no uncertain terms: "DST is the biggest calamity that ever hit this country. We traveling salesmen miss airplanes, buses, trains, meetings, appointments, ad infinitum, and the more we travel and try to figure out this mess, the more confused we get."

No, sir, the cows and I just don't like daylight saving time and we refuse to cooperate.

(MRS.) FRANCES MAY
BRIDGEWATER

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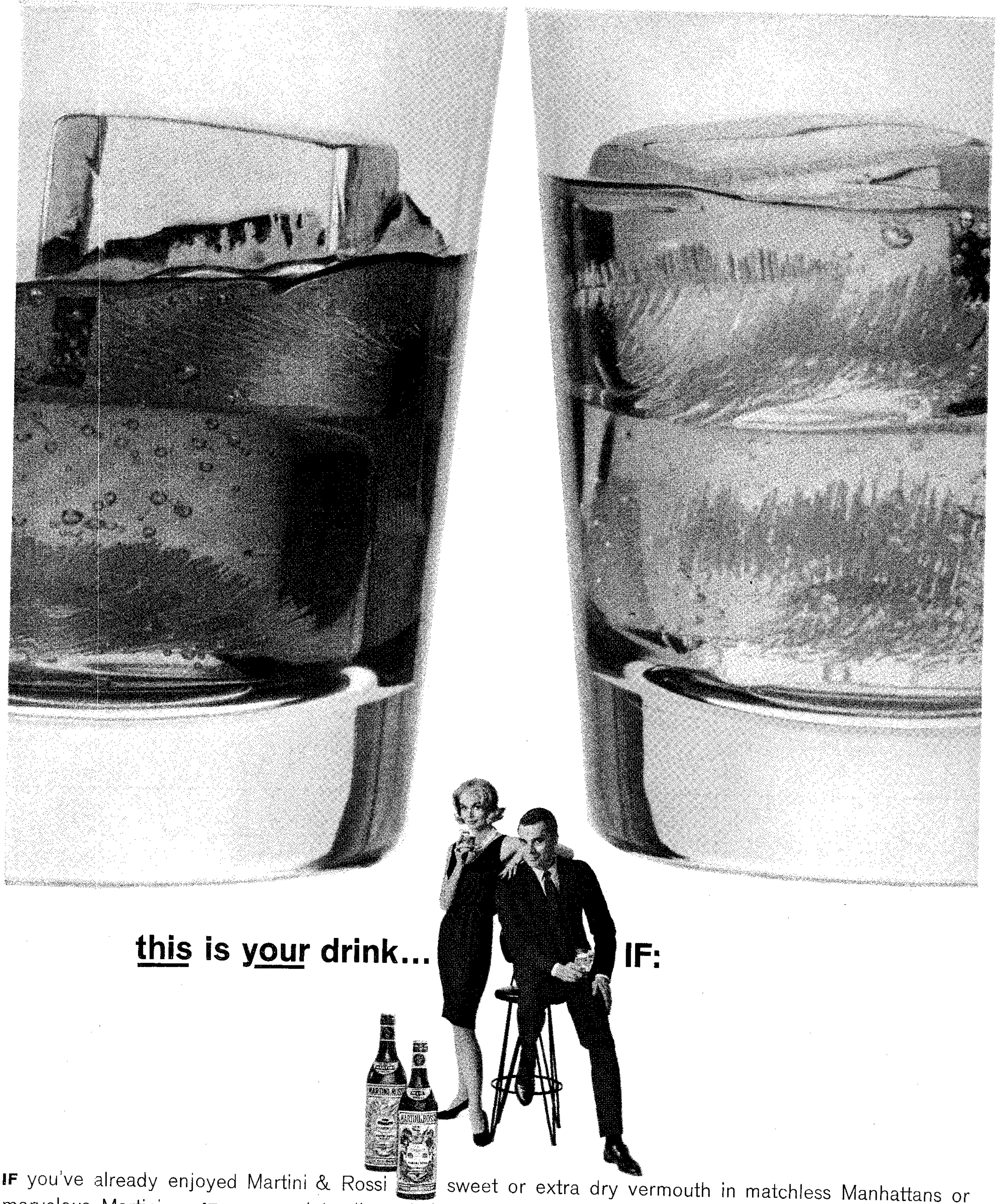

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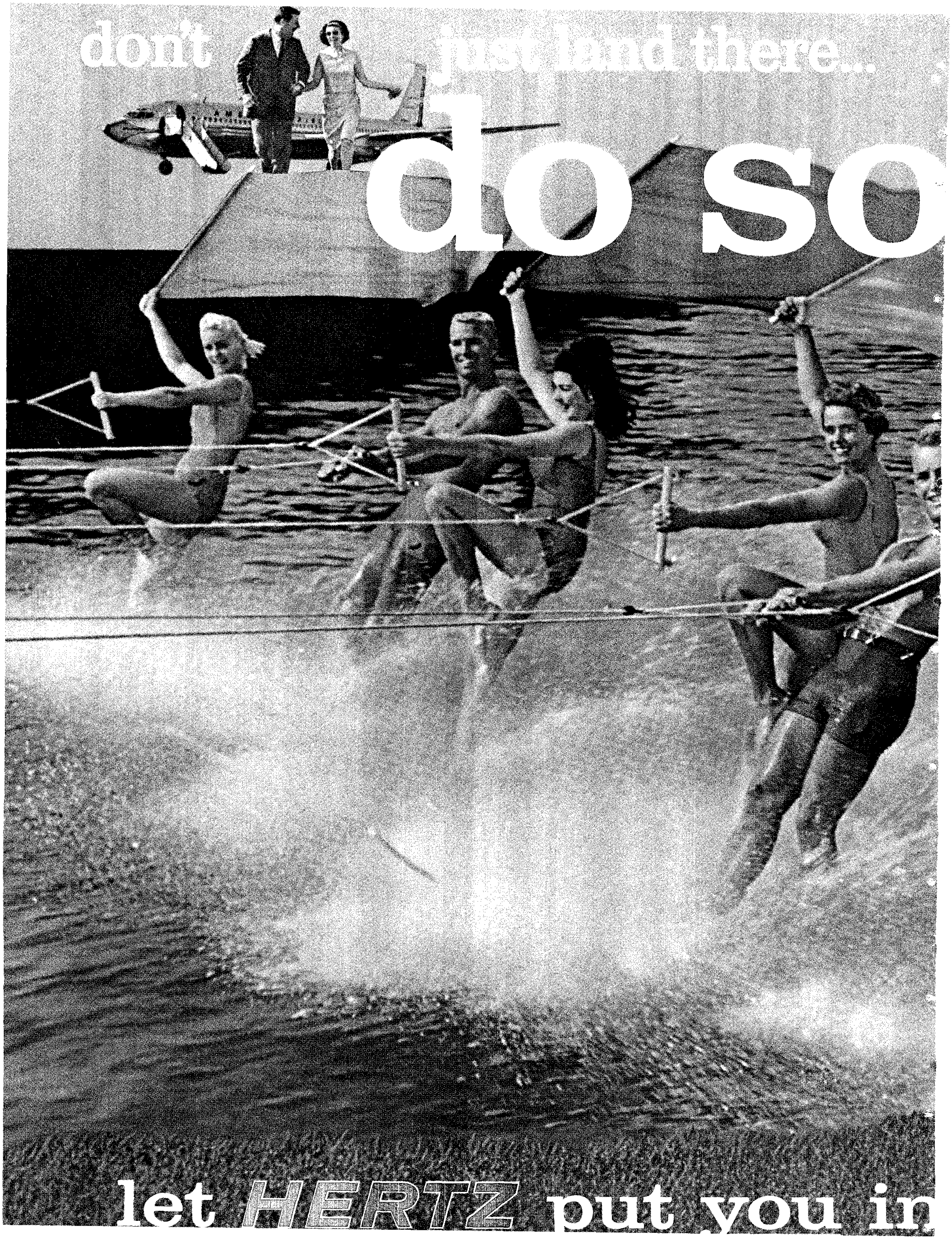
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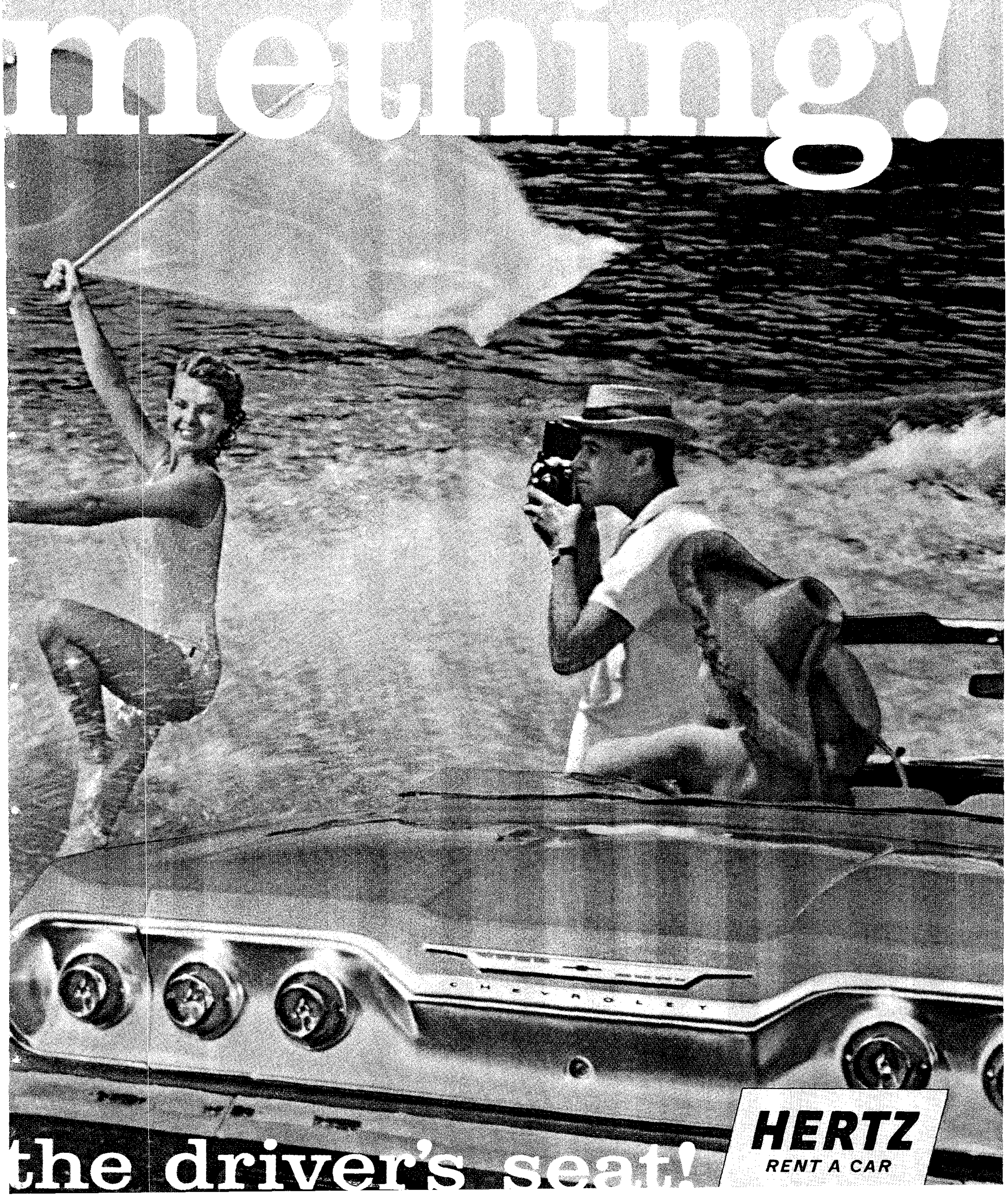

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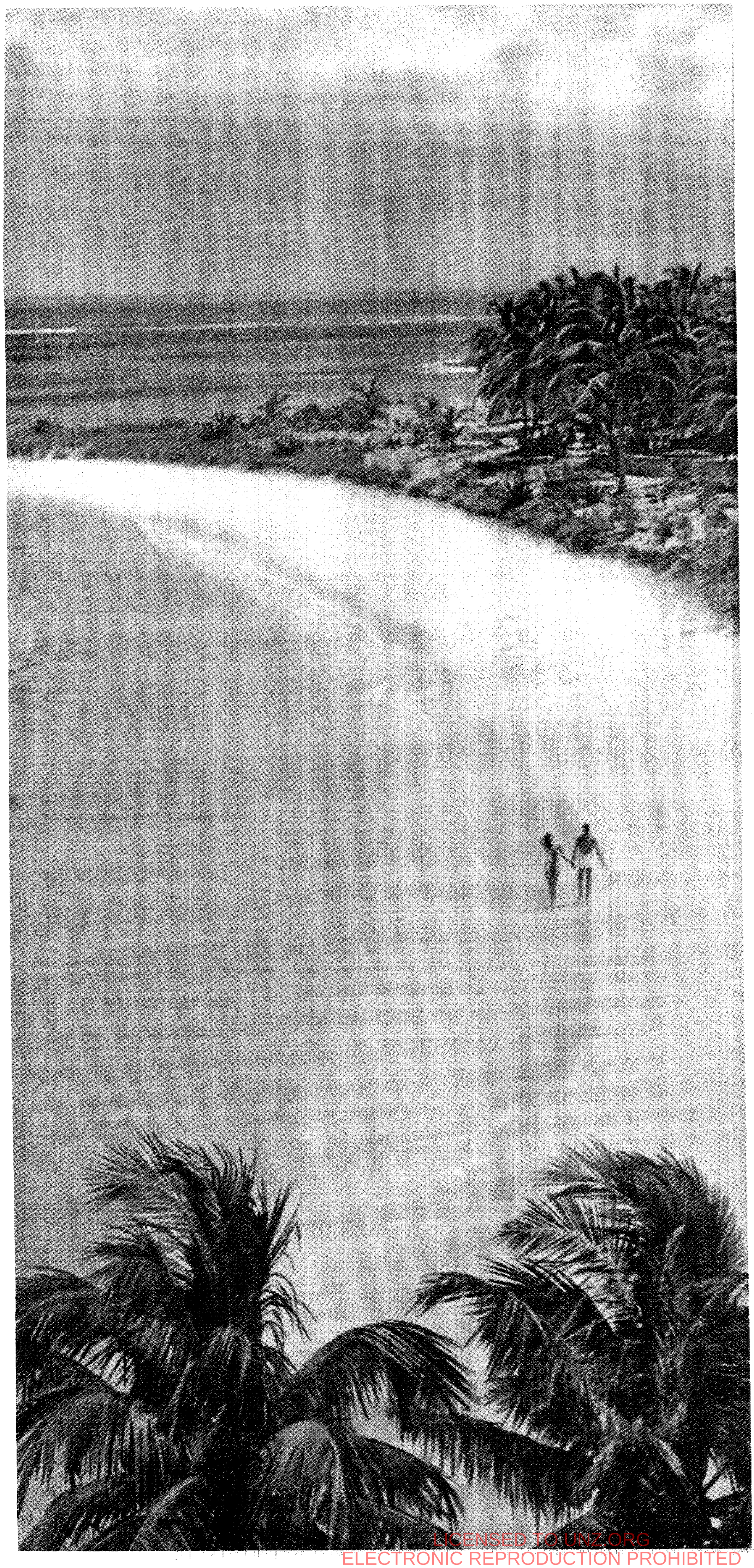

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TWIN GROVES BEACH ON ELEUTHERA.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BURT GLINN

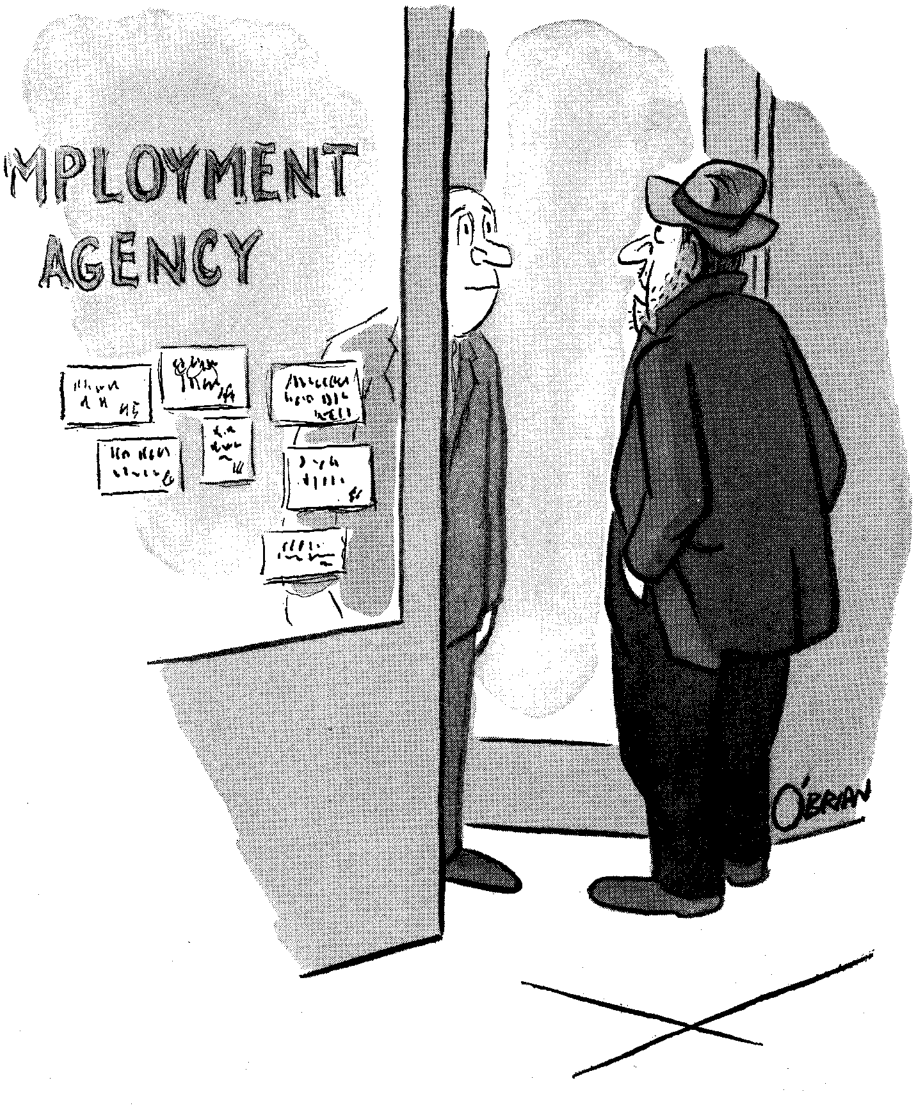
THE THEATRE

FOUR JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS

ALEXANDER H. COHEN, the prescient producer who only a year or so ago introduced Mike Nichols and Elaine May to Broadway, has now come up with another fine team, in a show called "Beyond the Fringe." In this revue, at the John Golden, a quartet of English comedians have at everything from The Establishment to modern tongue-tied philosophers. They are uniformly acute, ebullient, and funny, and they do not hesitate to investigate the absurd aspects of such large entities as nuclear warfare and religion. They have arrived here burdened with learning: Alan Bennett is a lecturer on leave from Oxford; Jonathan Miller, a Cambridge graduate, is an M.D.; Dudley Moore is a Bachelor of Music from Oxford; and Peter Cook, the youngest of the lot (he was born in 1937), specialized in modern languages at Pembroke College, Cambridge. When a show has real wit and style, there is always a temptation to steal a joke or two just to establish its tone. In this case, I'm going to ask you to take it on my say-so. I can assure you that the sketches are quick, that the humor, for the most part, is literate, and that the performers are superb. I was particularly entranced by Dr. Miller, who has perhaps the most splendidly mobile clown's face of our time, and by Mr. Moore, who can play the piano like someone possessed. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Cook also deserve our applause, and instead of saying more, I simply advise you to get going to the Golden.

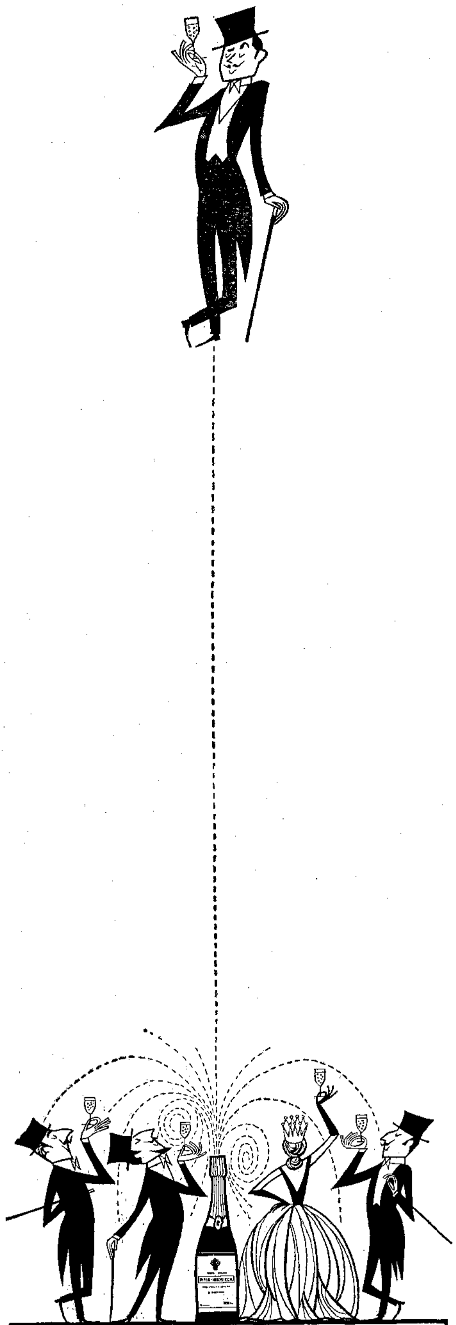
ACCORDING to some information I picked up at the Plymouth, where "Tchin-Tchin" is playing, the title means "Hello and Goodbye." Thanks to the cast, consisting of Margaret Leighton, Anthony Quinn, and Charles Grodin, and to the director, Peter Glenville, this was a splendid show to say hello to, but thanks to Sidney Michaels, who adapted the work from a French play by François Billetdoux, it was not a difficult one to say goodbye to. "Tchin-Tchin" is an implausible, unseemly, but occasionally endearing account of the relationship established between a strait-laced Englishwoman and a roughhewn Italian-American construction boss after her husband and his wife have established a relationship of their own. Miss Leighton, who has merely to step onto a stage to give a play substance, is at the top of her game here, and Mr. Quinn, although he is not entirely convincing in the role of a complaisant cuckold, is nevertheless engaging. In its early stages, "Tchin-Tchin" might make you believe that the character played by Miss Leighton and the character played by Mr. Quinn could conceivably get together, but as time goes on, the wafer-thin plot crumbles rapidly. In the course of the crumbling, Mr. Grodin, portraying Miss Leighton's son, has to persuade us that he is having an affair with Mr. Quinn's wife. He's a fine young man, but even Laocoön couldn't survive the convolutions of this business. Still, no matter how much of a strain "Tchin-Tchin" may put on your sense of logic, it's worth a visit, if only to see three sound actors go through their paces.

SIDNEY KINGSLEY, who has explored the melodramatic aspects of practically every phase of life in our time, from medicine ("Men in White") to politics ("Darkness at Noon"), has now, in "Night Life," at the Brooks Atkinson, taken yet another perfervid look at the world we live in. On this occasion, he has selected as his vantage point a key club in Manhattan—that is to say, an after-hours establishment—and peopled it with assorted disturbed, and even deranged, types, who get themselves into quite a tizzy between 1 A.M. and dawn. Mr. Kingsley, who not only wrote but produced and directed "Night Life," seems intent on establishing the Biblical



"I've decided to give myself up."

POP goes the Piper



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tenet that the meek shall inherit the earth—even if they die in the process. If it weren't for the lethal note that the playwright appends to this proposition, I'd be for it, but however that may be, I'm not sure that in this instance Mr. Kingsley has put his best foot forward dramatically. In a double-deck set, designed by Albert Johnson, he has assembled on the upper tier a clutch of racketeers, headed by a labor leader who is certain that he can take over the universe, and on the lower tier a group of more or less innocent patsies. Among the latter are a songbird who yearns for the megalomaniac labor man; her former paramour, a lawyer who is something of a lush; an amazingly contoured movie cutie; an unfunny comedian; the dissatisfied wife of a furniture dealer; and the dealer himself—our hero—who has, in his day, written verses rhyming "room" and "womb" and "tomb." Walter Abel does a superb job as this poetaster, and not far behind him are Neville Brand, who plays the crazy labor boss; Carol Lawrence, who plays the singer; Salome Jens, who plays the movie star; Carmen Mathews, who plays Mr. Abel's frustrated wife; and—But why go on? The performances are excellent, but the play is another matter.

"The Perfect Setup," which opened and closed last week at the Cort, offered Gene Barry as a philanderer who can't make up his mind whether he'd be better off with his wife or with his mistress. The play, which was written by Jack Sher, is a witless exercise, but it was adorned by Angie Dickinson and Jan Sterling, either of whom might cause any man to philander.

"The Fun Couple," briefly at the Lyceum, wasn't. Jane Fonda and Bradford Dillman did not distinguish themselves. —John McCarten

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[*Adv. in the Beirut (Lebanon) Daily Star*]

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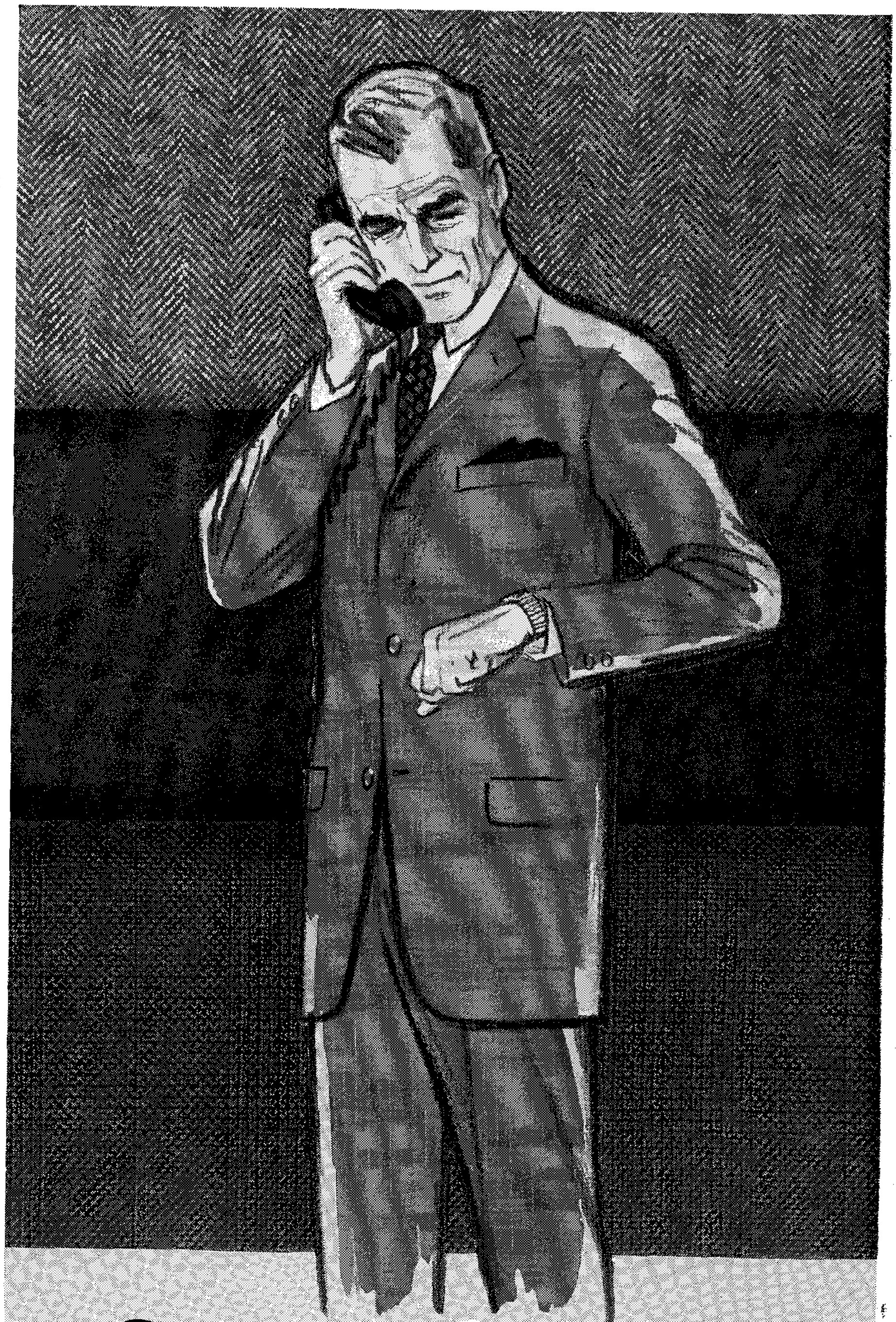
FOOTBALL

A Team for All Seasons

WHAT to give the team that has everything—poise, pertinacity, power—on its side? Well, undivided attention, especially when it is operating against odds, as Dartmouth, the case in point, was last Saturday, simultaneously solving the concrete problems presented by the intricacies of Harvard's attack and the imponderables presented by a fifteen-knot breeze—Dartmouth 24, Harvard 6. Harvard, resolute on offense and grudging on defense, was nevertheless easy; the breeze, which made Dartmouth's famous passing attack an incalculable risk, was not. But when standard methods fail, Dartmouth brings to bear other talents—Bill Wellstead, who can kick field goals even against the wind, and opportunism. Opportunity knocked but twice for Dartmouth—a stray Harvard punt and a stray Harvard pass—and both times Dartmouth quickly had a touchdown. The third touchdown and the field goal were the rewards of slower, and harder, work. The Harvard touchdown, the first anyone has been able to get against Dartmouth in five weeks of trying, was not a matter of Dartmouth inefficiency; the pass that brought it about was designated not for Taylor, who got it, but for someone else, and Taylor, whose size should have downgraded him to the more recent Harvard sport called touch football, was too fast for anyone in the threatening cloud of Dartmouth men who hung over him. One of them did take out after Taylor, but it was a Keystone Comedy chase; everyone knew who was going to win, and the linesman who finally upended the pursuer was simply doing what horseplayers term insuring a bet.

Dartmouth, the one unbeaten team of any size in this section of the world, downed Holy Cross in the best of weather, Pennsylvania on a field composed of marinated oatmeal, and Harvard in a sea breeze. Invariably, the Dartmouth players are all where they should be the whole afternoon; nothing is left to chance or the Monday quarterbacks. It is a coördination now almost invisible in the Ivy League, a coördination now almost wholly the patent of the



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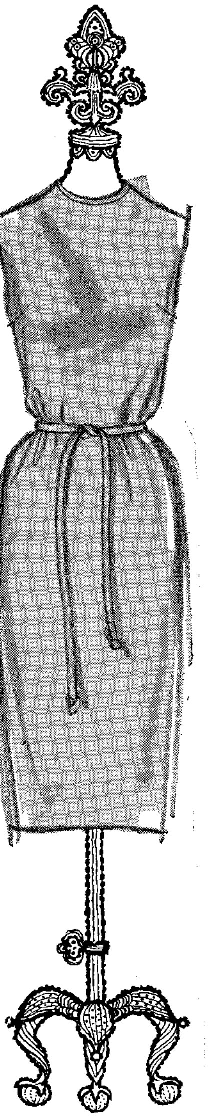

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WHILE King of Dartmouth was having trouble with his passing (though none at all with his gallant broken-field running), Roberts of Columbia and De Fiore, his understudy, were not; thirteen of their fifteen throws went to the right men and none to the wrong ones, so Columbia managed to upset Lehigh on Saturday, 22–15. Lehigh is one of the three bands of Rover Boys—Colgate and Rutgers are the others—whose autumn delight is Halloween pranks at the expense of the Ivy League. This year, a restoration of balance is in progress. Rutgers did beat Pennsylvania last weekend, 12–7, but Rutgers had already been beaten, and soundly, by Princeton, for the first time in five seasons. And Colgate, which lost quite a while ago to Brown and then topped Princeton by a single point, was tied at the very end by Yale, 14–14, on Saturday. Colgate, which has been in effect a supplementary member of the Ivy League for years, has for a long time wished to become a full member; now it may be in search of bigger game, or games, since it has begun booking Army.

The most tempestuous match of the weekend, in or out of the Ivy League, was played up at Ithaca by Cornell and Princeton. The passing (thirteen out of fifteen tries) and the running of Gary Wood and his fellow Cornell men outgained, 35–34, the poor passing and the efficient running (three hundred and eighty-five yards) of Princeton. Fall after fall, Dartmouth and Cornell and Princeton come to the wars with fleets of able athletes; Dartmouth has been able to maintain soundness of body and mind, the others have not. Cornell has improved a bit with the change in management; it may now be time for the arrival on the Princeton faculty of someone who can convince the players that a man dashing past you toward your goal may be the imminent recipient of a touchdown pass. Amherst, sound of everything, outran even Princeton (four hundred and forty-two yards), to stay unbeaten and to beat Wesleyan, 18–6, in the first match of the Little Three round robin. This year, Dartmouth and Amherst may turn out to be the first robins of fall. —J. W. L.

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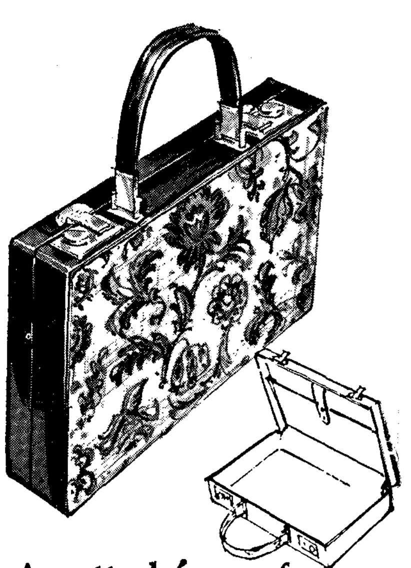

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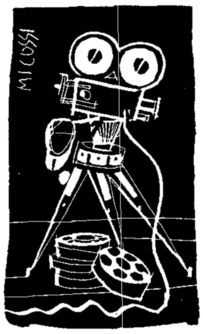

MANY loud hurrahs for "The Manchurian Candidate," a thriller guaranteed to raise all but the limpest hair. It comes to us from a little, half-abandoned Western village called Hollywood and shines with the characteristics—energy, pell-mell pace, a smooth, hard, bright surface—for which that village grew world-famous and which we keep hearing, and fearing, it has lost forever. A melodrama ought to take you instantly by the throat and never let you go, and that's precisely what "The Manchurian Candidate" succeeds in doing. The dexterity with which it manipulates the longed-for and yet dreaded pleasure of feeling one's flesh creep and one's voice try in vain to scream is so much the most notable thing about it that I wish to salute the unseen manipulators ahead of the actors. Chief among them are George Axelrod, author of the screenplay; John Frankenheimer, the director; Lionel Lindon, director of photography; and David Amram, composer and conductor of the music. The Messrs. Axelrod and Frankenheimer also produced the picture, so I suppose they deserve double credit for how well it has turned out, and I mustn't forget Richard Condon, from whose gaudy, galloping novel of the same name the picture is closely derived.

Melodramas appeal to emotions that are almost pre-verbal; it makes no difference to them that our Johnny-come-lately intellects find a given set of actions utter rubbish. For as long as Edgar Wallace is describing an adept of thuggee curled unseen atop a wardrobe in a dim hotel off Oxford Street, I believe him to be the greatest writer who ever lived, and as I sat watching the flagrant villainies and heroics of "The Manchurian Candidate," I wouldn't have swapped it for the most exquisite Bergman, but I realize that if I were to recount its plot now, in comparatively cold blood, you would wonder how I could have been taken in by such glittering hokum. It's just as well that the ethics of reviewing forbid me to reveal a thriller's crucial twists and turns; I can do my duty and preserve my self-respect by mentioning that the picture concerns a

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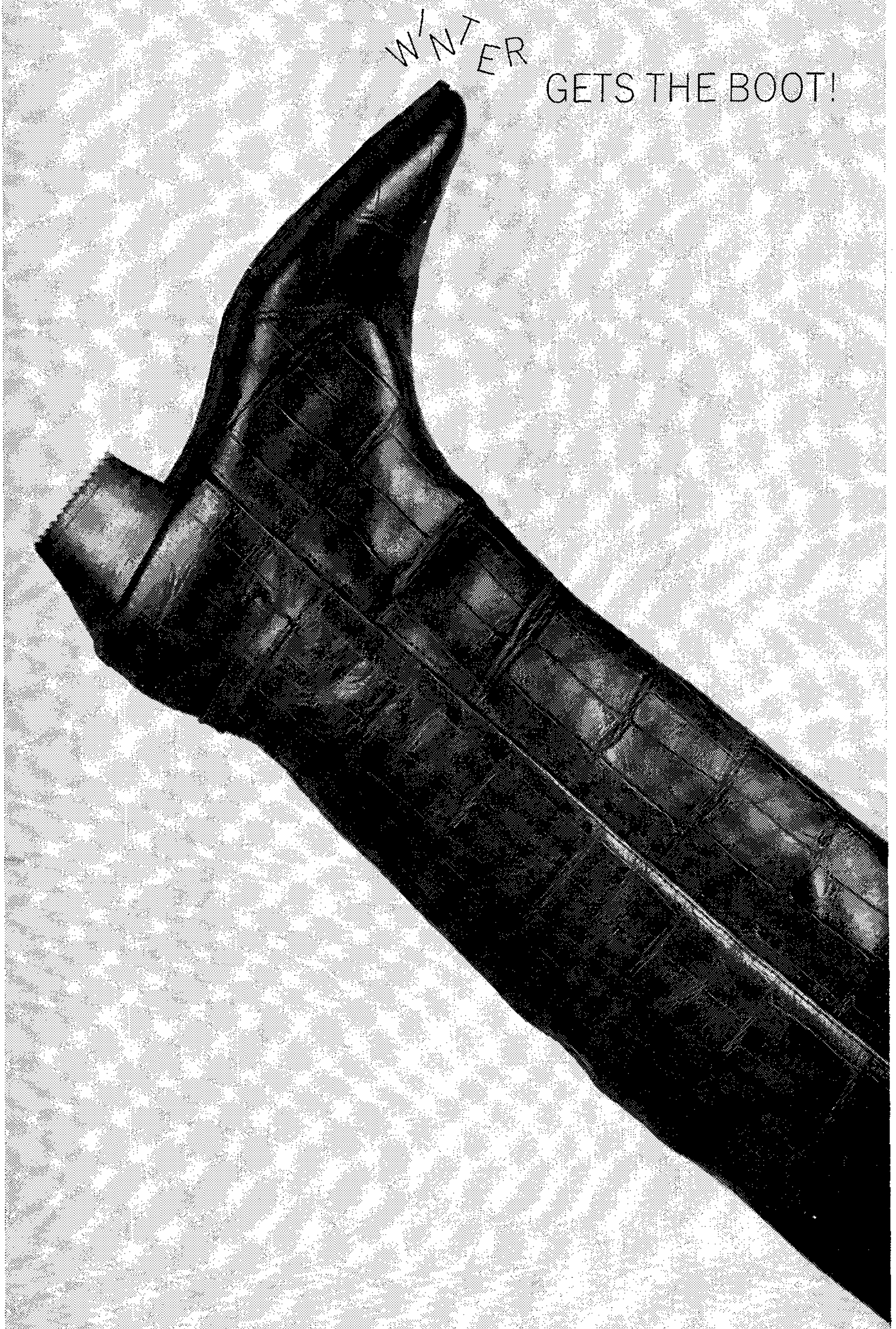

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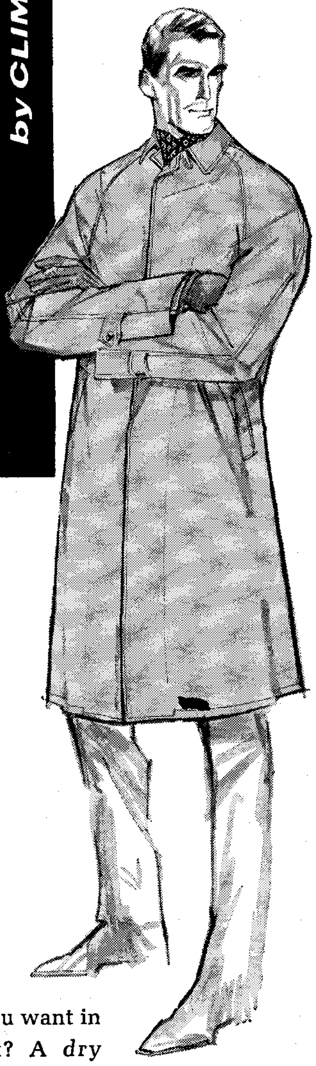

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nefarious conspiracy on the part of the Russians, working hand and glove with a Fascist undercover group in this country, to take over the Presidency. The success of the conspiracy hinges upon the Russians' having discovered a means of brainwashing a man so completely that, unbeknownst to him or any of his associates, he becomes an automaton, capable of committing the most horrendous crimes.

Laurence Harvey plays the part of the man whom the Russians brainwash; Frank Sinatra plays the Army Intelligence major who, practically single-handed, contrives to outwit a host of diabolists, foreign and domestic; Angela Lansbury plays the handsomest, and perhaps the most dangerous, of these diabolists; James Gregory plays her husband (a United States senator who rants about card-carrying Communists in the State Department and might just as well have been named McCarthy); and Janet Leigh plays the extremely nice girl who falls in love with the major and talks him into falling in love with her. The acting is all of a high order, and Sinatra, in his usual uncanny fashion, is simply terrific.

PETER USTINOV has made a magnificent movie of "Billy Budd." As you might expect, the Great Man is everywhere—he's listed in the credits as the producer, the director, the co-author (with DeWitt Bodeen) of the screenplay, and, of course, one of the leading players—but Director Ustinov has wisely chosen to whittle Actor Ustinov down to what passes among ordinary mortals for life size, with the result that he doesn't dominate the picture. The script, an eloquent enlargement and enrichment of the famous Melville novella, owes more to a play that Robert Chapman and Louis O. Coxe fashioned from the novella several years ago than it does to the original, which is a remarkably stunted and wayward affair, and—from the point of view of successful drama—shamefully fudges many of the crucial scenes. In the movie, all is lucid and direct, and the action marches with increasing speed from merry first to tragic last.

Among other things, "Billy Budd" is a splendid sea story, which, being laid in the closing years of the eighteenth century, gives Robert Krasker's camera the chance to capture, in crisp black-and-white, many a stirring shot of a square-rigged British man-o'-war under sail. The captain of the ship embodies the law, which may not be trifled with even for the sake of justice; the master-

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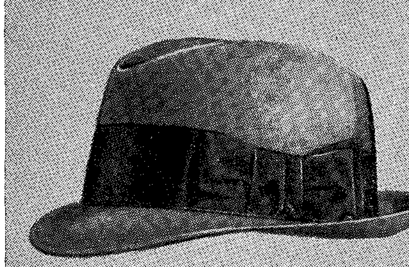

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at-arms embodies what Melville, quoting Plato, calls "natural depravity;" and a young sailor who is impressed aboard ship from a passing merchantman is the embodiment of physical and spiritual beauty. In the inevitable collision between these three, goodness is driven to destroy evil, but does so by an accident that is itself the equivalent of evil and must therefore, saith the law, be punished as if it were evil. In the flower of his innocence and beauty, young Billy Budd, whom all men love, must hang. The fable is at once so harsh and so touching that when, at the moment of hanging, Billy cries out "God bless Captain Vere!" I suspect you'll be covertly at work in the corners of your eyes.

A newcomer named Terence Stamp plays the part of Billy, and plays it exceedingly well. Peter Ustinov plays the captain, and Robert Ryan, as the master-at-arms, makes a brilliant job of "natural depravity." Melville's crotchety ghost should be well pleased.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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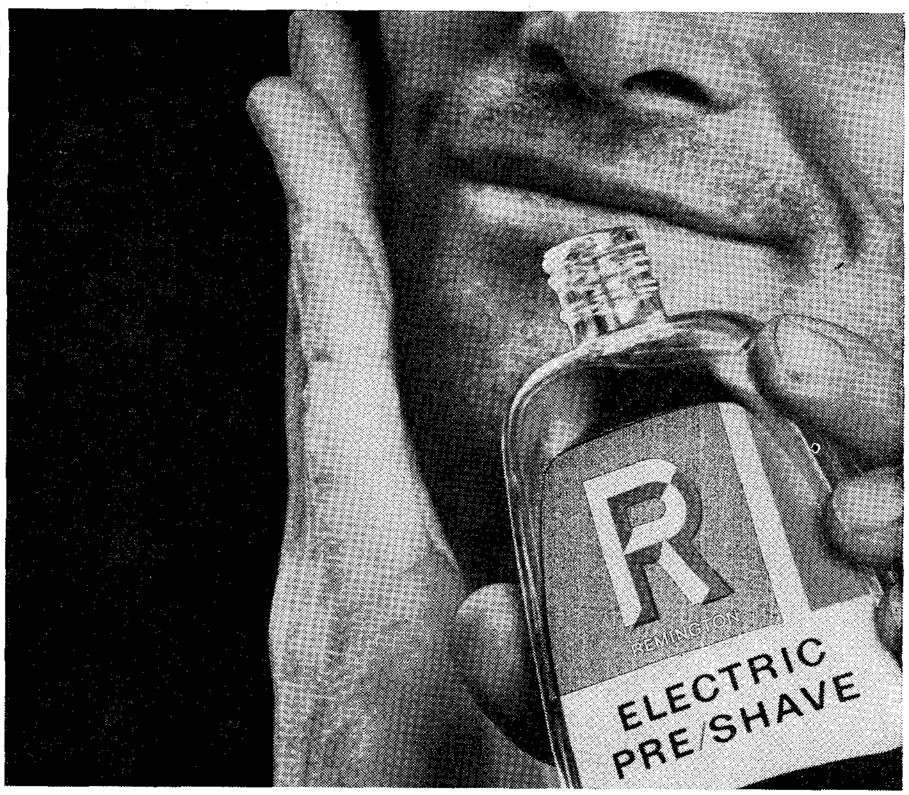
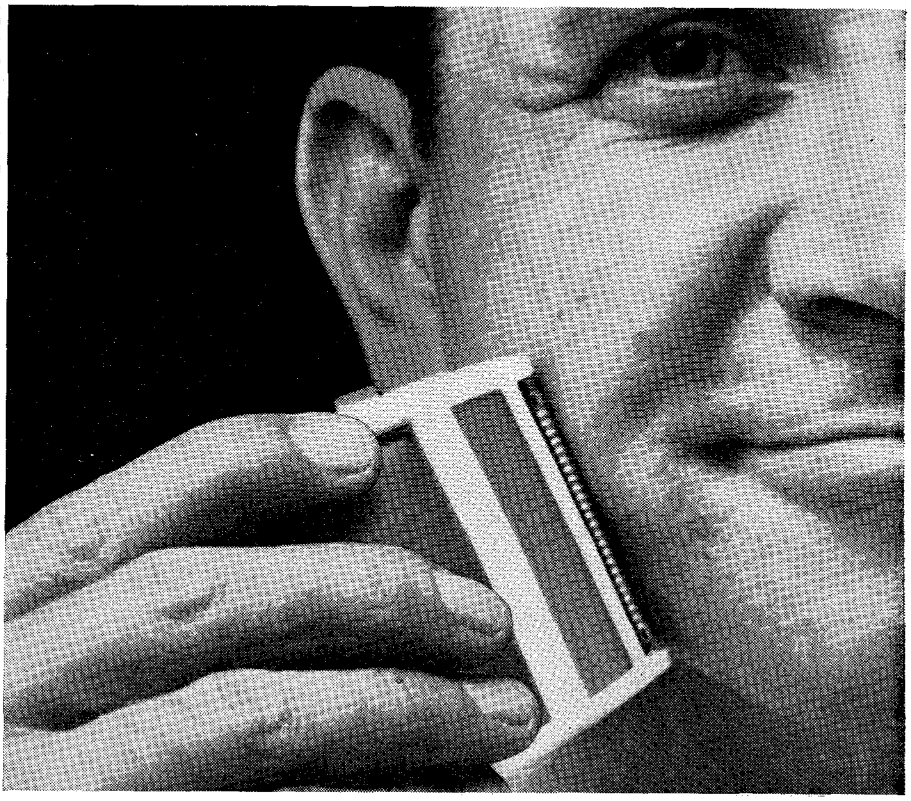
You know without the telling that the price of safety like the price of liberty is paid in everlasting vigilance; that doing unto others as you would have them do unto you breeds the fellow feeling that makes men wondrous kind; that safety like charity begins at home; that on the streets and highways every driver is his brother's keeper; and that first, last, and always the rule of good manners is the golden rule of the road.

The kingdom of safety, like the Kingdom of God, is not in the mass, nor in the committee, nor in the other fellow—it is in you; and the keys to the kingdom are in the hands of every driver at the wheel.
—*Driver's Refresher Handbook of Traffic Laws and Highway Safety, Department of Motor Vehicles, State of North Carolina.*

Let us pray.



Set 'em up



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 28

THE White House has not, at this writing, received the latest Khrushchev note, but the world has, and to everyone here it appears that all of the essential requirements—as distinct from the formal demands—of American policy are about to be satisfied. If the Soviet technicians are in fact dismantling the medium- and intermediate-range missile installations and withdrawing their components, on-site inspection and verification can be arranged at a later date, and in all probability no harm would come of it if there never were any inspection. The United States had little difficulty in detecting the construction of the bases; it can surely verify their destruction—and, thanks to the conveniently slim and elongated contours of the Pearl of the Antilles, without the need for overflights. Most of the surveillance we have thus far conducted has required no violation of Cuban air space. Nuclear warheads are, of course, another matter, but nuclear warheads in a Cuba with no effective launching systems endanger only Cuba. The latest news released by the Pentagon suggests that, like the President, the Soviet technicians in Cuba have not as yet got Khrushchev's message. They are still building, and there are dark hints that Moscow may be dissembling. This is hard to credit; enough has already happened in this extraordinary week to suggest that Khrushchev remains a true Leninist to the extent that it offends him very little to make strategic withdrawals when survival seems to require them, and that bourgeois notions of pride never put him off. "If you are not able to adapt yourself," Lenin told his comrades after the humiliation of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, "if you are not ready to crawl in the mud on your belly, you are not a revolutionist but a chatterbox." Lenin, of course, recommended retreat only when it was necessary to preserve the opportunity for bringing up "fresh forces [and] renewing the attack." Khrushchev's crawl may be a prelude to a renewed attack, but it hardly seems likely to come in Cuba—or, indeed, in the Western Hemisphere.

Throughout the week, the principal anxiety in American diplomatic and military circles here was not that the Cuban crisis, whether it ended in an American invasion or a Soviet withdrawal, would be a prelude to an attack elsewhere but that it would be a dangerous distraction from what was regarded as the central crisis—Berlin. During the late summer and the early autumn, the administration kept insisting that the Soviets would deliver an ultimatum on Berlin this year, and that a final showdown could not be avoided. It interpreted the first Soviet maneuvers in Cuba as an effort to draw American attention away from Berlin, and possibly to provoke the United States into an invasion. The tendency in most Allied capitals and among a good many observers here was to feel that the Berlin crisis the administration was talking about was of local rather than of Soviet manufacture. On the surface, it was lent an air of reality only by Khrushchev's statement in September that he would not "embarrass" the President by bringing the matter up before the Congressional elections. The British took this to be nothing more than a convenient procrastination. The French held, as usual, that Khrushchev was a windbag who would never dare make a move that would incur the displeasure of General de Gaulle. The West Germans said that they saw no particular evidence of Soviet impatience. Russian diplomats and correspondents here went about town asking Americans why they were stirring up trouble with all their talk of the imminence of a crisis. Was it to help the Democrats in the November elections? Was it because the American

"Father, dear father, come back to your seat now."

government feared that the American people were growing bored with Berlin? It was only when it became clear that Cuba was being converted into a base for Soviet weapons of a flagrantly and devastatingly offensive character that the administration's sense of urgency about Berlin was taken with much seriousness; the haste in October to outflank our thermonuclear deterrent to the south seemed to explain Khrushchev's curious reference to the elections in November. It appeared to be a classic instance of second-front strategy, and one that, if it had worked, might have rendered completely ineffective what we call our "second-strike capability"—that reserve of nuclear striking power which, according to the theory of deterrence, would restrain any sane commander from making nuclear war, because his own society would be destroyed even if he had, moments earlier, destroyed the enemy. By the middle of last week, there seemed nothing in the least preposterous about saying that the successful emplacement in Cuba of a large number of medium- and intermediate-range missiles would result in the unilateral disarmament of the United States at the hands of the Soviet Union. No other policy objective could be brought forward to account for the nature of the Soviet presence in Cuba. Had the Soviet objective been attained, it seemed clear, and had a Berlin ultimatum been issued, the choice of the West would have been between abandonment of Berlin and destruction.

There has not yet been time for anyone to address himself to the question of whether Khrushchev's hasty withdrawal requires some new reading of his original motives. The text of the President's message of last night has not yet been released. It may have contained an ultimatum that left Khrushchev no time for procrastination or maneuver. The speed with which he met the American terms, though, suggests either that he had miscalculated on an incredible scale by supposing it was possible to set up Cuban bases without American detection, or that he had never been up to anything more than a test of the President's will and courage. If he was indeed conducting a probe, that, too, involved a huge miscalculation, for there could surely have been ways of learning what he wanted to know without unifying, as he did, the Organization of American States, without accepting for the first time the authority of the United Nations, without demonstrating to the satellites and to the neutrals he has sought to befriend how

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quickly he will run out on an ally, and without destroying the political value of his rocket-rattling. (Between August, 1957, the month in which the Soviets announced their first successful firing of "a super-long-distance intercontinental multi-stage ballistic missile," and the end of 1961, there were twenty-three distinct occasions upon which Khrushchev employed the threat of his missile power as an instrument of his aggressive diplomacy. State Department disarmament experts, who keep records of this sort, did not this past week have complete figures for the first ten months of 1962, but they said that if Khrushchev's known threats—made mainly to representatives of NATO countries, who were told that their continued association with the United States invited their destruction by Soviet weapons—were combined with those made since 1957 by his direct subordinates and by official publications of his government, the figure would be well over a hundred.) His losses seem to be staggering in their dimensions, and it is almost impossible to imagine how they might be offset by any seen or unseen gains. He has won high praise from Bertrand Russell, and he has been complimented by the President for a "statesmanlike" act. He has the world's gratitude for playing a large role in preserving the peace that he had threatened in the first place. These things cannot be begrudged him, but they butter no parsnips for a Communist politician. He has perhaps stored up a certain amount of credit with Western leaders, who may feel that they ought to follow the amiable customs of their craft and do Khrushchev some kind of favor that will make him look better with the people back home. If what he would like is Berlin, however, he will not get it, nor is he likely at any early date to persuade NATO to give up any considerable part of its installations in Turkey. He can probably get a summit meeting if he wants one, and he can expect not to be pressed too hard by the West for further concessions on his part.

THE week has provided a display of the ruthlessness of Soviet diplomacy and of what appears to be its gross miscalculation. It has also provided a display of its extraordinary flexibility and virtuosity. Since American diplomacy has succeeded, its critics will be few and their strictures mild. No one who watched developments here failed to be impressed by the forethought, precision, subtlety, and steady nerves of the President and those around him in

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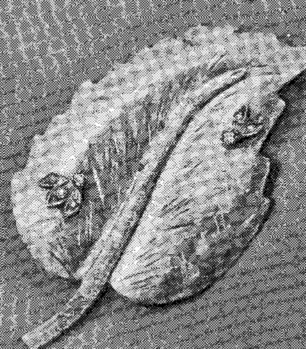

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preparing our bold and ultimately successful initiative. The week had hardly begun, though, when it became apparent that if much was required of us in the way of flexibility, we would not have much to give. Khrushchev was able to play for time in ways that would have been available to President Kennedy only if he had elected to run risks of internal dissension that might in the end have caused him to lose his control over events. Had the Soviet and American roles been reversed in the middle of the week, it is doubtful whether—no matter what prudential or tactical considerations recommended it—the President could have made a decision comparable to Khrushchev's decision not to run the Caribbean blockade. The Soviet leaders are possessed by an ideology that is unyielding on all questions other than those of tactics and strategy, where, as Lenin's words about crawling through the mud so clearly reveal, it is infinitely pragmatic. The American leaders are unideological and essentially pragmatic on nearly all questions other than those of tactics and strategy, where they tend to be hobbled by the demonologies and tribal memories of our society, as well as by its democratic morality. If the President had made miscalculations as basic as those made by Khrushchev, and if he had subsequently decided to pull back and save the peace of the world, he would, even if he escaped impeachment, have lost the better part of his Presidential authority. Khrushchev's words and his actions can be at complete—and, from the world's point of view, useful—variance; he can conceal the contradictions from his own people if he chooses to, or he can expect them to be acceptable to Leninist morality if his case for

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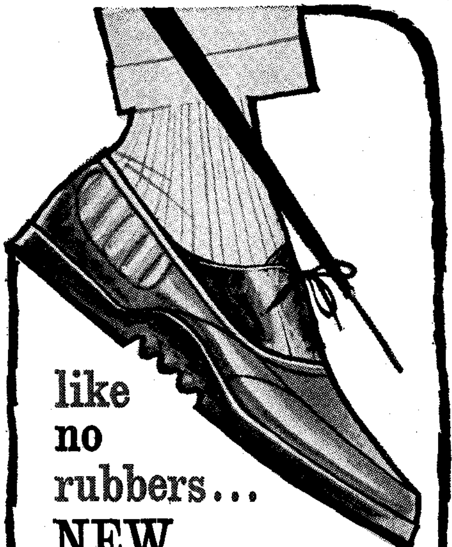

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retreat is a strong one. Dealing with a free, informed, articulate, and highly concerned constituency, Mr. Kennedy cannot revert to the doctrine that consistency may be—on occasion, at least—a mean and dangerous virtue.

The next period is likely to show the weaknesses as well as the strengths of the American practice. It may very well be that a time has arrived for broad and advantageous settlements. The world has been frightened as it had never been frightened before, and the Soviet leaders may have been the most frightened men of all. A chance may exist, as the President has said, for a genuine *détente* and for important steps toward general disarmament. The President found it easy to get the country behind him when he seemed close to an assault on Cuba; he will find it far less easy to get it behind him if he chooses now to engage in negotiations with the Soviet Union. The mere mention, a few days back, of a summit meeting brought from Harry Truman the recollection that he had attended two of them and had learned that they weren't worth a damn, and from the less experienced Everett Dirksen, the Minority Leader of the Senate, the opinion that every one he had ever heard of was a swindle. Khrushchev is no longer asking us to dismantle our Turkish base, but Walter Lippmann had suggested a few days before Khrushchev brought it up that this might be a way out of the crisis. Had Mr. Lippmann been right in thinking it a fair deal (he characterized the proposal as an exchange of a defenseless base in Cuba for a nearly obsolete one in Turkey), it would nevertheless have been one that the President could not possibly have been party to in the atmosphere that then prevailed. The atmosphere that seems likely to prevail now will be filled with pressures not to follow victory with more negotiations but to follow the present negotiation with more victories. These would be hard to produce.

THE President said in his address to the nation last Monday evening that his first knowledge of the new and dangerous developments in Cuba had been brought to him on Tuesday, October 16th, at nine in the morning. From then until last Sunday, he managed to carry on without betraying any sense of an impending ordeal. (The White House correspondents who accompanied him on the campaign trip that ended in Chicago on the morning after it began were not satisfied with Pierre Salinger's story that the President had a head cold

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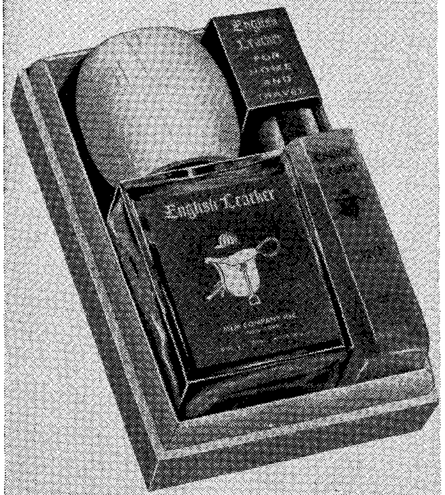

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and one degree of fever. What they suspected was that he might have two or three degrees of fever.) On one occasion, though, he expressed an uncharacteristic sentiment in a characteristic way. In the afternoon of the day he received the first intelligence reports, he met with a group of newspaper and broadcasting people who were in Washington for some conferences organized by the State Department. At the conclusion of a short and rather routine talk on foreign policy, he said there came to his mind a poem by a Spaniard named Ortega that had been translated by Robert Graves. The text he recited was:

Bullfight critics ranked in rows
Crowd the enormous Plaza full;
But only one is there who *knows*
And he's the man who fights the bull.

Ortega is Domingo Ortega, a bullfighter. The poem appeared in the British monthly *Encounter* in December, 1961. Robert Graves quoted it as reflecting his feelings when he won the Oxford Chair of Poetry, a position he said might be called "a Siege Perilous."

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

The point the writer tried to make in this article is that the dog serves as a catalytic agent, helping the child to regress, accept himself and progress tentatively, and then more surely, on the road to self-discovery and self-healing.

However, this paper probably raises more questions than it can answer.

Exactly what is the role of the dog here? How does he bring insight into the situation? How is the path toward the rocky road of self-maturation taken? How can a dog help and sometimes substitute for a therapist? Is the relationship between the dog and child similar to that between the child and therapist? What about the therapist who cannot share the child with a dog?—*Mental Hygiene.*

He's a sick therapist. Get him a hamster.

•

NORTH WILKESBORO (UPI)—Rex Williams, 28-year-old feed mill worker, was sentenced to six months in the county jail Monday on the testimony of his estranged wife.

Mrs. Williams told Judge E. James Moore that her husband threatened to cut off her head with a razor, threw a hammer at her and made numerous other threats on her life prior to a shooting incident Sept. 3. Williams was convicted of assault with intent to kill for pumping 13 rifle bullets into her car as she drove up to the family home here.

Many Raleigh women enjoy activities at the YWCA, a United Fund Agency.

—*Raleigh (N. C.) Times.*

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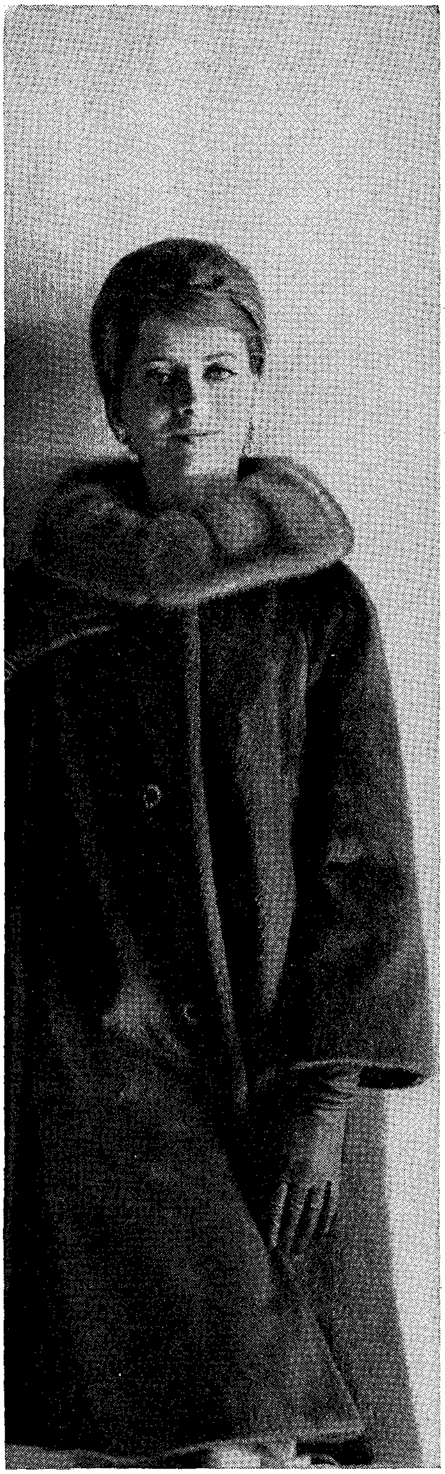

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THE FOREHANDEDNESS OF LIZZIE LEE COX

[*From the Hertford* (*N. C.*) *Perquimans Weekly*]

On Sunday, August 5, Lizzie Lee Cox, Eleanor White, Joe Hunter and Grace Coston boarded the train in Rocky Mount for a very eventful trip to New York. It was Lizzie Lee's first trip there and a very memorable one for her, indeed. When we got on the train we noticed the excessive heat inside. Knowing that all trains are air conditioned, we knew something was wrong, so we inquired. The conductor told us the cooling system was heating instead of cooling. Women began to faint and get nauseated. Lizzie Lee had carried a big tote bag and we had already wondered what it contained. We soon began to find out. She brought out smelling salts for the fainters and vinegar for the nauseated ones. We finally had to move into cars that had been hitched on and got started in a cool way. Up around Emporia, Va., the train felt as if it had derailed. We soon learned that the train had hit a carload of people. Luckily, they were not hurt seriously or killed. We were detained for a short while and then moved on. Between Fredericksburg and Washington Joe leaned against the window to rest and POW! somebody shot that window. Glass shattered all over Joe and scared us all to death. The conductor assured us that it was a boy's prank so all was well. We had anticipated eating in the diner going up but alas, no diner. Again Lizzie Lee went down into the bag and brought out turkey sandwiches, pickles and chocolate cake. The man came through with the push cart selling drinks but alas again his cups had run out. Plenty of coffee but no cups. Down into the bag again and out came cups—enough for us and all the people around.

We arrived in the big city at 1:35 Monday morning—hungry a sight. We only had to cross the street to our hotel, the Governor Clinton. We had reservations but some mix-up had occurred and they wanted to put us in adjoining rooms instead of one. We didn't want that, so Lizzie Lee asked to see the manager. He promptly gave us the best big room in his hotel so that we could all be together and it's a wonderful place to stay, thanks to Mr. Roth, the president, and Tommy Rafferty, the bell hop captain.

After getting situated comfortably in our room we thought of food—hot food. Tommy Rafferty took us up to our room and after inquiring about a place near the hotel to eat, he told us he didn't want four girls on the streets at that wee, small hour alone, so he went with us, waited until we ate and saw us safely back to the hotel and best of all, he refused the tip we offered him.

When we had slept about five hours we started on our rounds of the city. The hotel gave us tickets to the television shows The Price Is Right, Password and Talent Scouts. When we went to The Price Is Right—that's when the excitement began. Of course, Lizzie Lee had definitely made up her mind before she left home that she'd be on some program, and she was actually selected from the audience to be on The Price Is Right. Was it luck or pluck? She had plenty of luck but she wasn't afraid to

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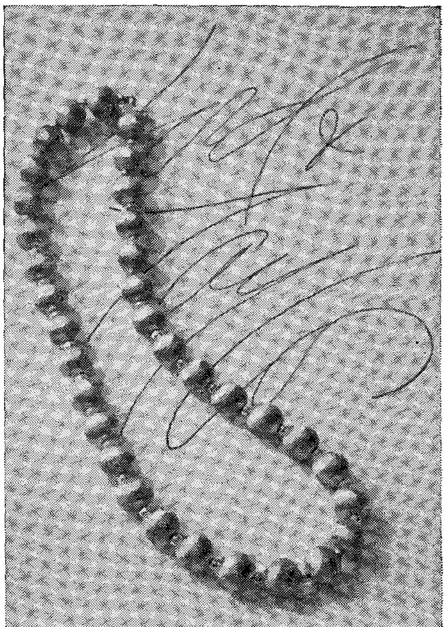

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try anything. She had even carried, in that bag, of course, a jar of her watermelon rind pickles for Bill Cullen and after the show, believe it or not, she presented him the pickles and told him since she couldn't bring the watermelon, she brought the rind.

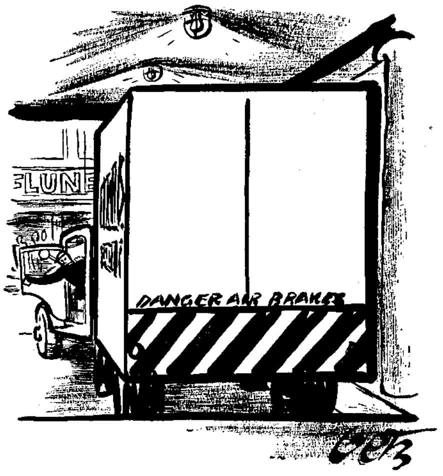
We visited Radio City Music Hall and saw the famous Rockettes. We toured CBS and NBC studios, took a boat cruise around Manhattan Island, a subway ride out to Coney Island, ate at some swanky restaurants and shopped in Macy's, Gimbel's and Sak's. On Broadway we were in the crowds to watch the celebrities get out of taxis and surreys with the fringe on top. The occasion was the premier of the stage play, "The Wonderful World of the Grimms Brothers." The sidewalks were roped off and you should have seen us crawling under the ropes to get a good view. One woman said, "That's one way of getting in."

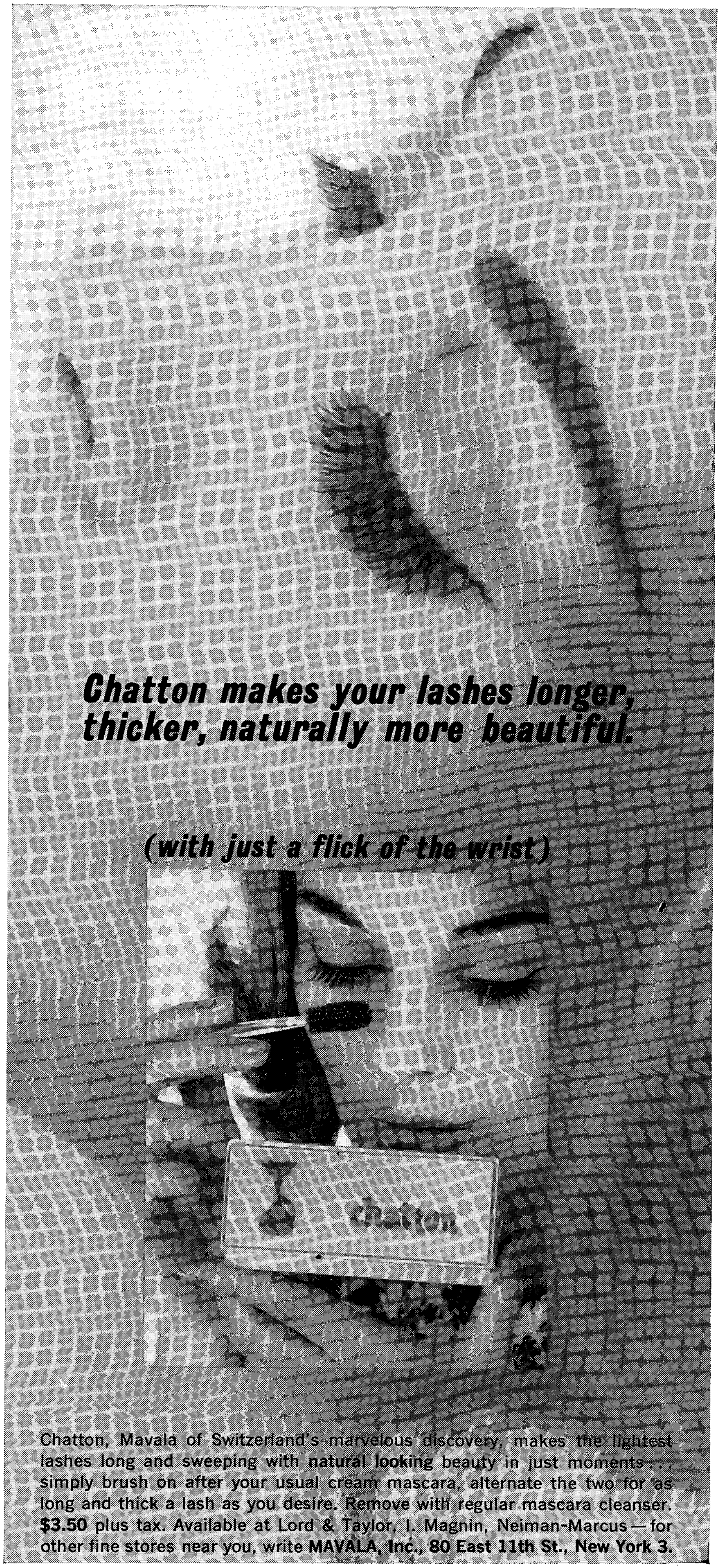
Always, after we'd eaten at some swanky place where they give you more than you can eat, back in the hotel room around midnight, we'd wish we had what we'd left in the restaurant. We did have it. Lizzie Lee and Joe would open up their bags and out would come pickles, ham, turkey, etc. Once somebody wished for a toothpick—plenty of them in that bag. We bought what we thought were slices of cheesecake from Lindy's, known all over the world for its cheesecake. Upon arriving in our room we found the cake was not sliced as anticipated. No worries, however—a knife came from that bag.

In our walks along Broadway and Fifth Avenue we'd comment on different people resembling folks back home, so when we were in the RCA Building and Lizzie Lee exclaimed, "There's Keith Haskett and Don Norman," who were on a farm tour from Perquimans, the rest of us paid no attention. It did actually turn out to be Keith and Don, so we decided that New York is not so big after all, despite its eight million people.

Another thing that bag contained was a camera and Lizzie Lee snapped a picture any old time. We are anxious to see those pictures! Too, it always carried an extra pair of shoes and in a taxi, subway, theater or even on Broadway, if her feet hurt, she changed shoes then and there.

On Wednesday afternoon, our last day there, Eleanor (owner of White's Dress Shop in Hertford) and Grace left Lizzie Lee and Joe for the first time to visit the

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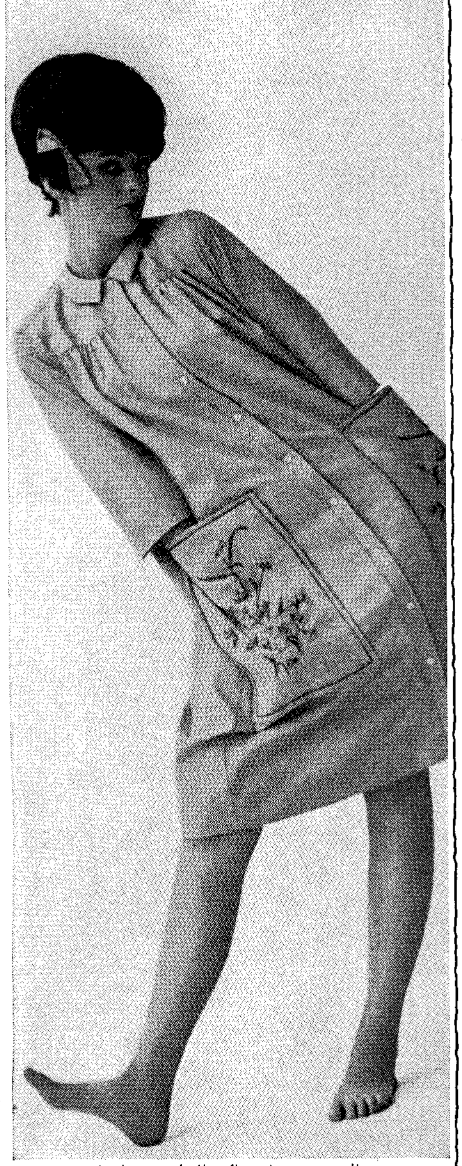
a division of Swirl wrap 'n tie fashions



At these and other fine stores, or write
Models Coat, Inc., 1350 Broadway, N.Y.
B. Altman & Co., New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago;
Rich's, Atlanta; Bullocks-Westwood, Los Angeles

wholesale houses. Eleanor bought some beautiful things to be shipped back to her store in Hertford.

Just before we left, Lizzie Lee announced she had done everything she planned to do except call Mayor Wagner. We spurred her on so she did just that. She didn't get to talk to him directly but extended greetings from our Mayor, Mr. Darden, to Mayor Wagner by way of the detective who answered the phone.

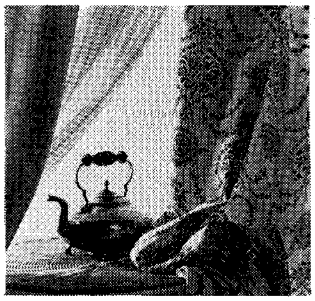
We left New York at 9:30 Wednesday night after three days of thrills and excitement. We were proud to be from Hertford, North Carolina, and we let them know it. The people up there seemed glad to have us. They were very nice and helpful to us. We were especially proud that one of our group could get on television and win a lot of merchandise. Best of all, we were so glad Lizzie Lee carried that bag. It went all over New York, even on the stage in NBC studio. The only thing in that bag that didn't prove to be useful were her tonsils and appendix, preserved in alcohol, which she had planned to have as her secret in case she got on "I've Got a Secret." We no longer have to wonder what was in the bag because we know that it had everything four people need for a three-day trip to New York.

•

WALKING IN THE WET

Today the weather is serious.
Leaves are torn from the maples,
are hurled or spin away.
The windows stream with rain
that is further dishevelling
the garden, undoing the borders.
The remnants of roses are clots
and blobs on the wall. What
a great deal of waving
and bending there is in the wind!
It is only when I am out
among these swaying forms,
in the ecstasy of walking
in the wet, that I think
of the house at all, its faithful
furniture, silent cushions,
closets that are like a secret
room in the trunk of a tree.
Throwing myself forward
with a powerful stride, slapping
at the oozy meadow with my stick,
taking the wind full,
I think of my bedroom and workroom
that are a Kingdom of the Dead.
Sometime I will walk into
winter and walk out of it.
The rain will change a hundred
ways; I will walk on
through all the colors of the leaves
and the leafless time. Let
the house wait with its hob and cat,
with its pictures that are pictures of itself;
I will go round again
by Cooper's Wood and break
upon the view where summer
blows itself away.

—Gene Baro



Look what's happened to PPG fiber glass ...at these stores

The print illustrated at the right on the facing page is "Classique," by Cameo, available in readymade draperies at many fine stores, including those listed below. Also illustrated "Belgique" (left) by Covington, and "Gay Mesh" (center) by Scheffres, which are available through your decorator.

NEW YORK CITY
Gimbels and branches
Stern's and branches
B. Gertz, Jamaica and branches
NEW YORK STATE
Dey Bros., Syracuse and branches
Fay's, Mt. Vernon and Bronx
Fowler, Dick & Walker, Binghamton
Frankel's, Garden City and branches
Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo and branches
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester and branches
The Carl Co., Schenectady
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Lansburgh's and branches
VIRGINIA
Ames & Brownley, Norfolk
Thalhimer's, Richmond
MARYLAND
Stewart & Co., Baltimore and branches
MASSACHUSETTS
Jordan Marsh Co., and branches
MICHIGAN
Grand Leader, Battle Creek
Herpolsheimers, Grand Rapids
Star Interiors, Ann Arbor and Lincoln Park
NEW JERSEY
Lit Bros., Camden and Trenton
Meyer Brothers, Paterson
Rosen Decorators, Jersey City
The Mill Mart, Camden
PENNSYLVANIA
A. E. Troutman, Greensburg
Bowman's, Harrisburg
Cleland Simpson Co., Scranton
Erie Dry Goods, Erie
Fowler, Dick & Walker, Wilkes-Barre
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh and branches
Lit Bros., Philadelphia and branches
Laubach's, Easton
L. L. Stearns, Williamsport
Levinson Bros, Warren
Metro Decorators, Bethlehem
O. W. Houts, State College
Penn Traffic, Johnstown
Pomeroy's, Pottsville and Reading
R. E. Kaplan, McKeesport
Watt & Shand, Lancaster
William Gable Co., Altoona
Zollinger Harned, Allentown
NORTH CAROLINA
Ivey's, Charlotte
WEST VIRGINIA
Curtain Shop, Clarksburg
Huntington Store, Huntington
INDIANA
George H. Knollenberg, Richmond
LOUISIANA
D. H. Holmes, New Orleans and Baton Rouge
FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh, Miami, Orlando and Fort Lauderdale

See other beautiful fiber glass Masterpiece draperies and drapery fabrics at good stores everywhere. Masterpiece drapery fabrics are made with PPG fiber glass yarns which have earned this seal. PPG manufactures the yarns, not the fabric.

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PPG fiber glass
...the fiber glass for finer fabrics

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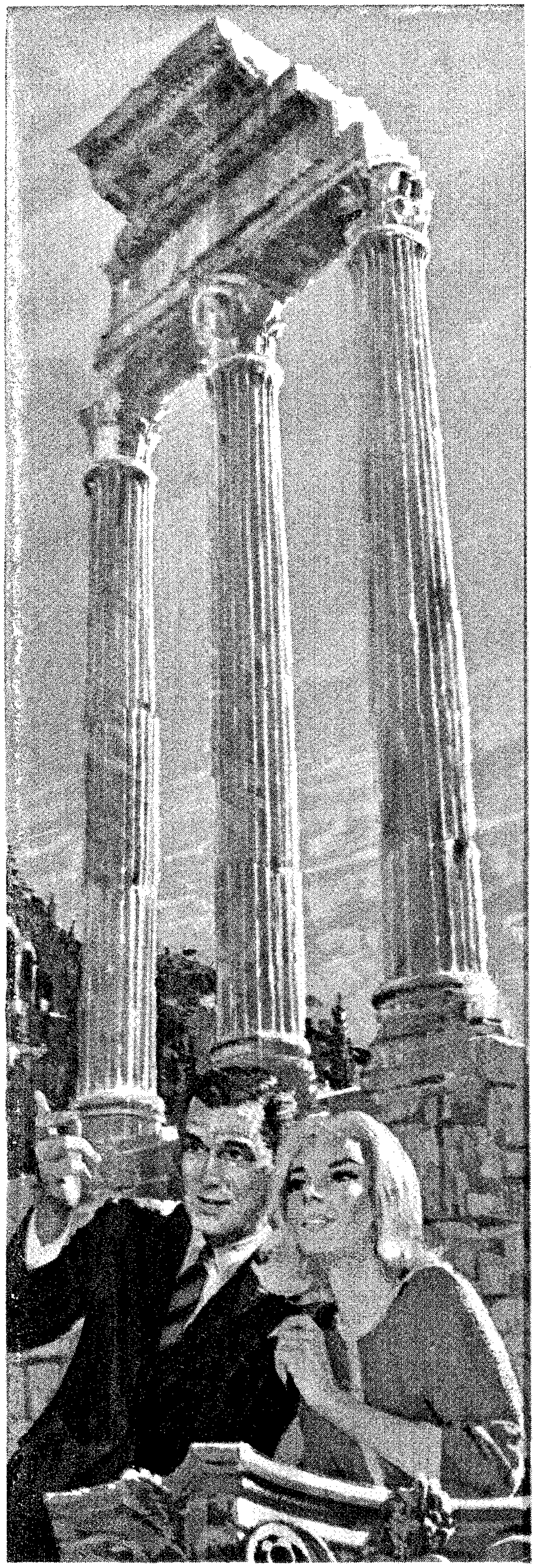
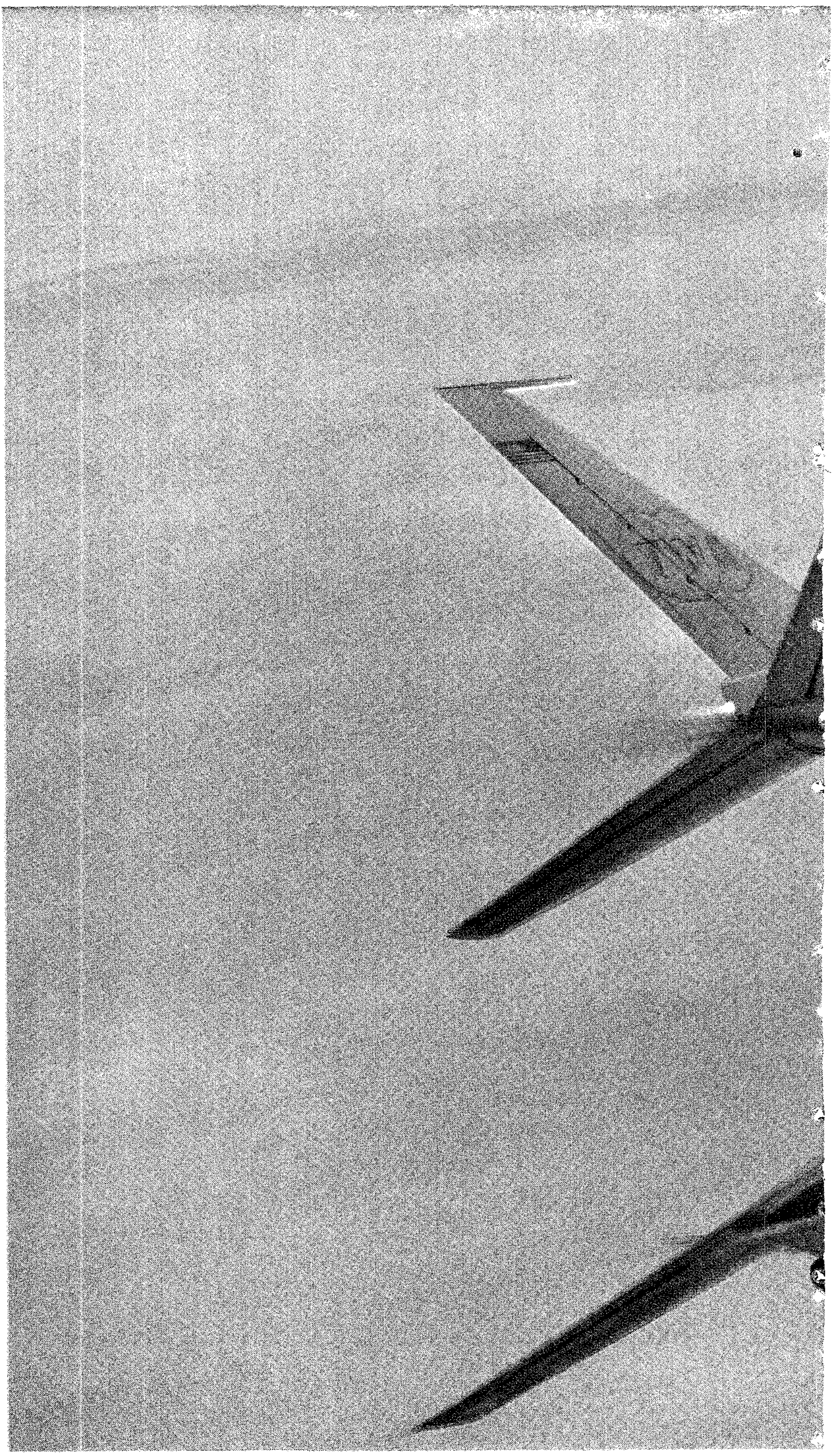
PPG *fiber glass*
...the fiber glass for finer fabrics





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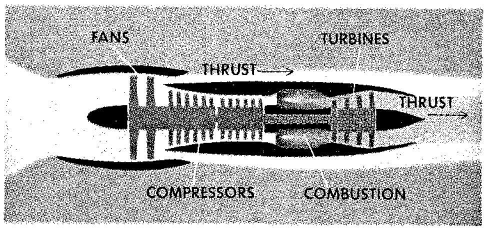

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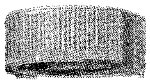

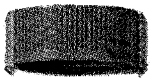

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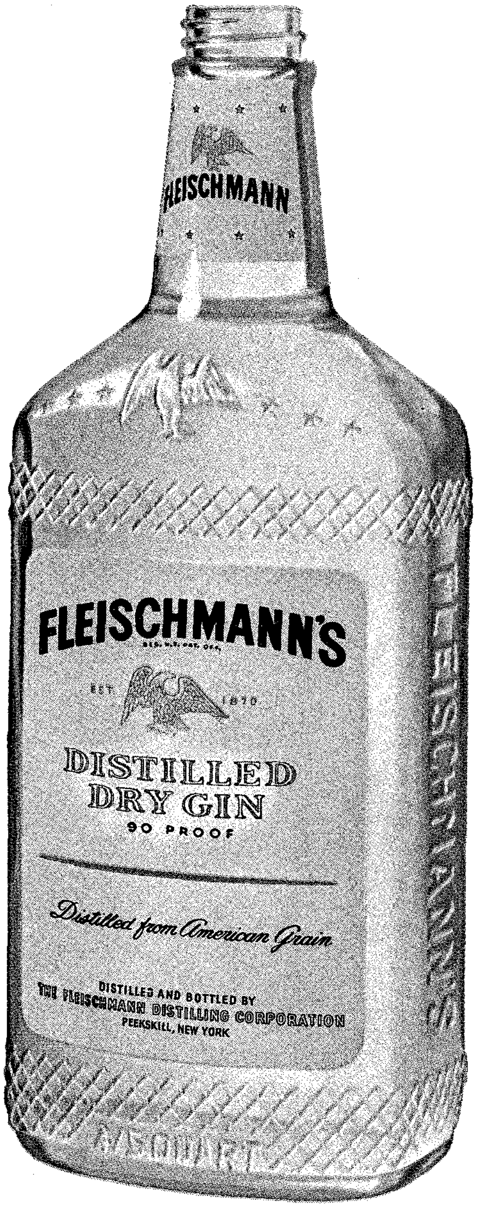
And it's every bit
as smooth!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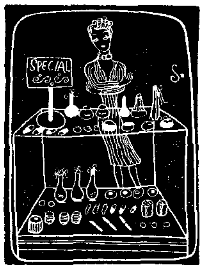
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

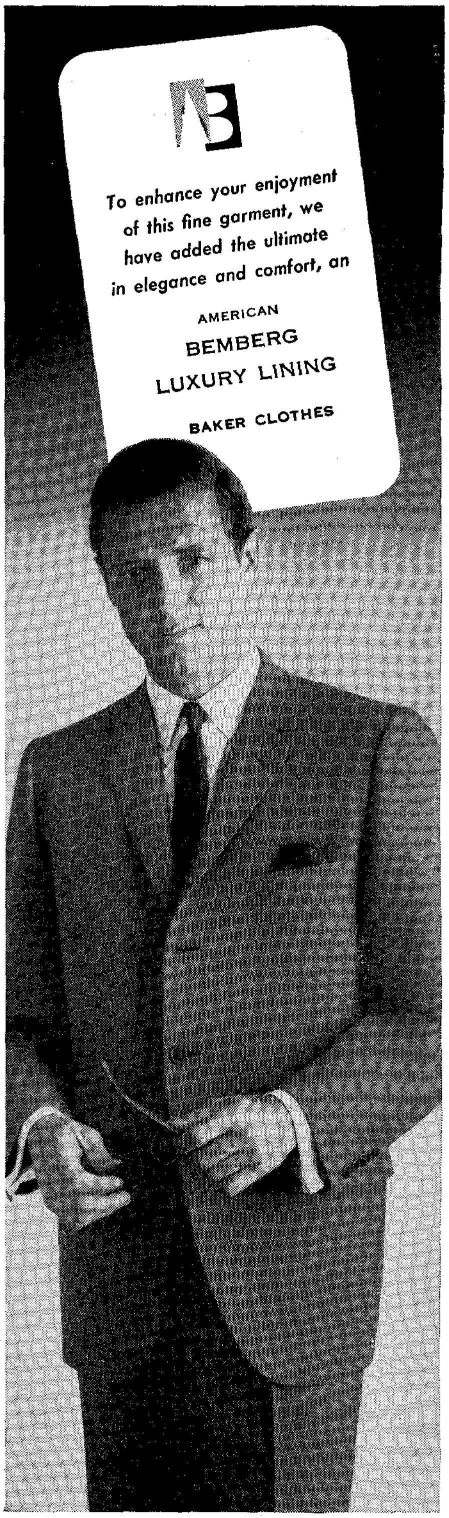
THE revolt of the angels—that is, the women customers who make the productions of the custom furriers possible—has for some time now included a flat refusal to put substantial investments in any sort of coat that makes them look staid, especially if the fur concerned belongs to the classification "luxurious." The designers, no fools they, have accordingly swung over to an attitude that could be called informal and even sportive. Youthful and forthright sports lines appear to be the answer, and the impulse toward zaniness is now largely restricted to the *hors-concours* type of pelt. Instead of the old-time, traditional cape collars on mink coats (they shorten the owner's neck, and they require fussy adjustments to boot), there are notched lapels or small crossed shawl collars, and these refreshing touches extend to other furs, too. And that's not all, either; there are many kinds of single-breasted chesterfield closings, and double-breasted ones besides, both with trim, set-in sleeves. Day coats are usually an inch or two short of the bottom of the dress, and many, some of the reefer type, are just three-quarter length—young and highly practical for the varying hemlines of the moment (and of the foreseeable future). Women who want one all-purpose mink, and especially those who want to travel in it, seem to be happy in a coat of ranch mink in this length; by the damnedest coincidence, Alfred Rainer has done one, with a small shawl collar and two buttons to suggest a raised bustline, as well as a perfectly straight and collarless one that can wrap or not. These look equally good over a suit, a slender formal gown, and slacks, for that matter.

The increasingly admired sashed-in coat, too, has more than one use—without the sash, it can be a full, formal type of thing; with one, it's a rousing trench coat. Bendel shows it in black Alaska seal, complete to the flap yoke across the back, with big lapels, double-breasted buttons placed high, and a sash that has long ends; Hattie Carnegie shows it in Canadian mink; Ben Kahn (he's retail as well as wholesale) shows it, and beautifully, in tourmaline. Kahn will make it, sashed in but without buttons, in sable as well. Bathrobe designs, but of sable instead of terry cloth, turn up here and there; at Hattie Carnegie they have big bell sleeves, a rope belt of leather, and a short shawl collar—real comfy. Bergdorf's Emeric Partos has also transposed men's topcoats into the feline field. One is of mink, with long sleeves, a fly front, and slanting pocket flaps; another is of sable, with a medium shawl collar and six double-breasted buttons. But there is nothing remotely male about the fantasy that involves putting a scarf of brown chiffon across the back of this or making it duck inside the coat proper through slots at the sides and then letting it escape to tie across the dress of white jersey beneath.



The new yearning for white or near-white daytime coats for North as well as South is rewarded by a highly tailored treatment of furs, usually in single-breasted chesterfield style with big white pearl buttons. Carnegie owns two of white lamb from the shah country (a moderately curly surface); one is full length, with a slight trumpet flare in back, and the other is a three-quarter pea jacket. Rare and beautiful and needing only a teensy bit of bleaching is Ben Kahn's long white Persian lamb—small lapels, horizontal pockets, and a hint of a flare at the hem. And Rainer uses ivory hair seal in a combination polo coat and raincoat with high revers and an optional tie belt.

The long, slender line prevails in coat dresses, and many women are having them made with an extra flap of fur behind the lowest button, so they won't have to wear a dress beneath—*à bas* central heating! My pet Greek god is Partos, who has prepared for Bergdorf a stunner that he exhibits in black seal (but it's nice, too, in river otter, broadtail, or whatever) with a double row of jet buttons running from the collarless neckline to the hem; a long, hollow "funnel" scarf is to be draped or tied any which way on top. Kahn's chemise of ranch mink is topped by a long scarf that loops over itself at one side of the neck; this coat zips all the way down one flank to the hem, eliminating any wrapover bulk. When the coats are not tubular, they can have odd flares indeed. Partos has put together a long jacket of Somali leopard arranged in three horizontal tiers, the lowest on the bias and rippling outward; Pauline Trigère (who has turned out several designs for Kahn) has maneuvered ranch mink into a com-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pletely new look—a crossed shawl collar goes down almost to the two horizontal buttons at the low waist, and at mid-thigh a stiffened flare juts sharply out at the sides. Kahn's collection also includes high-placed sort of godets (Jean Louis of California is doing something like this in oncoming ready-to-wear dresses), making the coat hug the bosom at each side but imparting an outward movement just below. Reiss & Fabrizio does a more conventional redingote, of brown broadtail with a high-waisted, fitted front and a decisive outward curve over the hips, but manages to keep the thing straight, full though it is, in back. At Carnegie, black broadtail is enhanced by a deep, puffy horseshoe collar of sable, to say nothing of sable cuffs. The back is narrow, for once (most full-length fur coats have that concave front and a broad back), and deep, inverted godets beginning at the sides above the waist add a hint of Empire and a hint of princesse, all at once.

As for the furs themselves, the triumph is a revival from the twenties—Canadian fisher, a deep, rich brown with touches of gray and the depth of sable. It could be a rival of sable because of its innumerable uses, since it appears, usually, in wrapped coats, three-quarters to nine-tenths in length. Most custom houses have a handsome example of it. (The cost is around $6,000 for a seven-eighths one, so this is no discount-house novelty.) Spotted cats are still with us, and the king of these beasts is still Somali leopard. Good leopard skins are getting rarer and rarer; better a good jaguar (at around $2,250) than a Somali (from $4,900 to $9,000) that might have a tawny ground and blurred spots. I can think of one celebrated star of stage, screen, and radar in her priceless leopard, and I can say only that she got took. The background should be clear, without a brown-yellow tinge, and the spots should be sharply defined. The spotted furs I shall mention looked marvellous to me, and the head men said there were more good skins back in the workroom. I ducked into one atelier to see the piles of leopards, and the variety I glimpsed was so wild that I don't see how they match them up.

But before this safari becomes too roundabout, let us peek, custom salon by salon, at the luxuries and pranks of some of our truly creative designers.

THE newly refurbished fur salon at Bergdorf Goodman is a perfect setting for the gleaming talent of Partos, who loves a prank as much as any-

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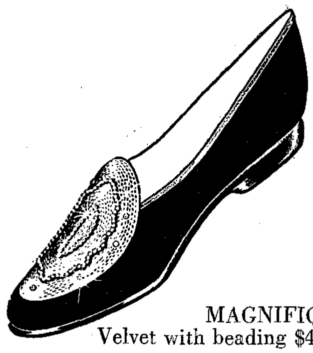

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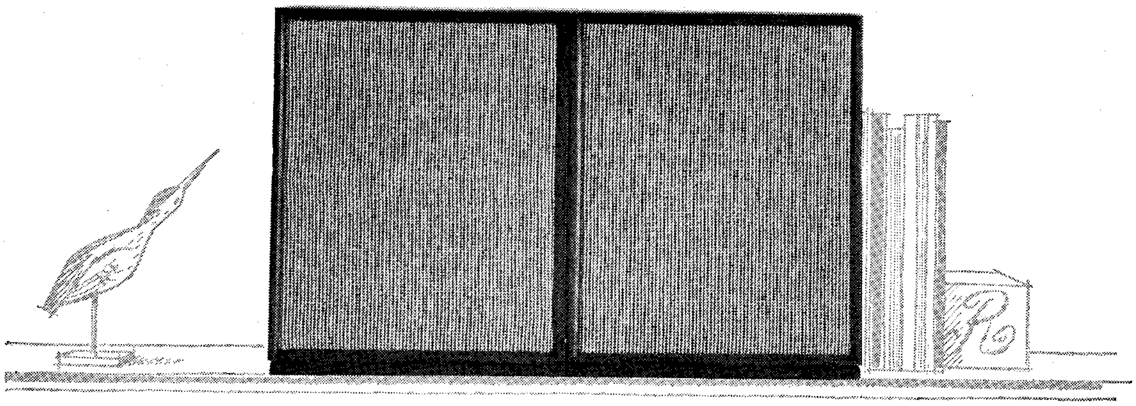

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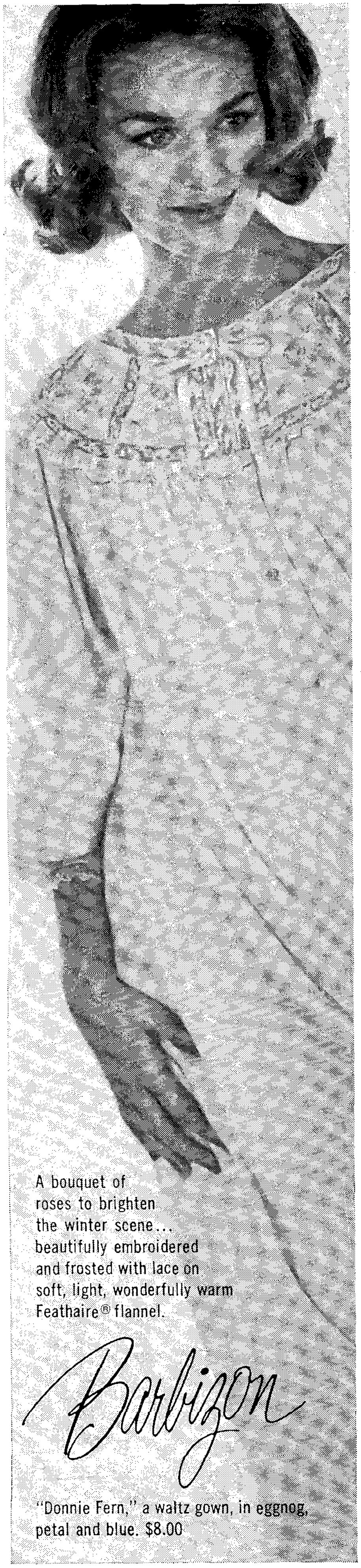

A bouquet of
roses to brighten
the winter scene...
beautifully embroidered
and frosted with lace on
soft, light, wonderfully warm
Feathaire® flannel.

Barbizon

"Donnie Fern," a waltz gown, in eggnog,
petal and blue. $8.00

body. To start with one, he persuades his mannequins to appear, say, in coveralls of taupe leather or pants of river otter, worn under nearly knee-length coats. Brand-new ideas are embodied in fox. A bulky red fox with huge lapels is yanked in by a black leather belt; cross fox (red and charcoal, sort of) is worked horizontally in a coat with a wide, collarless neck and bell sleeves. This looks feathery, but even more feathery is his use of good old silver fox, for he maneuvers the silver hairs into double horizontal stripes, like a fine fringe, on the black. One result is an incredible pumpkin-shaped evening wrap (for Cinderella?)—very round, bloused deeply under the buttocks, and collarless. For a most elegant sports coat, he lines pale-gray river otter with civet cat whose white part has been dyed rust. There's a flat band collar, and a belt ties down on the stomach to accomplish a low-slung-pants look. An important venture is Somali leopard in an offhand mood—knee length, with a concealed fly-front closing, tailored revers, a dropped back belt, and pipings of black leather. Broadtail is the fur of an idyllic redingote with wide, flat lapels and a high belt in back. With it goes a rope of white mink to drape around the neck or around the coiffure, or just to leave at home. For evening, Partos has dreamed up a breathtaking stunt—a three-phase coat of dyed-black sable or gray chinchilla. The coat, all by itself, descends to cup under just behind the knees in back. A matching circular skirt snaps on for a grand entrance at formal balls when it isn't serving as a separate, below-hip-length cape. And there are plenty of girl-baby white minks, the skins almost as fine as ermine for short, débutante-class capes and jackets.

HONEST-TO-GOODNESS white Russian ermine is at Revillon. Its coats are ordered from Paris, and it takes three weeks. (An ermine coat can be imported, but the skins cannot—government regulations.) I particularly loved a vertically worked waist-length jacket with a big, bolster shawl collar that comes nearly to the waistline but can be huddled higher when the air is chilly. Some evening jackets go in for jewelled beading, as in a two-skin chinchilla capelet with a gray satin band (rhinestones and iridescent beads run along the borders), nearly an inch across, that edges it and then encircles you, horizontally, between the skins. There is nothing informal, either, about a beautiful coat of bordered tourmaline mink. The skins

'1776'...the distinguished Fieldcrest bedspread shown on the opposite page, is available at many fine stores, including those listed below.

**available at main store and branches*

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Amarillo, Tex.	Colbert's
Baltimore, Md.	*The Hecht Co.
Boston, Mass.	*R. H. Stearns Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	J. B. Ivey Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	*Halle Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio	*Higbee Co.
Corpus Christi, Tex.	Lichtenstein's
Dallas, Tex.	Sanger-Harris
Denver, Colo.	*Denver Dry Goods Co.
Des Moines, Ia.	*Younker's
Fresno, Calif.	Gottschalk's
Houston, Tex.	Foley's
Kansas City, Mo.	*Emery-Bird-Thayer
Lincoln, Neb.	Gold's
Little Rock, Ark.	M. M. Cohn
Los Angeles, Calif.	Broadway
Los Angeles, Calif.	*J. W. Robinson
Memphis, Tenn.	*Goldsmith's
Memphis, Tenn.	*Lowenstein's
Minneapolis, Minn.	*Dayton's
Nashville, Tenn.	The Harvey Co.
New Jersey	Bamberger's
Newark, N. J.	Hahne's
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
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Omaha, Neb.	*J. L. Brandeis
Omaha, Neb.	*Kilpatrick's
Orlando, Fla.	Ivey's of Orlando
Pasadena, Calif.	*F. C. Nash
Phoenix, Ariz.	*Goldwater's
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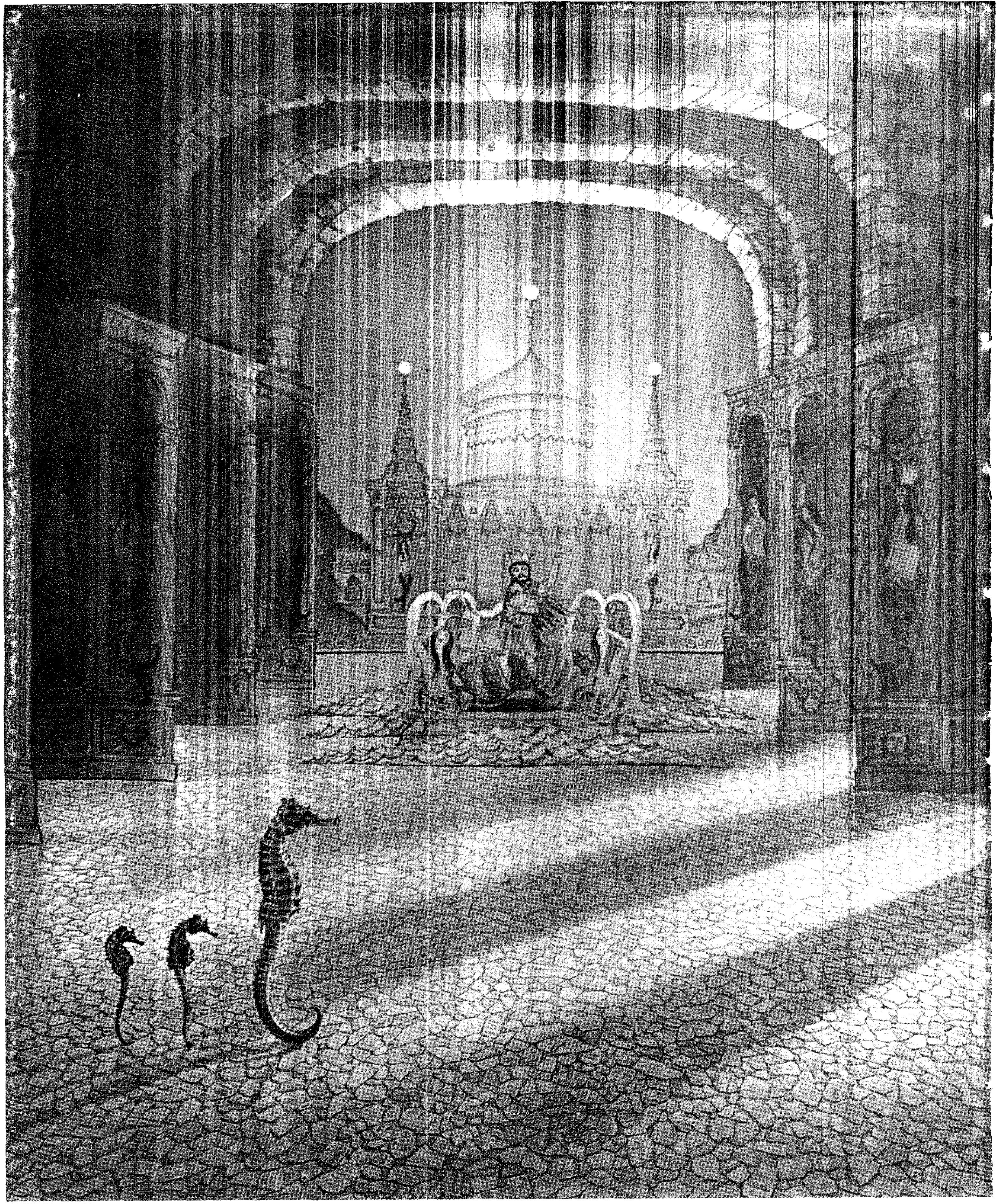

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A BEGUILING NEW FLOOR: MONTINA VINYL CORLON

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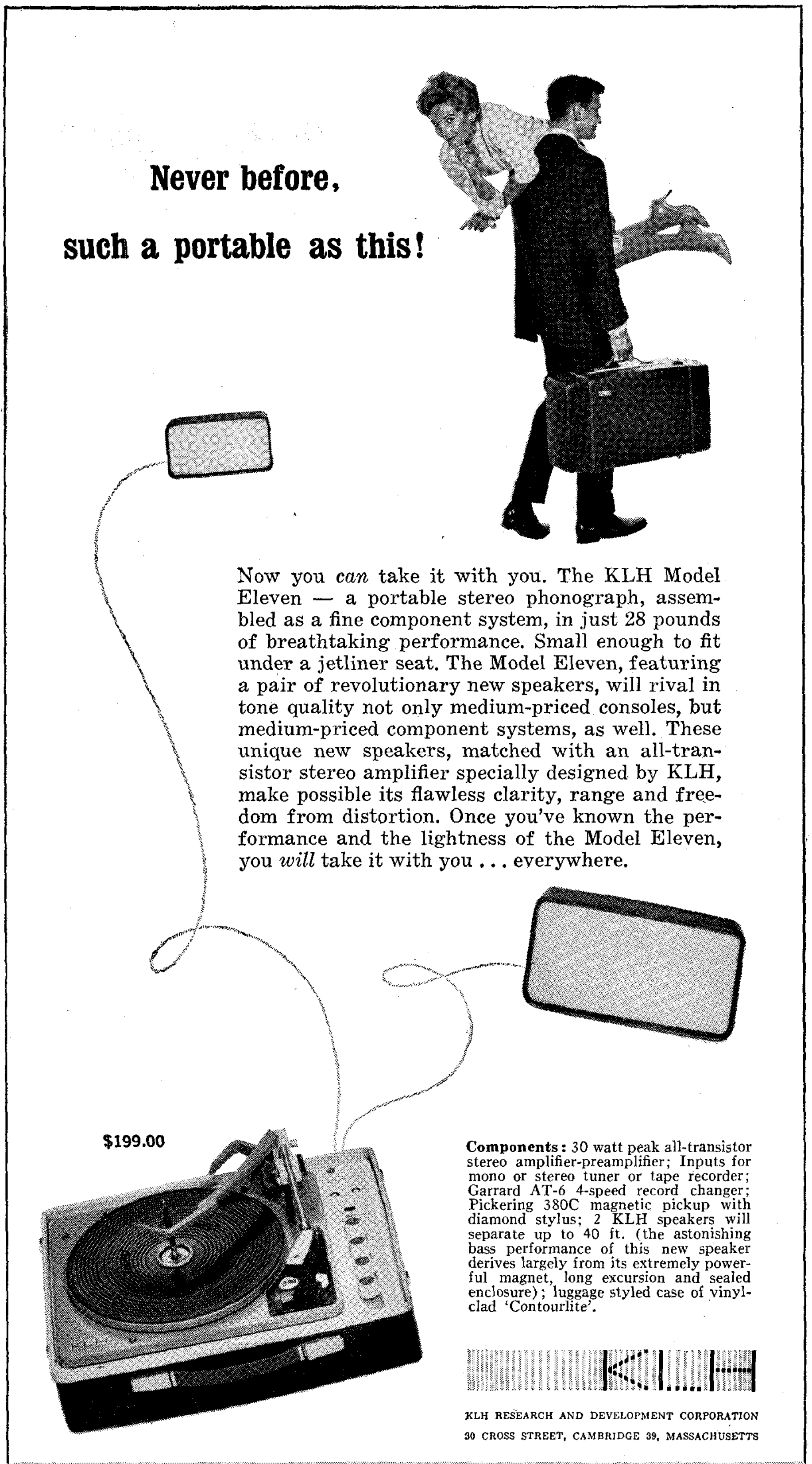
THE sandwich-man couture has exerted an influence on the fashions in furs, it seems. At Ben Kahn there is a pair of narrow oblongs of tiger, joined only at the shoulders, to go over you front and back. They're really a round-necked tunic open at the sides and caught in at the waist by a leather band with a buckle. (Reiss & Fabrizio does another sandwich board of tiger, but in this case there are sides and sleeves of black seal; you supply your own garment under the Kahn effort.) Another oddity *chez*



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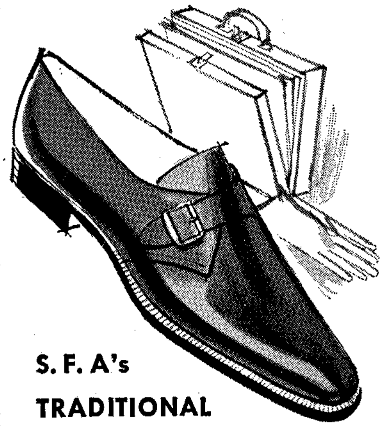
Kahn is a slender hip-length pullover of leopard or ocelot. It zips up the back, and its really wind-blown cowl collar bursts forward and upward. His smocks of brown-and-white calf have very full, circular backs, and dark snow leopard (we're still dealing with the big-top sports look) makes a below-hip jacket that zips up the front. Trigère has designed for Mr. K. an extremely simple pea jacket of tiger with an orange-brown ground. It's three-quarter in length, with high, crossed lapels and eight double-breasted buttons below that. But more serious matters also furrow the brow of Mr. K. He uses fur with a deep pile for a horseshoe collar so large that it looks stuffed. On a coat of ranch mink, the horseshoe (mink, too) ends at one vast button just under the bust. In sable, the collar appears on a coat (it's of Somali leopard) whose body has that hint of a high bustline and flares ever so slightly at the hem. Fisher is a short animal, and street-length coats of it take artistry; Kahn must give the little things regular stretching exercises from childhood onward. A big greatcoat with small, notched lapels is one result of this Dr. Spock elongating.

GALA is likewise the mood at Bendel's salon, which has gathered in many an upper-crust Cardin adaptation and which makes many a bow toward the small woman. For her there's a minimum straight mink stole (no back seam), sixty-two inches long and thirteen wide, as well as a mink coat with vertically striped bell sleeves and a notched collar that stands away at the back of the neck. Bendel does well with non-bulky short jackets of ranch mink or sable. One bolero jacket is collarless, and it's cut away at the sides in front; it's more of a short cape, really, with band cuffs added so you can't shrug the thing off. There's even black seal (a Cardin notion) for small women. It does a narrow coat with a funny little stand-away collar, a square of buttons far north on the chest, and a back that is straight. Among the other seal coats (for women who needn't be small) is a masterwork of black or Kitovi seal (Kitovi is seal dyed a brown that is almost black). The shawl collar, of sable, crosses and ends just above the waistline; a square of buttons takes over on the stomach. Bendel, which loves jaguar, has lots of excellent skins. In this fur (and also in seal and dark-brown river otter), there's a long-sleeved coat with a square of buttons just under the bosom, plus slanting pockets. Somali leopard (five skins, of barely weaned animals) is



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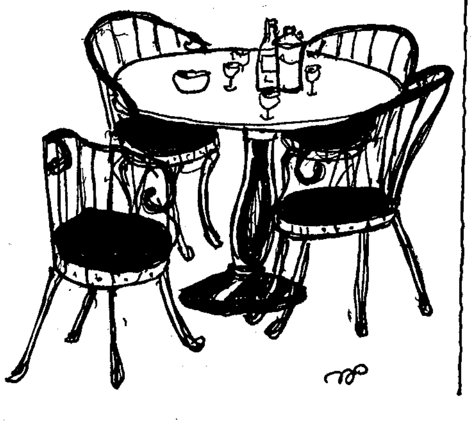
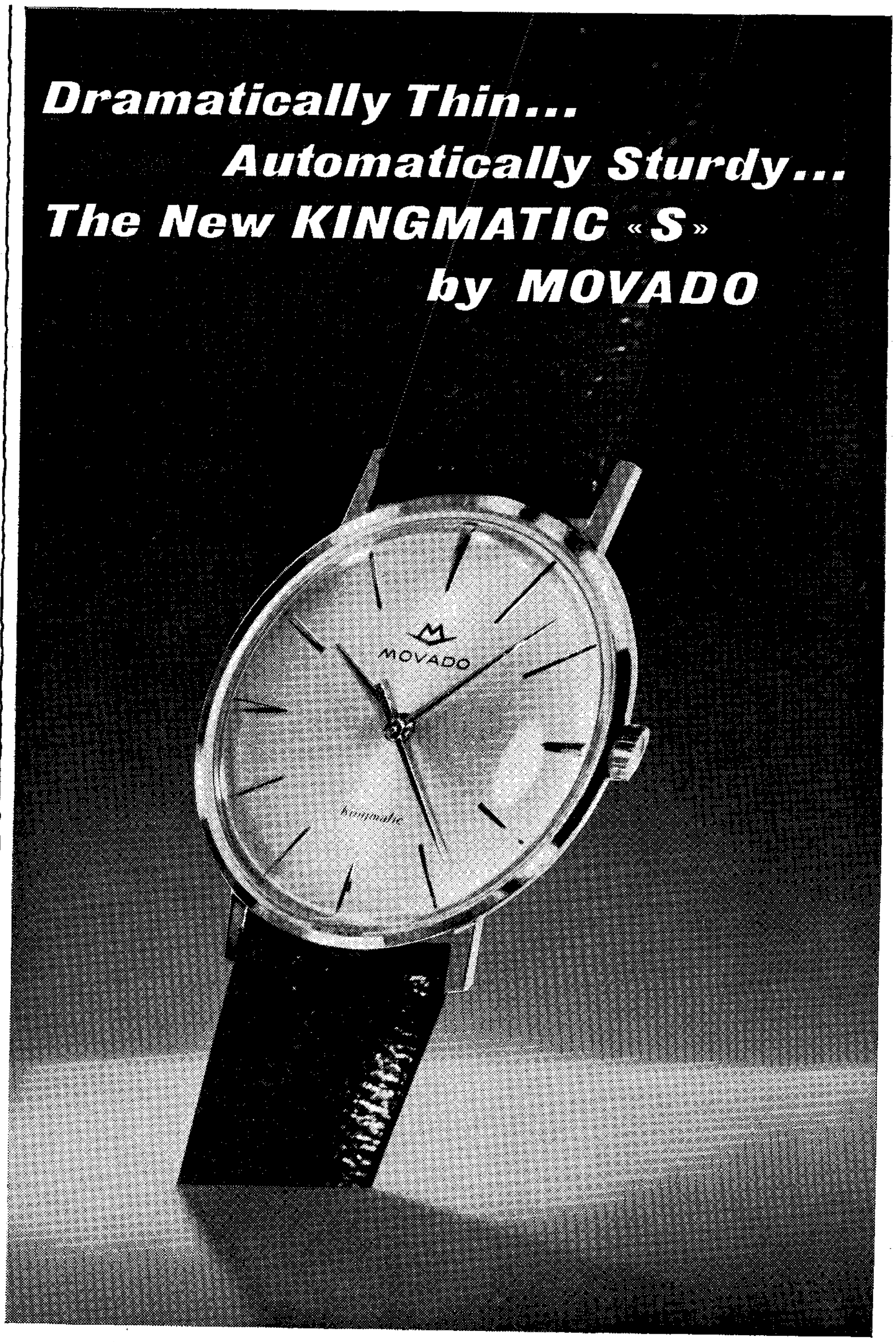
cut in double-breasted style. Cardin is the source of Bendel's hip-length jacket of broadtail with two sets of link buttons, one just below the turnover collar and one at the waist; this is $560, plus tax. Strictly for the long-legged girl who wants her legs to look even longer is a terrific ranch mink pullover that drops to the hipbones. It has wide sleeves and a wide turtleneck sort of collar, which can be turned up to create a calla-lily effect. The skins go round and round this lovely bit of lunacy. The second contribution for that l.-l. girl is a shirt of black-and-white calf, below-hip length, with slashes at the sides. The easy collar is convertible, there are four black buttons below it, and the long sleeves have one-button cuffs; $450, plus tax.

IN its *dégagé* moods, Reiss & Fabrizio dotes on big, fluffy, huddly coats of deep-pile lightweight furs. Bellies of lynx (pale beige, pale charcoal, and white) make a greatcoat weighing only three pounds; lynx *backs* (waste not, want not), looking like a puffy gray-and-brown tweed, make a strangely slim double-breasted thing. Snow leopard, another favorite here, is all charcoal spots on beige, with a white fringe down the closing. Kit fox from Mongolia (cream and beige and pale yellow) is worked in bumpy horizontal stripes and cut to make slim coats that are slashed way up on the sides. Saga-blue fox makes another coat of the ilk, but slightly pyramid this time. R. & F. can go very sleek, too, as with the champagne calf (golden-tan splotches on a white ground) of a slim coat with a turnover collar and that concave front, or with the black-and-white calf of a suit with an A skirt and a waist-length jacket that has a band collar. Playfulness guides the employment of sumptuous furs, too. Mink and other well-to-do furs get side closings; in one mink coat, the skins are worked upside down to give them the look of greater depth, and the huge





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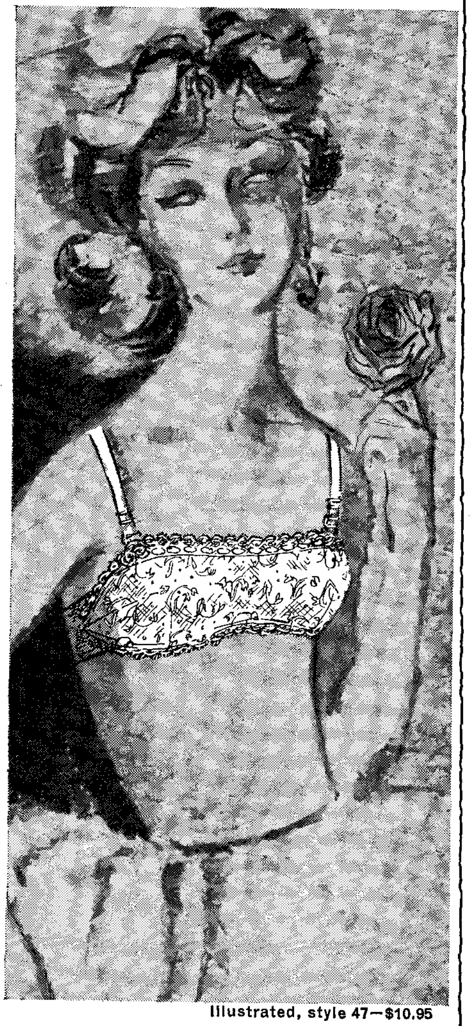

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overlap and the collar are buttoned over to one side. Unbuttoned, the collar reveals a notched rever on one side and a ripply display on the other. Very young, very young! I was gloriously knocked out not by a rabbit punch but by a Somali-leopard punch—a flaring, below-hip-length riding jacket with a three-button closing and up-and-down pockets. No sooner had I regained my feet than I was downed again, by a full-length beauty, again of Somali leopard, with a high, looped-over "tunnel" collar (you can string grosgrain or velvet ribbon through it to end in a bow in front). This has set-in sleeves and an inverted pleat down the back for easy fullness. For evening, that side closing appears in a waist-length white mink fencing jacket with a tiny roll collar fastened over to one shoulder.

Brilliantly clear jaguar and leopard coats are at Carnegie, too. The Jag has huge, flapped, saddlebag pockets; the leopard has the conventional double-breasted high closing and falls fairly straight. White India broadtail lamb with a moiré look makes a beautiful day-length evening jacket; white mink forms the flat band collar and goes down each side of the front—really very special. Stoles get fine new ideas here. One is a hundred and four inches long—three stripes of ranch mink mounted on triple chiffon to match; you can really swathe yourself in this. Another, most dramatic and in tune with this black-and-white season of 1962, is of black-and-white mink stripes, and five skins wide. For the wrapped-up, cozy look, Carnegie's choice is opossum in a golden dye and worked in horizontal array. This puffy and collarless prize is $995, plus tax.

Alfred Rainer deals in grace rather than shenanigans and eschews novelty furs, but his imagination is rampant, nevertheless. For evening, his current foible is many variations on the kerchief theme. One, a magnificent shawl, is shown in white broadtail with a yellow brocade lining and a two-inch white wool fringe all around; the point of the shawl drops in back to well below the hips. Some smaller shawls are of black broadtail, and a white mink lining buttons in as evening approaches. These often manage to have a little sleeve lurking underneath for anchorage, but don't ask me how it's done. Black broadtail makes a simple A skirt, and there are several short tops to choose from—a white waist-length mink bloused under in back, for one,

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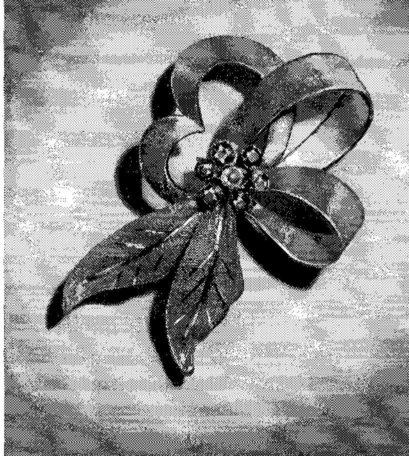

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Textured fourteen karat gold brooch with center of rubies or sapphires encircling a cultured pearl.
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or one of those sleeved kerchiefs, to match or contrast. For sports, a magnificent nutria greatcoat (an adaptation of a Dior) has an attached nutria hood, flat across the top and bulging wide at the sides. There's a string tie with fur pompon ends at the throat. Jaguar makes a simple chesterfield with a buttoned-in inner coat of black jersey, which can be worn separately, and black jersey is suggested for the simplest possible dress beneath. And Rainer's pet, natural brown river otter, is always here, now in a double-breasted stunner (six buttons) with a small crossed collar of ranch mink, and in similar coats with high revers and low-slung belts.

ALL of the foregoing goods are to order, but if your credit is good and you're of mannequin dimensions, nobody in the management is going to stop you from slipping into a sable bathrobe and wearing it right straight home. They're not in business for the hell of it, after all. And I expect that soon enough I'll have things to say about other first citizens, from Maximilian to Kaplan, from Esther Dorothy to Gunther Jaeckel. —LOIS LONG

•

Gremillion, in a statement issued in Baton Rouge, said:

"The increase in cost is not alarming and should not be considered as such because of the increased court cases. We have been in federal court every day in vote registrar cases and school cases, defending the state and the Legislature. That is what represents these costs."

Gremillion said Valerian Gremillion is a second cousin, seeking an education. He is a "poor boy who works like a dog in the office."

Genoa Gremillion, he said, is his mother. "She has worked in the office since the day I took office and no budget committee has ever found fault with this."

Jack Gremillion Jr., he explained, is his son, who works full-time in the office. Every attorney-general before has always had a son working in his office, Gremillion said.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

It's hard work, moving all those cases around.

•

GREENSBORO, N.C. (UPI)—Duane Austin's house is not a home anymore. It isn't even a home anymore. It isn't even a house. In fact, it isn't.

Austin said that he "couldn't believe my eyes" when he saw rubble where his house had been.

The house was torn down Sept. 8 but it took Austin and Guilford County Chief Deputy Thurmond Jones two weeks to find out just what had happened.—*The entire text of a story in the New Haven Register.*

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Enjoy the fabled luxury of Half Moon *now* at attractive off-season rates: from $32 double, including breakfast on your private terrace and dinner. Here is luxury as few resorts can offer it, on one of the most breathtakingly beautiful islands in the world. The challenging new 18-hole Half Moon-Rose Hall golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones, a stupendous, white coral beach, crystal-clear, azure waters for swimming and sailing, and dancing under a tropic moon—these are a few of the joys of Half Moon, joys that aptly complement the service, cuisine and splendor of an internationally famous resort.

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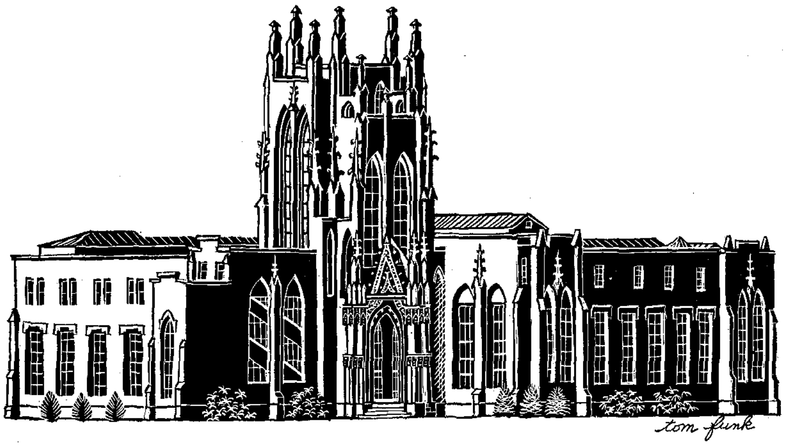

THIS is going to be a somewhat selective account of the origins, growth, and present condition of the Peabody Museum of Natural History, of Yale University, the leading such storehouse in New England and the repository of, among over a million objects valued for insurance purposes at eight million dollars, one of the three outstanding accumulations of fossil vertebrates in the United States (the other two are those of the Museum of Natural History, in New York, and the National Museum, in Washington), including the first dinosaur skeleton ever set up for display in this country—namely, an Upper Cretaceous duck-billed hadrosaur from Wyoming, thirty-five feet long, labelled "*Trachodon annectens* Marsh," and mounted, spiritedly, in the act of running—but before we get down to cases, I'd like to propound a few questions, and even answer some of them. What parents of high-I.Q. children, in these post-Cretaceous days, have not been cautioned by school counsellors or psychoanalysts to hold their youngsters back, for fear of landing them in an environment where their relative youth would place them at a social disadvantage? Is this philosophy justified by the lessons of the past? Was not Edward Everett thirteen when, in 1807, he entered Harvard, seventeen when he graduated, and twenty when he accepted an invitation to occupy its chair of Greek literature, from which, his psyche unwounded, he rose to become Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to Great Britain, president of Harvard, and Secretary of State? Had not his brother Alexander graduated, five years before, at sixteen, the youngest man in his class and head thereof, and had he not gone on, similarly untraumatized, to teach at Phillips Exeter, act as secretary to John Quincy Adams, and serve as Minister to Spain? How old, when *they* entered Harvard, were their distinguished nephew Edward Everett Hale, the writer; Edward T. Channing, an editor of the *North American Review;* his cousin Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the forceful Abolitionist and graceful essayist; and Ralph Waldo Emerson? Thirteen, thirteen, thirteen, and fourteen. How old was George Ticknor, the historian, when he entered Dartmouth as a *junior*? Fourteen. Let us jump to Yale. Noah Webster was a gaffer of fifteen when he entered, but what of Benjamin Silliman the Elder? Did he not gain the campus at thirteen; graduate, in 1796, at sixteen; and permit President Timothy Dwight (who graduated from Yale at seventeen) to sign him up as professor of chemistry and natural history when he was twenty-three? Yes, he did.

How did these various statistics come to me? Well, in the line of duty I have been studying up on the life and times of the elder Silliman (the father of the younger Silliman, whom we will come to in due course, and the forefather of the Peabody), and, such was the force of my collateral reading, I ran into these contemporary prodigies on the way. What manner of man was the elder Silliman? One whom the gubernatorial Everett characterized as "the Nestor of American science;" whom George W. Pierson, the former chairman of the Department of History at Yale, refers to in his "Yale College: An Educational History" as the "patriarch of Yale science;" and whom the Encyclopædia Britannica, the National Cyclopædia of American Biography, and the Dictionary of American Biography have also delighted to honor—the first with a tempered "Outside Yale he was well known as one of the few men who could hold the attention of a popular audience with a scientific lecture. His original investigations were neither numerous nor important," the second with a genial "Prof. Silliman was a finished gentleman, and a social favorite. His person was commanding, his manner dignified and affable, and his general traits of character such as to win universal respect and admiration," and the third with a resounding "the most prominent and influential scientific man in America during the first half of the nineteenth century." This commanding ornament was as resourceful as he was precocious. His chair was a pioneering one, and just after he was appointed to it, in the fall of 1802, realizing that he knew next to nothing about the subjects he was to teach (natural history, in the context of his appointment, was interpreted primarily as mineralogy, to which geology was later added, and Silliman had been training for the law at the time Dwight put the bee on him), he obtained a five months' leave of absence to study up on them in Philadelphia, then the scientific powerhouse of the nation.

It is only fair to say that Silliman's ignorance was shared by practically everyone in America, lawyer or non-lawyer, *except* in Philadelphia. Thither he took some homework. "I had not been negligent of the few minerals which I found in the drawers of the old Museum of Yale College," he wrote more than fifty years later, in a series of reminiscences, and he went on to relate that he had packed up these articles in a candlebox ("a half bushel of unlabelled stones," his son-in-law and the successor to the natural-history half of his chair, James Dwight Dana, called them in his inaugural professorial lecture in 1856, three years after the chemistry half had gone to Benjamin Silliman the Younger) and had presented them for identification to Dr. Adam Seybert, a Philadelphia chemist and mineralogist, whose collection of European minerals subsequently became the rock, or rocks, upon which the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science's mineralogical department was founded. Seybert christened the Yale minerals, and they went back to New Haven, where, along with later additions, they became known as the Yale Cabinet—the word "cabinet" being used in the sense of a room containing treasures and, by extension, the treasures themselves. It is a matter of record (Silliman's) that his Philadelphia stay was rocky in more ways than one. After describing a giddy boarding-house mealtime routine at which "every gentleman furnished himself with a decant-

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er of wine" and "healths were drunk," he wrote that "porter or other strong beer was [also] used at table as a beverage," and continued, "Accustomed to a simple diet in New Haven, without wine or porter, and perhaps with only cider at dinner, the new life to which I was now introduced did not agree well with my health. Occasionally, vertigo disturbed my head, and the nervous system was affected. At the end of [my stay] in Philadelphia I had made some progress toward the incipient gout. On my knuckles, what appeared to be chalky concretions began to form, which however went away after my return to New Haven and to my usual mode of living." Small wonder that (in New Haven, at least) he acquired the nickname of Sober Ben!

This early starter continued to move around in an effort to improve his scientific frame of reference. He took a second course in Philadelphia the following winter (more chalky concretions), and a subsequent fourteen months' leave of absence in Europe (underwritten by the Yale Corporation, which gave him authority, as its agent, to spend ten thousand dollars on scientific books, chemical apparatus, and minerals), and there he put in most of his time in the mines of Derbyshire and Cornwall and in the environs of Edinburgh, digging up samples of fluors, agates, zeolites, and tin, lead, and copper ore. In Edinburgh, he bought some specimens of Italian polished marble. I had long supposed Silliman to be an English name, of pejorative etymological origin, but it turned out to be germinally as Italian as the marble, having been modified from Sillimandi some time before its first American bearer arrived in Connecticut from Holland; thereafter, Sillimans married New Englanders. Benjamin was a third-generation Yale graduate, and New Haven was no farther from his thoughts in the Old World than it had been in Philadelphia. At twenty-seven, in "Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland and of Two Passages Over the Atlantic in the Years 1805 and 1806," he wrote, of a hill near Edinburgh where he had "collected some interesting fossils" only to lose most of them (and his cane) in a landslide, "Salisbury Craig bears a most striking resemblance to the east mountain near New Haven. . . . You will have a perfect idea of the scene, by calling to mind the east and west mountains near New Haven, and magnifying their size considerably." *Déjà vu.*

In the summer of 1806, back among the modest mountains of New Haven,

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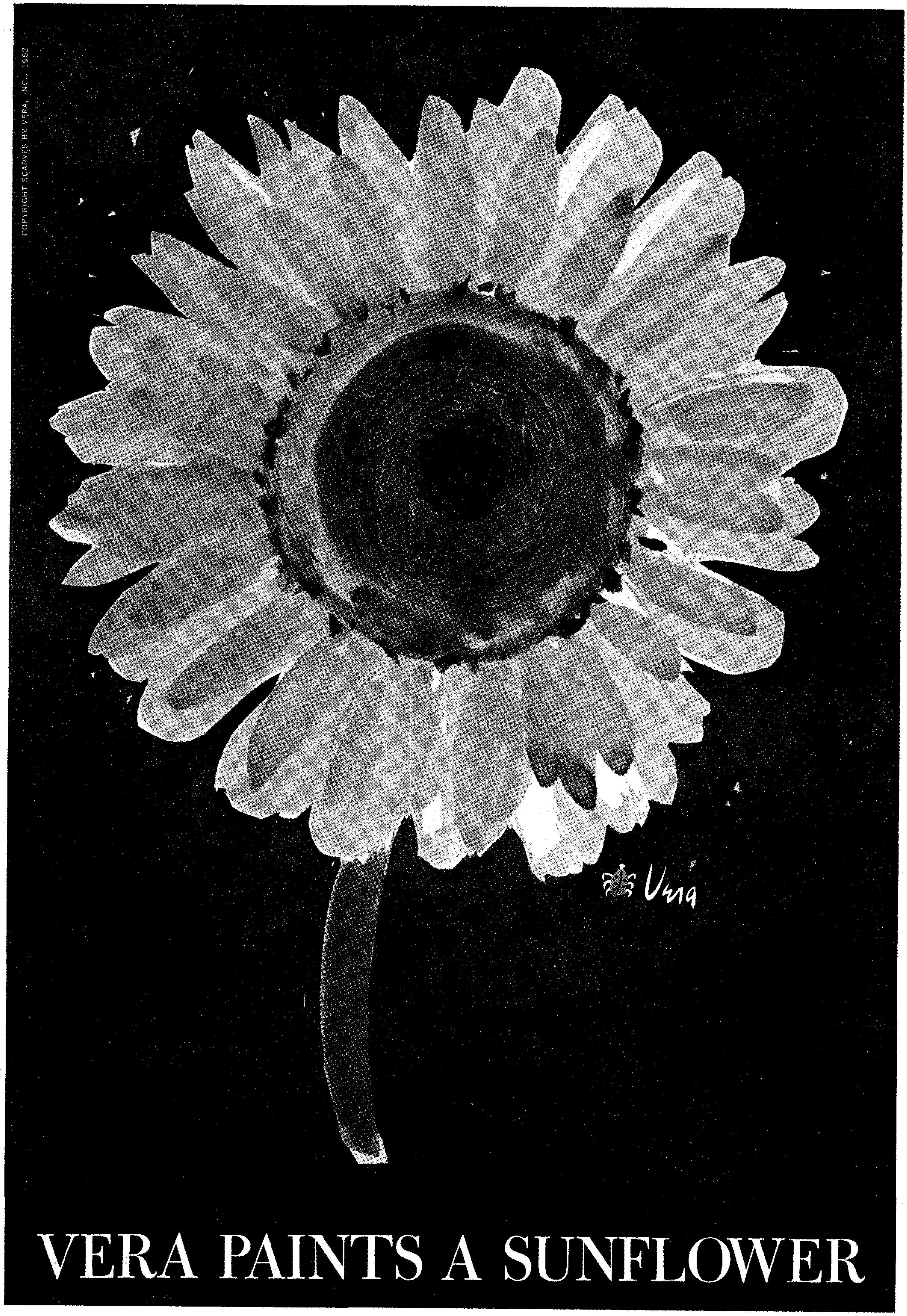
Vera
VERA PAINTS A SUNFLOWER

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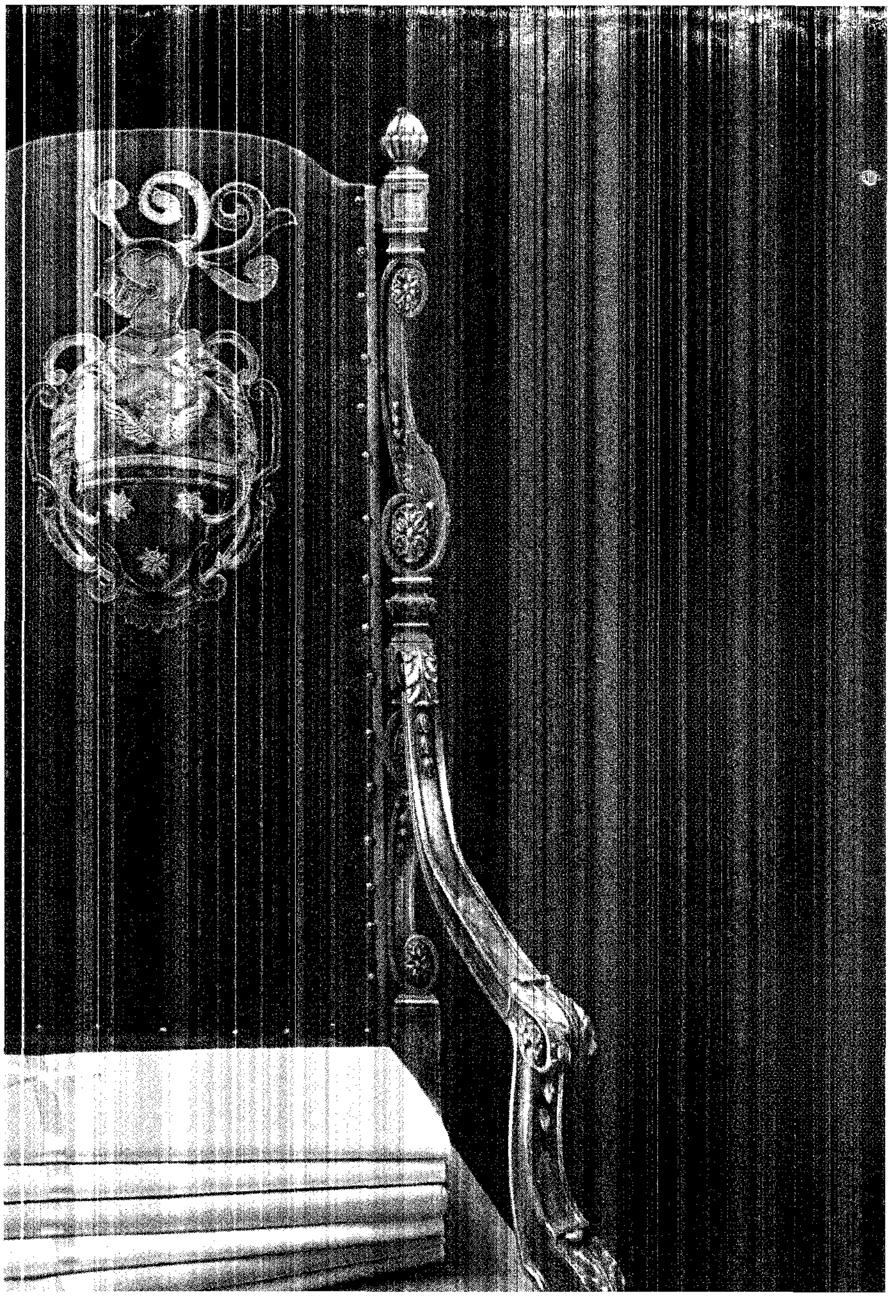

Silliman made a series of horseback mineralogical forays across the local terrain in the company of Noah Webster, who had just published his first lexicon—"A Compendious Dictionary of the English Language, in which Five Thousand Words are added to the number found in the Best English Compends." The two Elis collected agates, chalcedonies, prehnite, zeolites, marble, and serpentines—most but not all of which Webster had listed in his compend. "I mention with pleasure," Silliman wrote in his reminiscences, "that the distinguished philologist, Dr. Noah Webster, then in the meridian of life, was among the most zealous of my companions, and with activity and perseverance he dismounted with me to examine every feature of the country which was not intelligible when viewed from the saddle." Around this time, too, the future patriarch further expanded the Yale Cabinet by persuading the Yale trustees to spend a thousand dollars for a collection of two thousand minerals that had been bought in London by Benjamin D. Perkins, a New York publisher, who had been two classes ahead of him at college. Silliman was soon to strike far more powerful geological blows for Mother Yale. On December 14, 1807, a meteor—"a grand fireball," according to him, "apparently two thirds as large as the moon"—exploded over the town of Weston, twenty-five miles west of New Haven, throwing off a shower of stones weighing as much as thirty-six pounds. Before long, this phenomenon put the Yale Cabinet on its feet, for news of the explosion had got Silliman instantly to *his* feet and sent him speeding to the site of the meteor's terrestrial discards, where he secured several of them to add to the collection. Then, after spending three or four days interviewing witnesses, he wrote an account of the fall, to which he appended a chemical analysis of the fragments, the whole constituting a paper sufficiently important to be published in the *Transactions* of the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia, and in the *Memoirs* of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, and to be read before the Philosophical Society of London and the Academy of Sciences in Paris. Shame on the Britannica!

Two or three years later, Silliman helped enrich the Yale Cabinet with a less parochial attraction. In 1805, George Gibbs, a rich man in Newport, had brought from Europe some twelve thousand African, Asian, and European minerals, rocks, and fossils, including Chinese jades, Egyptian chalcedonies,

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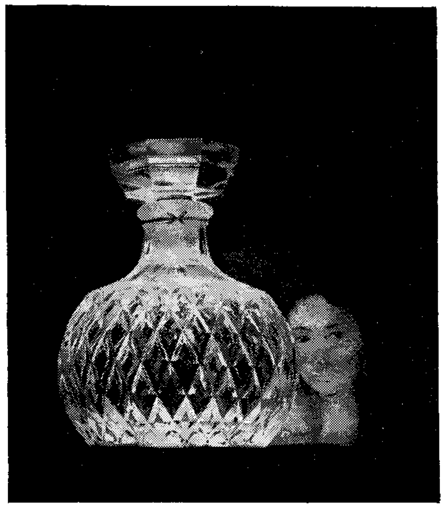

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and Siberian aquamarines—the contents of three collections he had bought, in Lausanne, Paris, and London. As a result of a mineralogical friendship that Silliman had thoughtfully struck up with him, Gibbs sent them to Yale on loan for the professor's use. Housed in a room of their own, they attracted students to Yale and tourists to New Haven. In 1825, Gibbs offered Yale an option to buy them for twenty thousand dollars, which even then was considered a bargain price. Silliman championed their purchase at an ad-hoc meeting of the Yale Corporation; he more or less carried the day, and *President* Day (President Jeremiah Day, who succeeded President Dwight in 1817), and Yale put up a quarter of the designated sum, while the remainder was raised through a popular-subscription campaign spearheaded by Silliman himself, who was then in *his* meridian. The Gibbs collection was the grandest thing of its kind in America. Its founder, an honorary colonel on the staff of the Governor of Rhode Island ("Colonel Gibbs, although he cherished a martial spirit, had never seen service," Silliman wrote of him), has since been further rewarded—by Yale, which has affixed his honorific title to his name in every piece of Yale literature mentioning him that I have seen, and by Mr. Wilmarth S. Lewis, a scholar more generally identified with Horace Walpole than with chalcedonies, who, in his book "The Yale Collections," hails Gibbs with the same honorific and notes that "the Gibbs Cabinet of Minerals . . . became the foundation of Yale's eminence in geological studies." Today, a century and a half after their installation in New Haven, the Gibbs jades, aquamarines, and so forth are displayed in the Peabody Museum's Hall of Minerals.

Here is really where I came in, since the Yale, or Silliman-Gibbs, Cabinet is the Peabody's nucleus, and since my resolve to compose a memoir of this museum was what led me back to Sober Ben, the key figure in its pre-natal history. My interest in prehnite is less than phrenetic, but any museum beholden to human passion commands my affection. I love the Smithsonian Institution, for instance, because it owes its existence to the enduring rage of the British chemist and mineralogist, James Smithson, who was an illegitimate son of the first Duke of Northumberland and, through him, connected with the ancient family of Percy, at having been conceived out of wedlock and thwarted of what he considered his natural rights. ("The best blood of England flows in my veins," he

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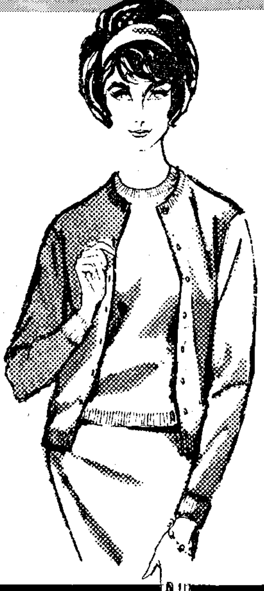

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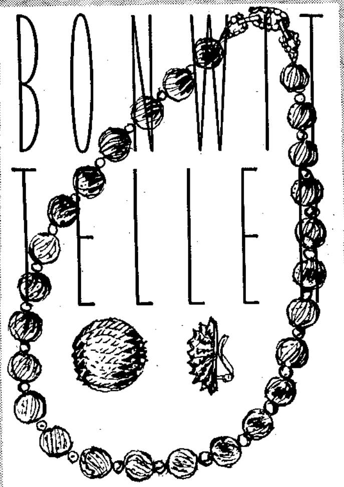

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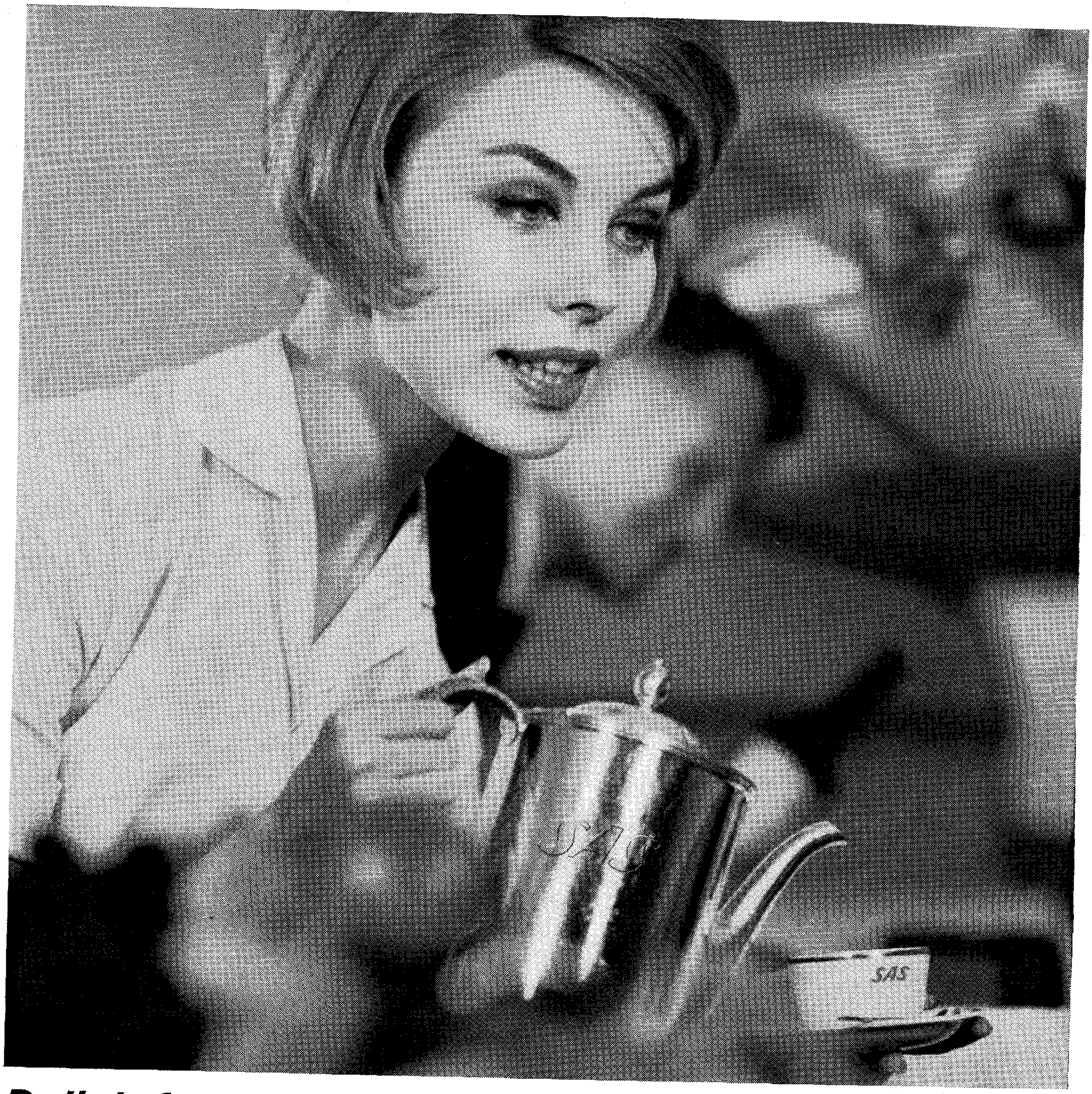

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wrote. "On my father's side I am a *Northumberland*, on my mother's I am related to kings, but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten.") His rage led him, in 1826, to provide for the immortality he coveted by leaving his entire estate to found, in the capital of a country he had never visited, "under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." And I love the Peabody because it owes its post-natal existence largely to a man whose enduring (and reciprocated) rage at a colleague activated his most productive years and was largely responsible for this museum's chief claim to fame—its collection of fossil vertebrates.

LET us now leap selectively (and mysteriously) to the Erie Canal in the eighteen-twenties, when, still under construction, it reached the village of Lockport, in western New York, a region of rich, fossiliferous shale. Here its excavation threw up quantities of fossilized trilobites, crinoids, cystids, brachiopods, and mollusks, which were collected during the next few years by many of the local residents—among them Caleb Marsh, a farmer who owned a place a mile or so from the waterway. In 1843, the canal was widened in the vicinity of Lockport, whereupon more fossils were thrown up and Marsh got his second wind as a collector. This time, he was joined in his hobby by his eldest son, Othniel Charles, then twelve. Propinquity thus made the future memorialee of *Trachodon annectens* Marsh (for such the boy was to become) a paleontologist at an early age, but academically he proved to be one of the slowest of starters. He was twenty when he *entered* Andover, financially assisted by a maternal uncle, George Peabody, whom he had never met. During his summer vacations, he collected minerals, fossil plants, and bones in Massachusetts, New York, and Nova Scotia, and in his senior year he journeyed to New Haven, where he inspected the famous Yale Cabinet (now swollen to thirty thousand specimens) and resolved to go to Yale. The place was an easier nut to crack then than it is today. "On August 3 [1856], Othniel went to New Haven for examination," the late Charles Schuchert, professor of paleontology at Yale from 1904 to 1923, wrote in his biography of Marsh. "He did not miss a single question." The next morning, Marsh, according to his diary,

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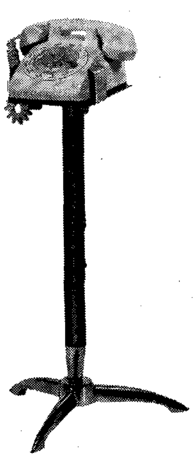
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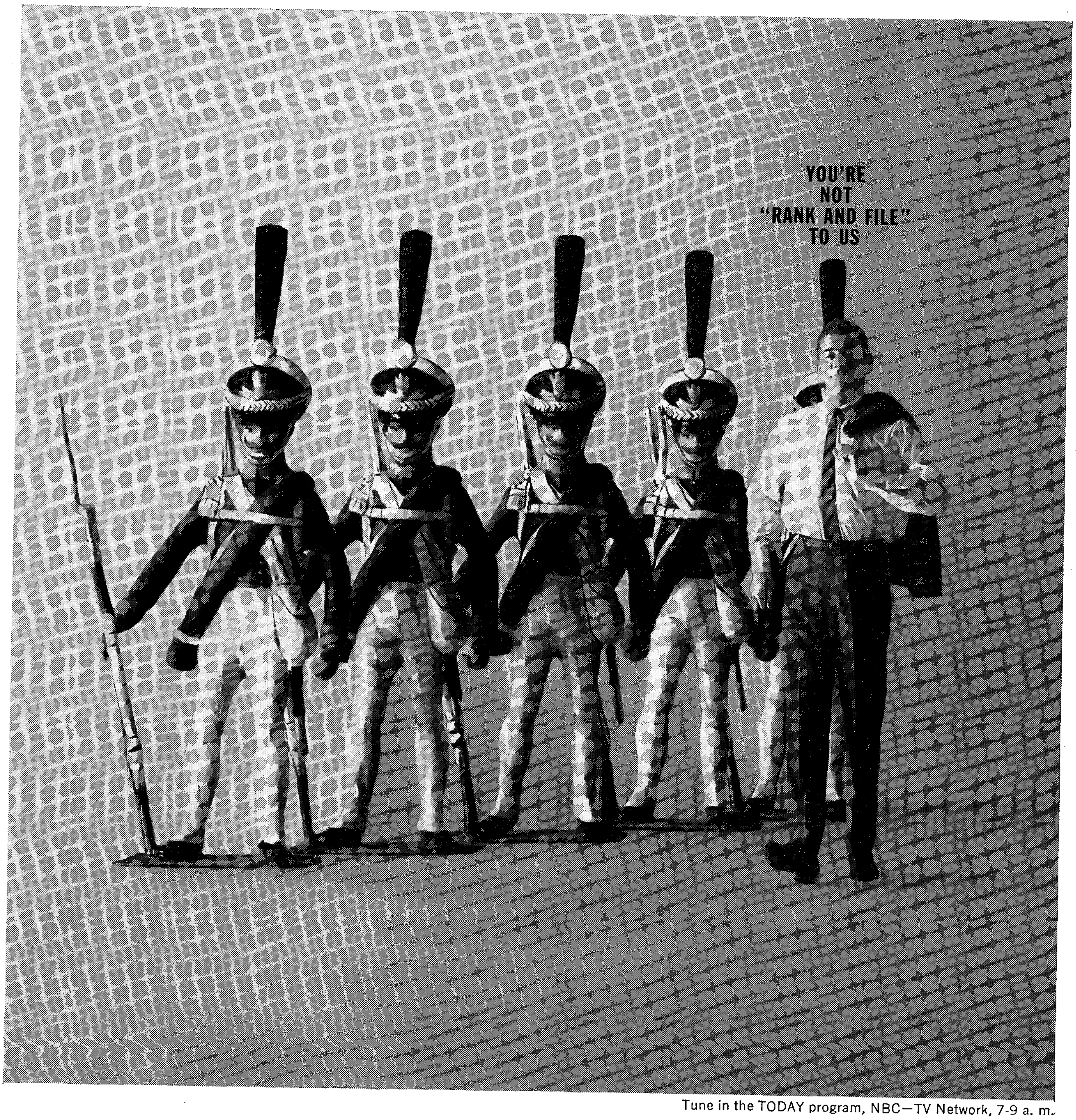

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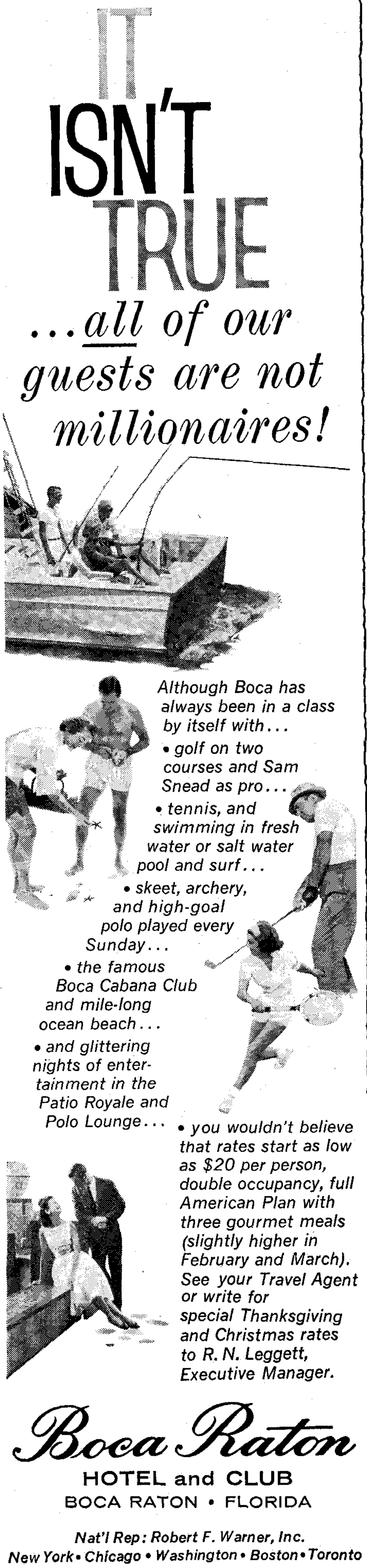
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At college, the happy youth, still financed by his uncle (all expenses paid and a hundred dollars a year pocket money), took geology with Dana and chemistry with Silliman the Younger, and in his freshman year he met his uncle—an American who was in business abroad and rarely came home—for the first time. "Was much pleased with him," Marsh wrote, not surprisingly, in his diary. His senior year found him anxious to become a Yale professor himself, so he persuaded Peabody to treat him to two postgraduate years in the newly established Sheffield Scientific School and then to three years at the Universities of Heidelberg, Breslau, and Berlin, where he studied paleontology and anatomy. In 1865, he returned to New Haven with two and a half tons of books and fossils (his uncle had increased his pocket money), and the following year he became the first professor of paleontology in this hemisphere and the second—by a mere thirteen years—in the world. (A Frenchman beat him to it.) "A position for which Marsh was, probably both by research and energy, peculiarly qualified," an alumni report on his Yale class states of Marsh's appointment, and this is without doubt the God's truth, but do not underestimate the power of money. Othniel's uncle was a Massachusetts-born banker who had gone to work in Baltimore at twenty; had settled in London in 1837, when he was in his early forties; and had acquired a fortune of twelve million dollars, of which, before his death, he gave away eight million to worthy causes here and in England, and, posthumously, almost a million likewise, thus displaying an amalgam of virtues that secured for him, during his lifetime, a tribute from Victor Hugo ("Winning a position second only to Rothschild, he has found means to exchange it for a place next to St. Vincent de Paul"), and, after his death, a tribute from Calvin Coolidge ("It was with integrity that he earned a fortune; it was with patriotism that he invested it; and it was with wisdom that he bestowed it on others"). Peabody's generosity is also attested to by the fact that Marsh was able to serve on the Yale faculty for twenty-six years without a salary. (Yale, in turn, let him off teaching, so that he could devote his time exclusively to the study of fossils.) Still further evidence was provided by the late Philip Whitwell Wilson, one of the banker's biographers, who started off his "George Peabody, Esq." with "In every generation as it vanishes into oblivion, there are the few

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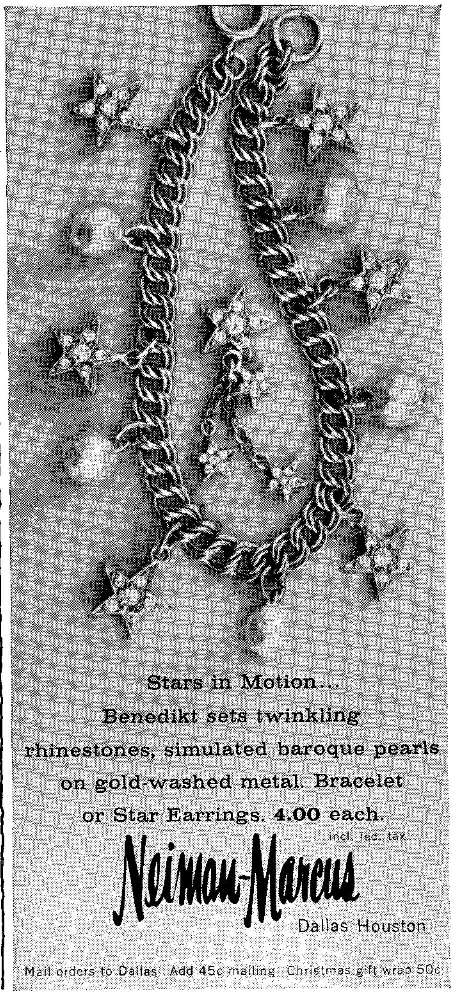
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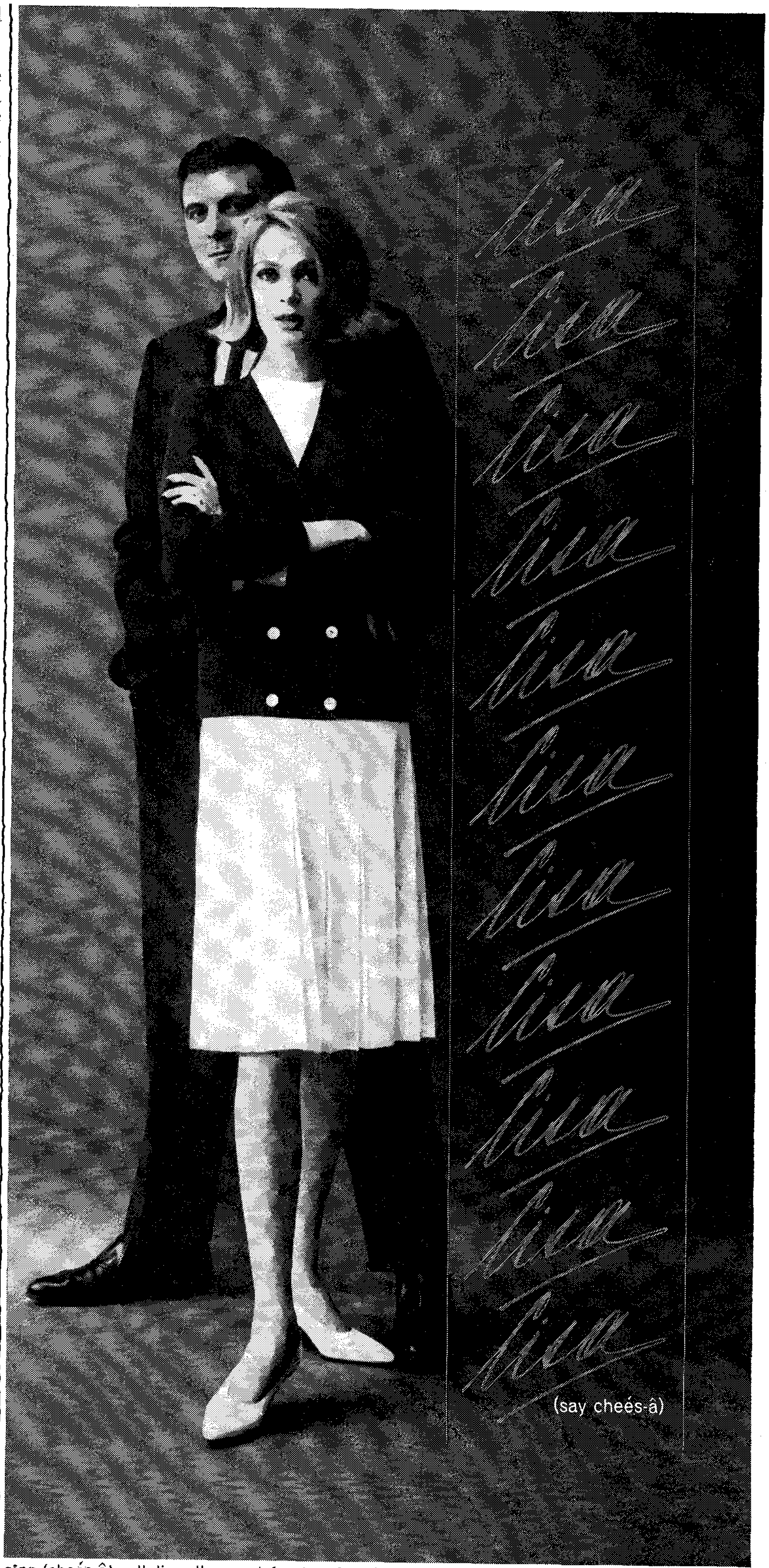
to whom is applied the word *great*," and went on to apply it:

> No one save a great poet could have written the *Paradise Lost.* No one save a great artist could have painted the Sistine Madonna. No one save a great general could have won or could have lost the Battle of Waterloo. The greatness of genius is self-evident.
>
> What has to be explained in the case of George Peabody is the greatness which is not genius. In an age of artists, he painted no picture. In an age of poets, he wrote no verse. In an age of wars, he won no battles. In an age of music, it was the well-known songs of Scotland that he was content to sing. In an age of invention, there was nothing that he invented. As the son of a farmer, he lived the usual life of a farmer's son. Among merchants, he was a merchant. Among Christians, he was a Christian. Yet after half a century of world-wide revolution, political, scientific, social, and religious, his name holds its place in the Hall of Fame as the symbol of a supreme "normalcy," the name of one who was great, not as an exception, but as an example; whose genius was no more and no less than being good and doing good. Upon his head there were heaped honors never paid before or since to any private citizen.
>
> The problem which he had to face was the problem of wealth—its accumulation, its use, and its distribution. . . . George Peabody was the St. Francis of Lombard Street and of Baltimore. He was St. Francis arrayed in the plain black of a banker. . . . If St. Francis lived the simple life, so did George Peabody. In the London of Dickens and Thackeray, he did not drink nor smoke. Where his income—which increased to more than 300,000 dollars a year—would have paid for yachts, racing, a grouse moor, and all the pleasures of an expensive era, he allowed himself a personal salary of only 3,000 dollars on the average for the last ten years of his life. He did not own or build a house, except for others. . . . He occupied chambers, or "an apartment," in a style most modest. For an evening of recreation, it was enough for him that there should be a game of whist or backgammon, played keenly as he played the game of life, with a little singing and, above all, talk. Give him a cutlet and he was happily fed. Indeed, the cheapest chophouses were where he lunched. . . . Only over fruit was he apt to be lavish. He loved the best of that and had it. Fruit was to him a delicacy ripened by God himself.

Yale is an old hand at helping the rich solve the problem of the distribution of wealth; in this respect, Peabody enjoyed the sympathetic assistance of the elder Silliman (who, after his retirement from teaching in 1853, continued to keep a watchful eye on Yale and its potential benefactors), the younger Silliman, Dana, and, not least, his nephew. In the fall of 1862, when Marsh was about to undertake his German studies, he called on his uncle in Europe. The abstemious non-painter, non-poet, and non-inventor—a lifelong bachelor, then sixty-seven and nearing retirement (his most active partner was Junius Spencer



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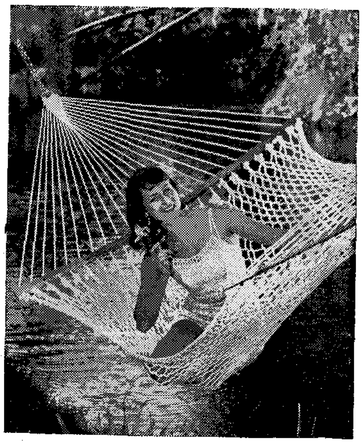

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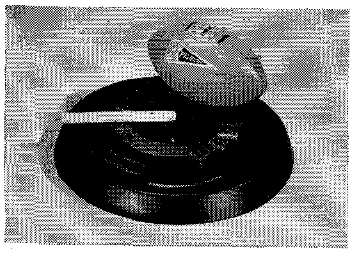

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Morgan, the father of Pierpont, and George Peabody & Co. eventually became J. S. Morgan & Co.)—was no philanthropic tyro; he had already founded the Peabody Institute, in his home town of South Danvers (which changed its name to Peabody), to which he eventually contributed a total of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, which got a million, afterward increased to a million and a half, and he had initiated the construction of workmen's dwellings in London to the ultimate tune of two and a half million dollars. Nevertheless, his problem was a continuing one, and on the occasion of his nephew's visit it was at once placed on the *tapis*. "I had a long talk with Mr. P. in regard to his future plans and donations," Marsh reported, by letter, to the younger Silliman, and went on to say that he had not allowed "the claims of my Alma Mater to be forgotten." Indeed, he had kept them so well in the foreground that he was able to notify his former professor that a gift of a hundred thousand dollars "for the benefit of science at Yale . . . is at least a supposition and is I think worth considering."

Early in 1863, Silliman called Dana in for consultation, and together they dreamed up an improved prescription—the endowment, with "from $150,000 upward," of a building to house Yale's scientific departments and collections, "the whole establishment [to] bear the name of the founder." This solution hung fire, but an interim one was arrived at the following spring, when Marsh held another powwow with his uncle, in Germany, where the latter-day St. Francis was taking the cure—for gout, no less—and where uncle and nephew worked out an agreement for a hundred-thousand-dollar legacy to promote natural science at Yale. In October, 1866, however, three months after the Yale Corporation had created a chair of paleontology and invited Marsh to fill it, Peabody came around to the preferred New Haven solution, or partial solution, of his problem: a gift—not legacy—of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars (in Massachusetts bonds) "for the foundation and maintenance of a Museum of Natural History, especially of the departments of Zoology, Geology, and Mineralogy, in connection with Yale College." As it turned out, the Museum's trustees allowed a certain amount of income to accumulate before they started building. Work on the Peabody Museum began in 1874, and the building was completed two years later, at a total cost of a hundred and seventy-six thousand dol-

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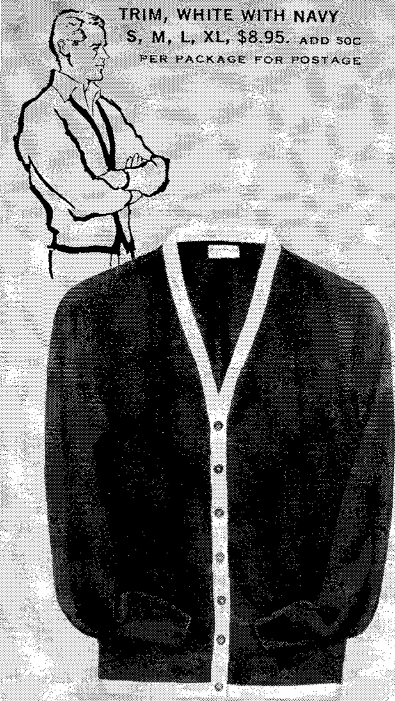

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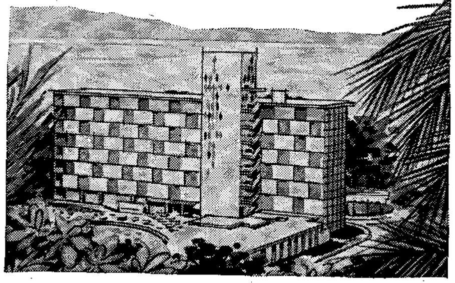

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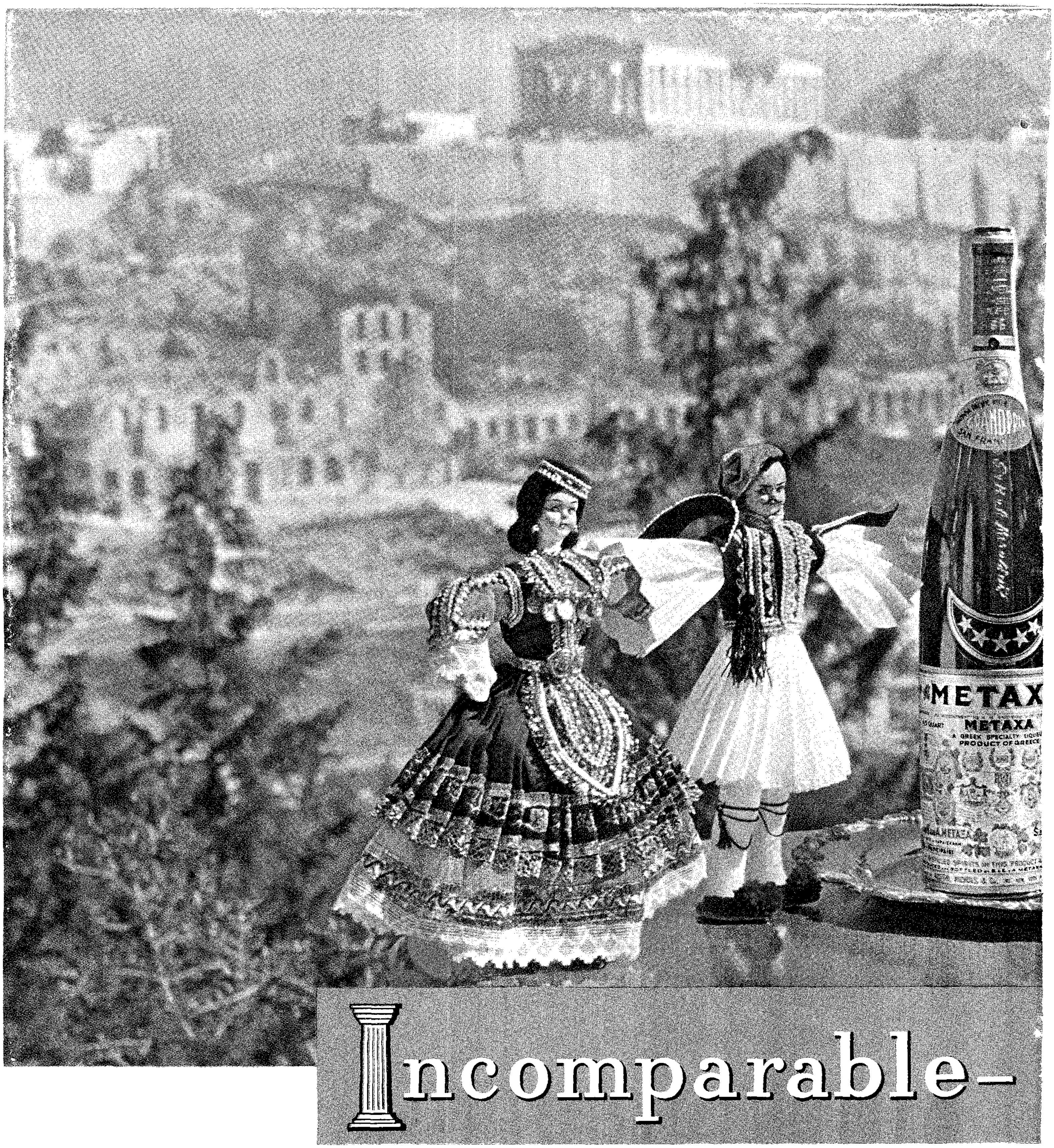
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lars, with more than fifty thousand dollars left over for upkeep.

Meanwhile, on the campus, anticipation was rife. In the summer of 1868, George T. Dole, of the class of 1838, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College an original poem, eight hundred and fifty lines long, entitled "Yale Revisited." This was a somewhat agitated disquisition reflecting the struggle between science and religion that had been brought to a head by the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" nine years earlier, but before tackling that issue Dole heralded the coming attraction:

The rear well guarded, as in war is wont,
College designs advance upon the front.
And, in that strong position on the right,
A noble structure soon shall greet the sight;
A grand Museum, where, in bright array,
The Cabinets their rich stores shall display;
And into which, as years roll on, shall flow
Whate'er can help us to more fully know
Our planet's deep interior composition,
And each organic stage in its transition;
The flora and the fauna of the earth,
Extinct, or living, from life's earliest birth;—
Our predecessors on this continent;
Whence first they came, and when and how they went;
Through Indian relics, and whatever traces
Appear of older, more exalted races.

But who the rich Mæcenas that supplies
Funds, this idea to fitly realize?
One whom no College ever graduated,
Nor classic institution cultivated:
From a New England common school sent forth,
He stands, at length, with magnates of the earth,
A prince of merchant princes; aye, a prince
Of the high order of beneficence.
Though his large enterprise, in British Isles,
Reaped its chief harvests, heaped its golden piles,
Yet to his native land his heart still clings,
And shows his love by lavish offerings;—
Now founds a library in his native place,
Now gives to Baltimore *like* "means of grace;"
Here, helps augment old institutions' power;
There, strikes out *new*, demanded by the hour.
Religion, science, letters, all have shared
Rich largesses by his full hand prepared.
Nor does the stream of his broad charities
Barrier of sect or nation recognize;—
Rearing a church beside his mother's home;
Founding a hospital in Papal Rome;
Providing tenements for London's poor;
Sending free learning to our freedmen's door.
Let all the rich, who mean, when they shall *die*,
To do great things by way of legacy,
How to make *sure* a worthy end, and see,
And taste the pleasure, learn of PEABODY.

The poet's concern with the possible

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inroads of science on religion appears later on:

But where's Theology? No turrets tall,
No graceful portico, nor spacious hall,
No decent lecture-room for *it* alone!
Scarce one snug corner it can call its own. . . .
Shall lifeless ligaments, and fossil bones,
Remains of animals, and earths and stones,
Have grand apartments; nay, the very bugs,
Unsightly slimy reptiles, snails, and slugs,
Be furnished, all, with fine accommodations,
And SHE left houseless, whose investigations
Have for their subject man's immortal mind,
And that Great Being who all else designed?
No! Too long, here, has high Divinity
Burrowed in basements, borrowed leave to be. . . .

Whither, of late, does so-called science lead?
Those great discoveries of which we read,
Supposed or real; and the hypotheses,
And startling propositions, built on these?
To what result on man, do all these tend,
His hope, his fears, his character and end? . . .
From deep-worn cañons and from mountain head,
From time-wrought strata, which the earth o'erspread,
From surface-boulders, Titans scarce could roll,
And from deep beds of heat-compelling coal,
Geologists claim ages for the earth,
Untold, ere our chronology had birth.
We grant them that. And then from art-built isles,
Where Swiss lakes show the stumps of driven piles;
From rudely fashioned tools of bronze and stone,
With, here and there, what seems a human bone,
Found in deposits thick of peat or gravel,
Some bring forth proof, which, they think, past all cavil,
Establishes for *man* a vast antiquity,
Compared with which old Babel's frustrate city,
Or Noah's birth, or Adam's (so to speak),
Was but a modern thing of yesterweek.

Then rise up the Darwinians, and they tell us
Not of these *slight* assumptions to be jealous,
For, countless years before bronze tools or stone,
Ere first was formed a human creature's bone,
They trace the genus homo's pedigree,
Through ape, gorilla stout, and chimpanzee,
Through beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, zoophytes,
Till, after æons of laborious flights,
On some nomadic germ the weary wing alights. . . .

Bring us to *this*, the paths by Science trod,
To find no work and leave no place for God!
Do all its famed researches end, indeed,
In 'stablishing the Atheist's gloomy creed?

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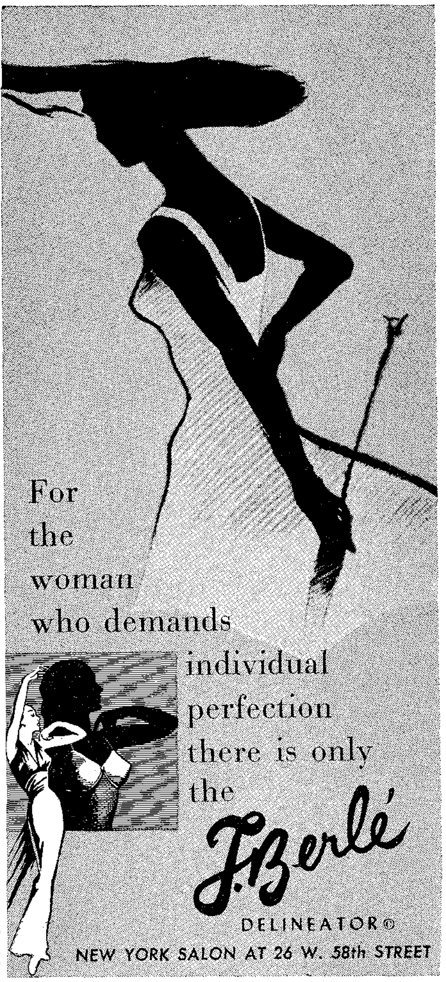

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Then perish, Science! Break her telescopes,
The instruments that shatter man's best hopes!
Tear down her thrones, and let the sons of Yale
Change their exultant shouts to a long dismal wail!

"But, no!" Yale's son continues, as he works his way out to a cheerful reconciliation of the opposing forces:

Nor pile galvanic, lens, nor prism,
Legitimately leads to scepticism.
In nature 'tis impossible should be
Aught to *disprove* a God's reality.
Nay, we maintain that Nature's so-called laws
Demand, not supersede, a Higher Cause.

And he surfaces, presently, with a confident

Discard we Science then, renounce her light?
That were a course, of men, unworthy, quite.
Nay, let us boldly all research pursue,
Retread the old fields and explore the new.
Not hastily pretentious claims receive,
But on sufficient evidence believe.
Go on, investigators! Scrutinize
All that's discernible in earth or skies!

Both the elder Silliman and Peabody, alas, died too soon to taste the pleasure of the Museum's fine accommodations and grand apartments—the patriarch in 1864, the rich Mæcenas in 1869. Happily, though, the worthy end awaiting Peabody did not arrive until he had seen his nephew get off to a lively start on his task of making sure that the ample halls of the noble structure would be suitably furnished. Scarcely had Peabody signed over the bonds providing for the construction of the Museum when Marsh, leaving bugs and slugs to others, began arranging for a vast counterattraction to the rich stores of the Yale Cabinet by adding local specimens of fossilized bones to the similar remains that he had bought in Germany. The spring of 1868 found him in southwest New Jersey in the company of Edward Drinker Cope, a Philadelphia naturalist and paleontologist, nine years his junior, whom he had met at the University of Berlin; the two friends collected, scrutinized, and boldly researched birds and mammals of the Tertiary and Cretaceous periods. That summer, Marsh, travelling in search of primitive man, proceeded on the Union Pacific Railroad to the Western plains, where he talked the conductor into holding the train long enough, at Antelope Springs, Nebraska, for him to paw through some clay-enclosed bones that had been thrown up in the course of a well-digging operation near the station. He found not what he was looking for

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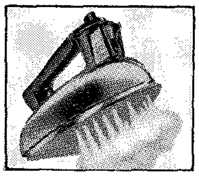

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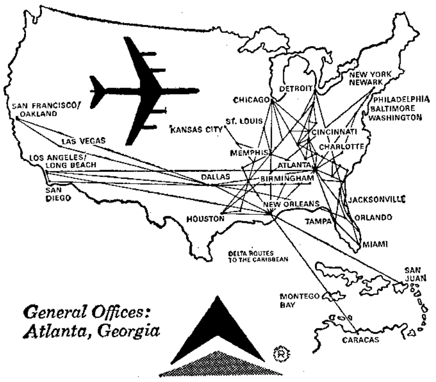

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but something that in bone circles was considered just as good.

> In one respect, I succeeded beyond my wildest hopes [he wrote in a manuscript of which the late Professor Schuchert published fragments in his Marsh biography]. By rapid search over a huge mound of earth, I soon found many fragments and a number of entire bones, not of man, but of horses, diminutive indeed, but true equine ancestors.... But the horse was not alone. Other fragments told of his contemporaries—a camel, a pig, and a turtle. ...Absorbed in this work, I took no note of time. The conductor's patience was at last exhausted, and, watch in hand, he gave a final signal which I was forced to heed. As the train started, I could only conclude a hasty bargain with the station agent to have the whole pile of earth dug over, and the bones saved for me; then I caught the rear end of the last car, and moved slowly west to still more promising fields.
>
> A hatful of bones was my reward when I passed Antelope returning East, for the station master had kept his promise. As we shook hands, I left in his palm glittering coin of the realm, and we parted good friends to meet again another day. A hasty examination of my new fossil treasures ...disclosed no trace of man, but positive evidence of no less than eleven inferior animals, all extinct, that lived around that lake in Pliocene times. The small horse was strongly in evidence.... He was then and there christened *Equus parvulus*.... During life he was scarcely a yard in height, and each of his slender legs was terminated by three toes. Later researches proved him to be a veritable missing link in the genealogy of the modern horse.

For the first time, clear proof of the direct line of descent of an existing animal from an extinct one had been unearthed; has anyone ever tipped a railroad employee to better purpose?

In the summer of 1870, Marsh recruited and led an expedition manned by twelve young Yale men—recently graduated or soon to be—who, braving (with the help of infantry and cavalry escorts from local military posts) hostile Indians, rattlesnakes, buffaloes, and horse thieves, and ranging all the way from Kansas to the Pacific, excavated, packed, and dispatched to New Haven thousands of fragmentary fossil remains of extinct vertebrates. An account of this seminal expedition in the New York *Weekly Herald* includes the following:

> The Professor of Palæontology, or the science of fossils, in Yale College, is O. C. Marsh, a young fresh-looking gentleman, of probably five and thirty years of age [Marsh was in fact thirty-nine], who appears to the casual observer anything else than a devoted student of the petrified bones of past ages. But if one could obtain a glance at the Professor's cabinets, in College street, he would everywhere see, not only the evidences of great scientific acquirements, but valuable specimens of scientific treasures....The discoveries made by Professor Marsh are of

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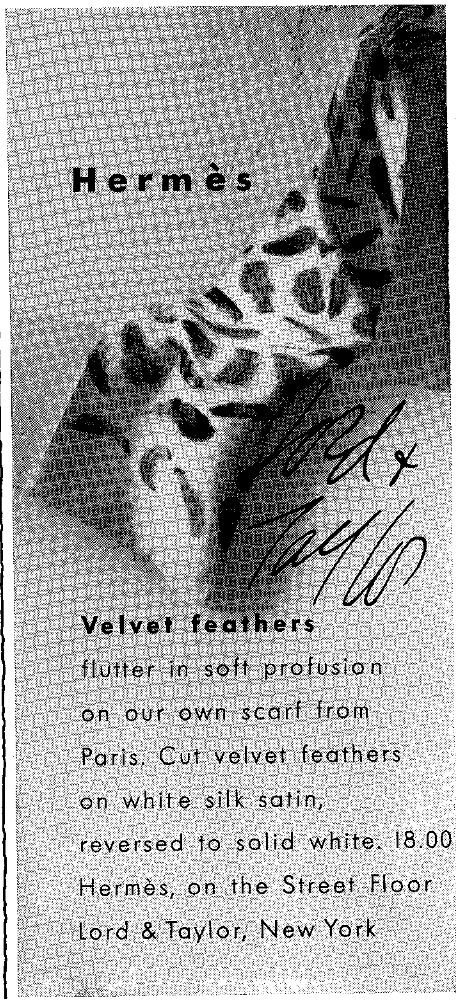

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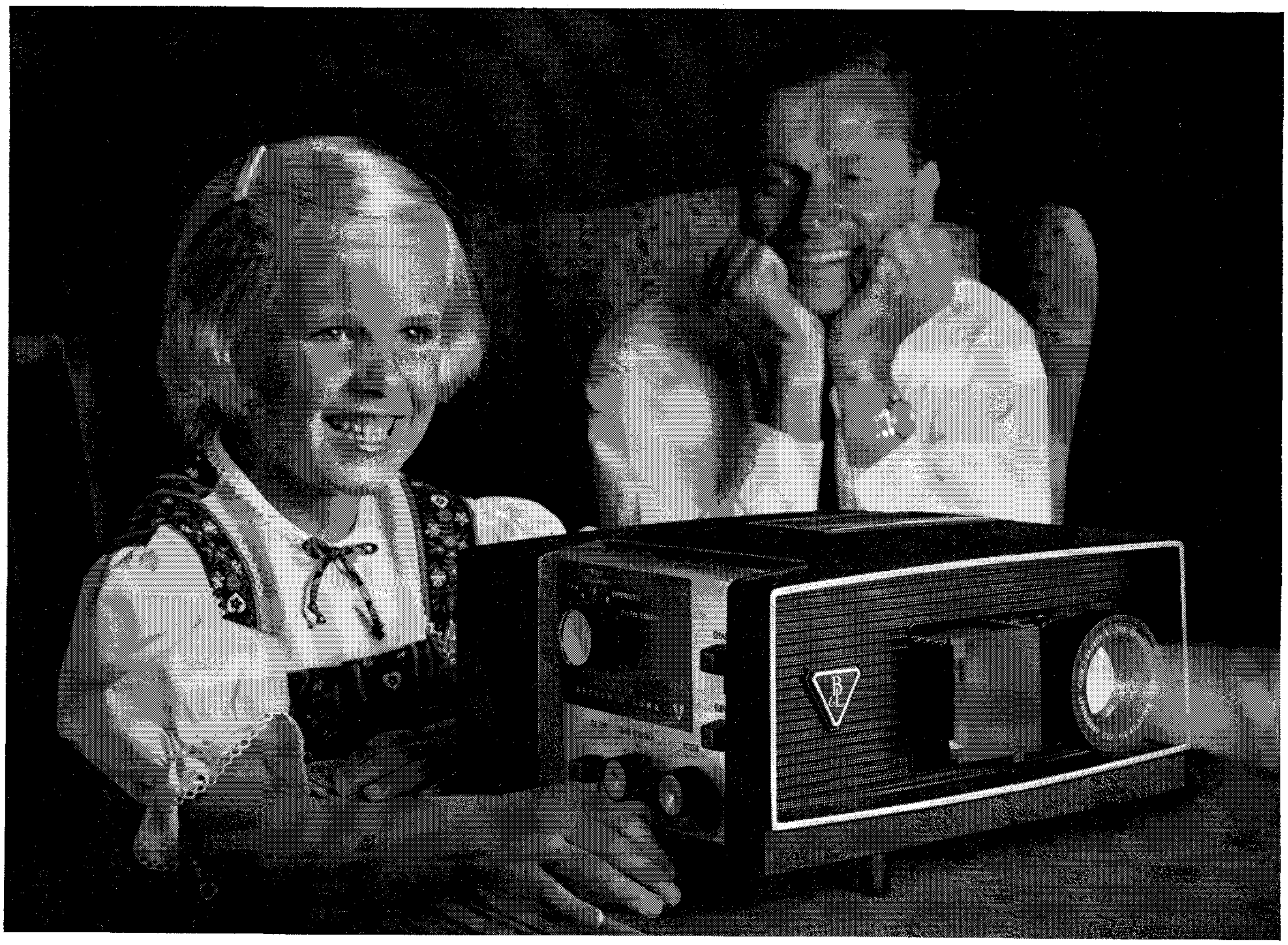

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the greatest importance. Among the thousands of valuable specimens of fossil vertebrates which he and his party collected there are many species new to science. . . . Armed with a brace of trusty pistols and the all-essential knife, as well as the geological hammer and the appliances of science, not altogether like, and yet not unlike, Cæsar of old, when he went into Gaul, they, too, went, saw, and conquered. . . . [Nebraska] was found to be . . . the horse region of the pliocene period, and not fewer than six species of fossil horses were found imbedded in the sand. The school books tell us that "that noble animal, the horse, was the gift of Europe to America," but Professor Marsh's explorations prove conclusively that the horse had existed here, and become extinct, long before Columbus discovered the New World.

THE Peabody's bones are popular today, but in the eighteen-seventies they were a sensation, because they supported the Darwinian theory of evolution, whose implications had so taxed the ingenuity of the versifier Dole. To be sure, the full size of the collection was at first but dimly grasped, for Marsh, a compulsive collector, not only followed up his 1870 expedition with similar excursions during the next three summers, and in the fall of 1874 made a solo trip to the Bad Lands of South Dakota, where he engaged bands of frontiersmen to help him gather bones, but thereafter continued to support in the field a small army of diggers—more than a hundred in all—the consequence being that by the time the Museum opened, in 1876, freight car after freight car was regularly arriving in New Haven loaded with crumbling fossils, in quantities so overpowering that most of the bones were simply stored away unpacked, and so some of them remain to this day. Yet the fact that the bulk of them were not on public view—only one roomful, indeed, was originally exhibited—did nothing to detract from the excitement they aroused in scientific circles. "The collection of fossils is the most wonderful thing I ever saw," Thomas Huxley, who spent a week inspecting them in the course of an 1876 American lecture tour, wrote his wife, and he subsequently wrote Clarence King, the American geologist:

> I am disposed to think that whether we regard the abundance of material, the number of complete skeletons of the various species, or the extent of geological time covered by the collection . . . there is no collection of fossil vertebrata in existence which can be compared to [Marsh's].
>
> And I think that I am quite safe in adding that no collection which has hitherto been formed approaches that made by Prof. Marsh in the completeness of the chain of evidence by which certain existing mammals are connected with their older tertiary ancestry.
>
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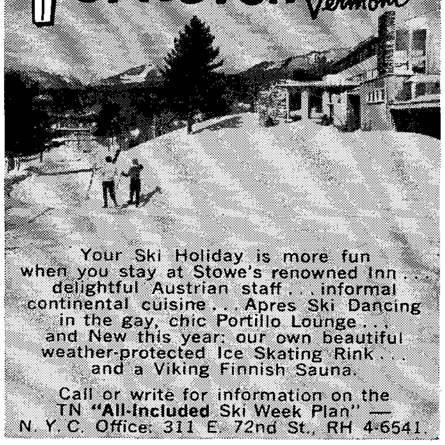

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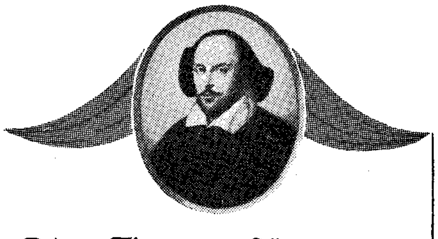

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progress of biological sciences that the publication of this evidence, accompanied by illustrations of such fulness as to enable palaeontologists to form their own judgment as to its value, should take place without delay.

The fossils that so excited Huxley's admiration were those of primitive American horses (after studying them, he agreed with Marsh that the horse must have originated in the New World, not in the Old, as he had previously supposed, and he modified his lectures on the subject accordingly), the first of which owed its presence in New Haven to the faithful stationmaster of Antelope Springs.

After his campaign in the Bad Lands, Marsh remained largely in New Haven (he did make frequent voyages abroad, especially to England, where he hobnobbed with Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer), struggling to assemble and classify the mass of material that was all but swamping him, but he could not bring himself to call off his diggers and so never did catch up with the contents of his boxes, which these employees kept sending him by the thousand. Although he managed to describe hundreds of new genera, families, suborders, and orders, some of the best of his material escaped him. *Limnoscelis paludis*, for example, a previously unknown seven-foot-long Permian, or Late Paleozoic, reptile received by him in 1880 from David Baldwin, who for a while was one of his most productive diggers, ranks among the contemporary Peabody's prize exhibits, but Marsh never got around to unpacking it, and it was not described until 1918—nineteen years after Marsh's death. "Professor Marsh was so buried in the avalanche of specimens," one student of nineteenth-century American science later wrote, "that camels and horses and other animals waited patiently for years at Yale without even learning their own names"—a flight of pathetic fallacy whose pathos may be diminished by the fact that these beasts had been sealed anonymously in rock for up to a hundred million years before taking the train to New Haven. And Charles E. Beecher, Marsh's immediate successor as head of the Peabody, wrote in an obituary of his departed chief, "The constant stream of vertebrate riches . . . had a . . . bewildering effect on Marsh, for it was impossible for him to do more than seize on what appealed to him as the most salient. . . . Still, he seems to have had a just conception of relative values, for it will be found that he plucked the most luscious plums from the paleontological tree, and left chiefly the smaller

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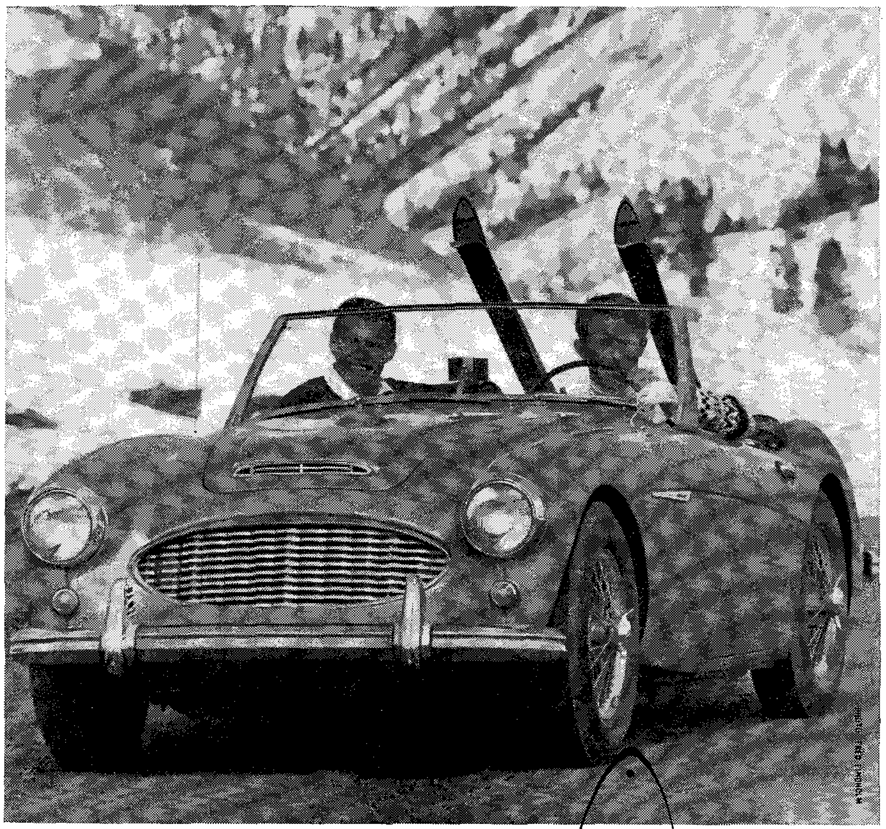

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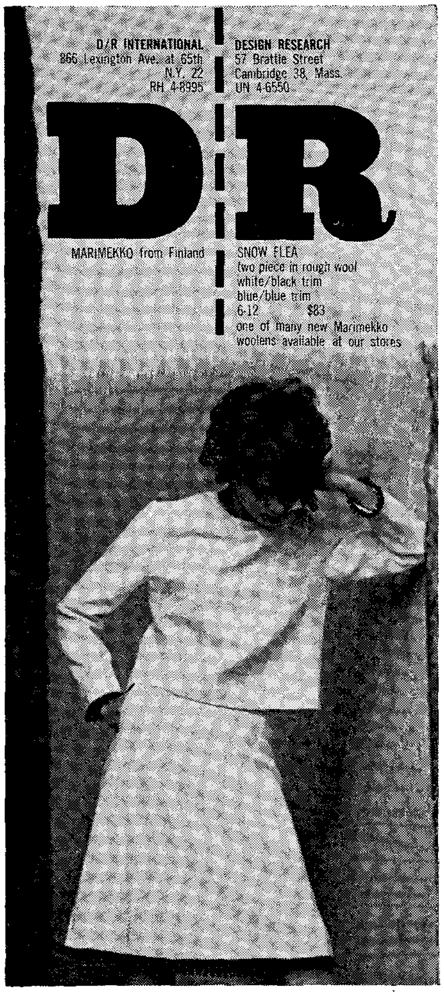
or unripe and imperfect fruit untouched." What a premature (and affectionate) interpretation this is, for surely *L. paludis* is as luscious a plum as one could wish for!

The other arduous duties of this dedicated man, who, like his uncle, never married (although he apparently was not indifferent to women, since he once referred to a young lady of his acquaintance as the prettiest little vertebrate he had seen in a long time), and who one can but regret was not a Bones man (he turned down Scroll & Key and received no other senior-society offer), included the presidencies of the National Academy of Sciences and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and, beginning in 1882, the post of vertebrate paleontologist of the United States Geological Survey, which, during the next decade, gave him a hundred and fifty thousand dollars toward field and laboratory expenses. For this sum, the Survey ultimately got seven freight-car loads of bones as against Marsh's total lifetime haul of twenty-three for himself, or Yale. However, *all* the carloads were sent first to the Peabody, which he regarded as his personal research institution. By 1898, only two of the Survey's carloads had been relayed to its repository, the United States National Museum, in Washington, and it was not until after his death that the remaining five were sent along to the capital—eighty tons of bones, in five hundred and ninety-two boxes, two hundred of which had never been opened.

THE man whose rage played a significant part in assuring the Peabody's nineteenth-century osteological supremacy was Marsh himself, and the object of the rage was none other than Cope, his erstwhile friend and fellow-collector, who, shortly after their scientific idyll in southwestern New Jersey, reëntered Marsh's orbit as a powerful paleontological rival, wily as any Indian, hostile as any rattlesnake. In 1872, Cope, who was, like Marsh, a man of independent means and the commander of troops of diggers, invaded one of Marsh's boneyards in the Bridger Basin of Wyoming, where fossils of uintatheres—huge horned mammals with small brains and large canine teeth—abounded. Marsh's indignation was aroused by the intrusion, and, past ties notwithstanding, a lifelong feud developed between the two men, who, until Cope's death, a quarter of a century later, accused each other, in print and correspondence, not



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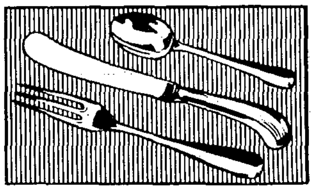

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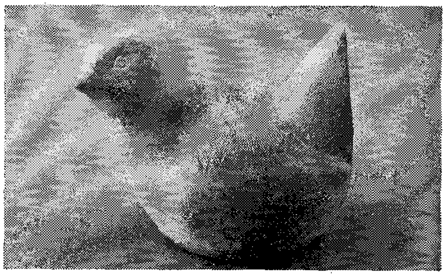

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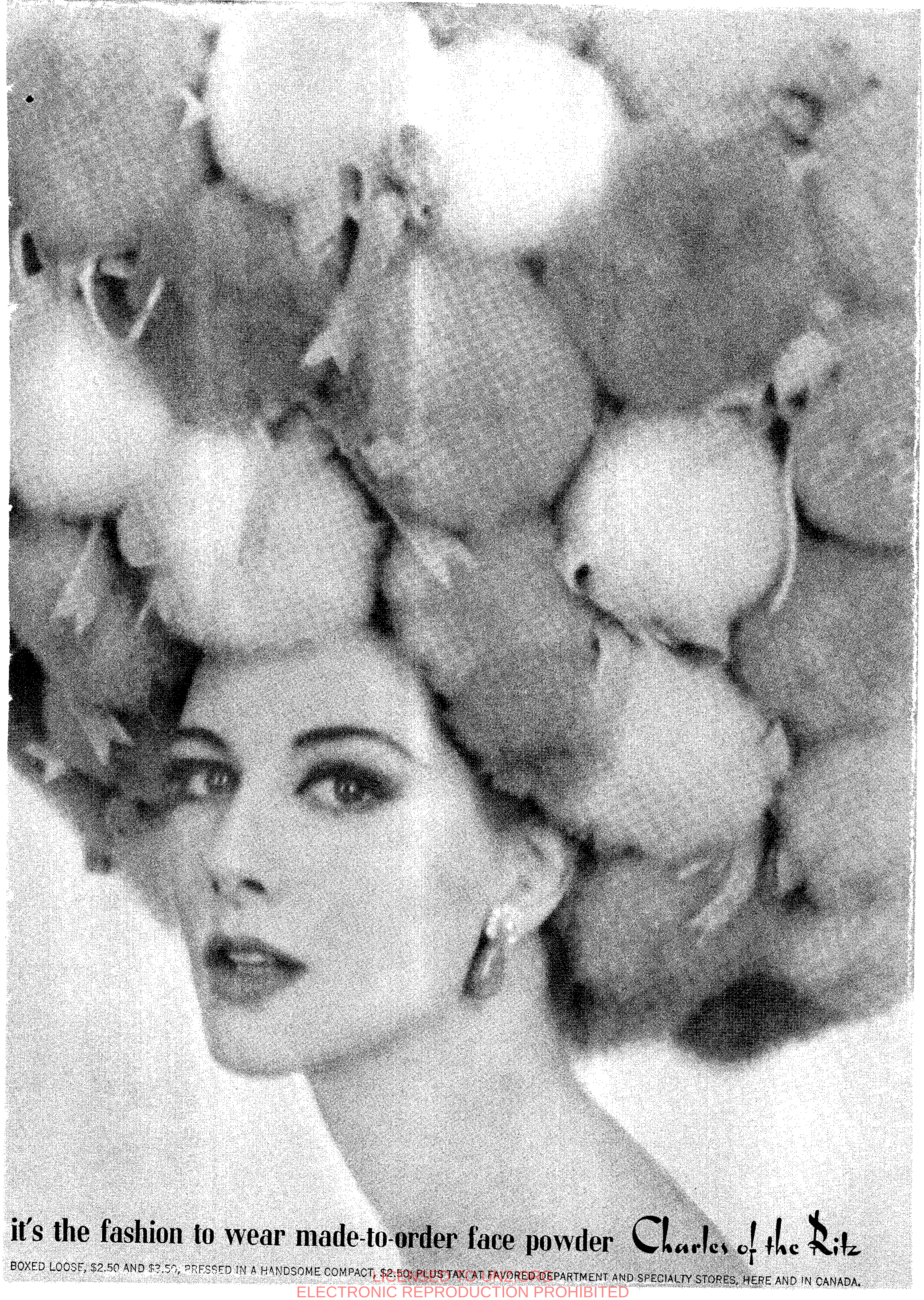
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only of raiding each other's staff but of antedating papers sent to scientific journals so as falsely to make it appear that in the description of new forms of vertebrates one had beaten the other to the gun, or geological hammer. "I would not have done this to you for all the fossils in Wyoming," Cope wrote Marsh in 1873, after the latter had taxed him with stealing a digger named Smith. The rivalry between the two rich scientists was taken up with a will by their workmen, whose allegiance was, however, to some extent interchangeable; Smith, for instance, *had* briefly defected to Cope, and Baldwin had permanently left Marsh for the Philadelphian a year after dispatching the remains of *Limnoscelis paludis* to New Haven.

During 1877 and 1878, in the course of recognizing and excavating, more or less simultaneously, several great caches of dinosaur remains in the West, the two distinguished vertebrates got madder and madder at each other, and the increasingly scandalous nature of the charges and counter-charges of paleontological fraud that they levelled at each other horrified their contemporaries and influenced their foremost colleague in the vertebrate-fossil arena—Joseph Leidy, professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania, where Cope had been a pupil of his—to remove himself from it. As far back as 1847, Leidy, a modest and uncompetitive scientist, had described extinct American fossil horses, and, again before Marsh and Cope got going, he had shown, through fossil remains, the prehistoric presence on the Western plains of other extinct vertebrates; an early Bridger Basin man, he was the first of the triumvirate to publish a description of the uintathere, which he named *Uintatherium robustum.* He lacked a private income and was unable to mount and equip expeditions of his own, but for some years collectors in the field had been in the habit of sending him fossilized material; with the advent of the well-heeled Marsh and Cope, this flow tapered off, and at length—none too *robustus* himself, placed at a relative disadvantage, and disgusted by the shenanigans of his youthful opposite numbers—he abandoned the field of vertebrate paleontology as one not fit for gentlemen and withdrew into, among other fields, *invertebrate* paleontology.

Leidy's opinion of the social, or moral, climate of American nineteenth-century paleontology appears to be borne out by a letter that Cope wrote in 1885 to Henry Fairfield Osborn (the father of the president of the New York Zoological Society), who was then a

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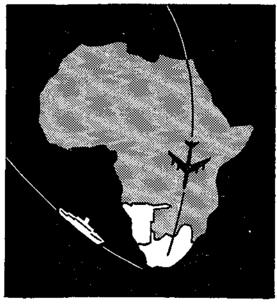

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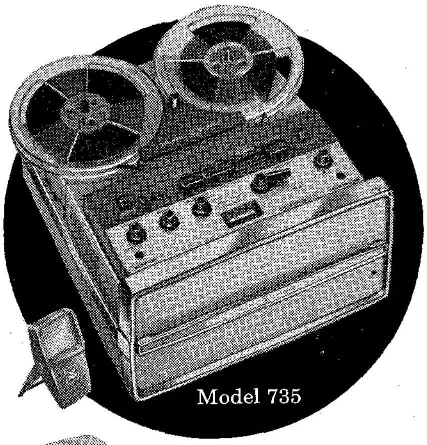

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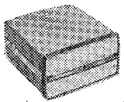

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professor of comparative anatomy at Princeton and who later became not only president of the American Museum of Natural History but Marsh's successor as the vertebrate paleontologist with the Geological Survey. "It is now clear to me that Marsh is simply a scientifico-political adventurer who has succeeded, in ways other than those proceeding from scientific merit, in placing himself in the leading scientific position in the country," Cope's letter ran, in part, referring to Marsh's presidency of the National Academy. "It is now perfectly certain that he, M, has not written either of the quarto books that bear his name, and it is doubtful whether he has written much or any of his 800 papers. I consider that his career is a disgrace to our scientific community and one that we ought to wipe out." Five years later, Cope bared his teeth in public by giving an interview to the *Herald* in which, according to Osborn, who wrote a biography of him, he depicted the Geological Survey "as a scientific-political machine which yearly received large appropriations of government money and did little work, except that it was under the malign influence of the president of the National Academy of Sciences, who secured in it sinecures for his fellow-members." To this accusation, Cope, who kept in a drawer of his desk a folder labelled "Marshiana," added specific charges of Marshian error:

First—I charge that Professor O. C. Marsh duplicated the history of the genealogy of the horse, which had been done four years before in Europe.

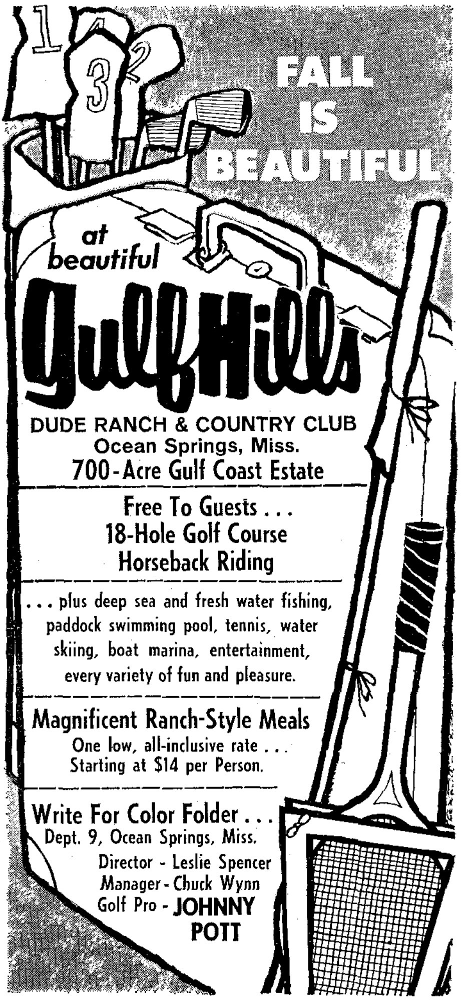
Second—that his work, "The Odontornithes," was written by his assistants.

Third—that his second work, "The Dinocerata," was written by his assistants, and fourth, the last chapter in that book, containing the general conclusions, was plagiarized from myself.

Fifth—I charge that most of his papers have been written by his assistants, and sixth, that he habitually neglects the work of others, assuming credit for what they have done. . . .

Lastly—I assert that he is not a proper person to be the president of the National Academy of Sciences.

"Odontornithes," subtitled "A Monograph on the Extinct Toothed Birds of North America," was one of Marsh's two quarto books, and it was a cornerstone of his career, since his discovery and description of these Cretaceous vertebrates made it possible to complete the series of transitional forms between reptiles and birds, and thus, as Huxley pointed out in 1880, "removed Mr. Darwin's proposition that 'many animal forms of life have been utterly lost, through which the early progenitors of birds were formerly connected with the early progenitors of the other vertebrate



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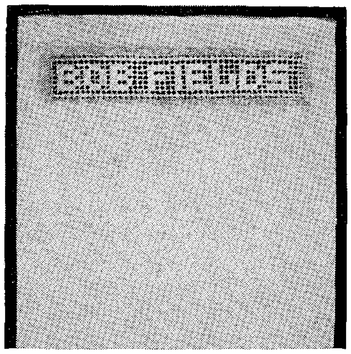

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classes' from the region of hypothesis to that of demonstrable fact." ("I have looked with renewed admiration at the plates," Darwin himself wrote Marsh that year, thanking him for a copy, "and will soon read the text. Your work on these old birds and on the many fossil animals of N. America has afforded the best support to the theory of evolution which has appeared within the last 20 years"—that is, since the publication of "Origin of Species," in 1859.) The purported non-author of "Odontornithes," therefore, was in no mood not to bare *his* teeth, which were in excellent working order. A week after Cope's salvo, he paid his respects to the Philadelphian in an article that took up an entire page of the *Herald*. He, too, had kept notes on his colleague, and he drew upon the stored-up ammunition of twenty-one years:

> Professor Cope had described an extinct reptile from the cretaceous of Kansas, under the name of *Elasmosaurus* and his published description made this the most remarkable animal of ancient or modern times. Besides his original description, he had read a paper on the subject before the American Association [for the Advancement of Science], in which he explained the marvelous creature. In a communication published by the Boston Society of Natural History in 1869, he placed it in a new order, *Streptosauria*. In the *American Naturalist* he gave a restoration of the animal, represented as alive. This was afterward copied in *Appleton's Cyclopedia*. Finally, an extensive description was published in the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society" . . . in which a full restoration of this wonderful creation was given.
>
> The skeleton itself was arranged in the Museum of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, according to this restoration, and when Professor Cope showed it to me and explained its peculiarities I noticed that the articulations of the vertebrae were reversed and suggested to him gently that he had the whole thing wrong end foremost. His indignation was great, and he asserted in strong language that he had studied the animal for many months and ought at least to know one end from the other.
>
> It seems he did not, for Professor Leidy in his quiet way took the last vertebra of the tail, as Cope had placed it, and found it to be the atlas and axis, with the occipital condyle of the skull in position. This single observation of America's most distinguished comparative anatomist, whom Cope has wronged grievously in name and fame, was a demonstration that could not be questioned, and when I informed Professor Cope of it his wounded vanity received a shock from which it has never recovered, and he has since been my bitter enemy. Professor Cope had actually placed the head on the end of the tail in all his restorations, but now his new order was not only extinct, but extinguished.

The author of this deposition did not always accord Leidy such high respect;

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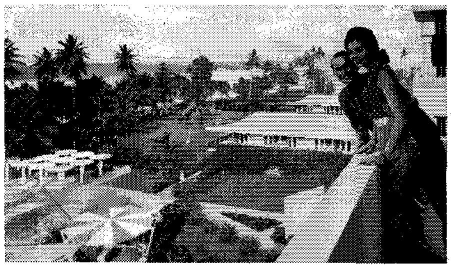

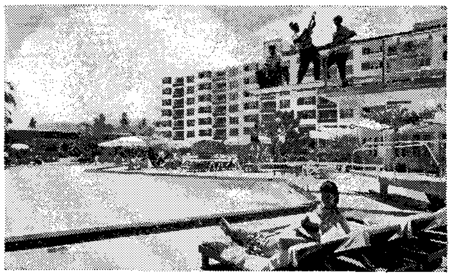

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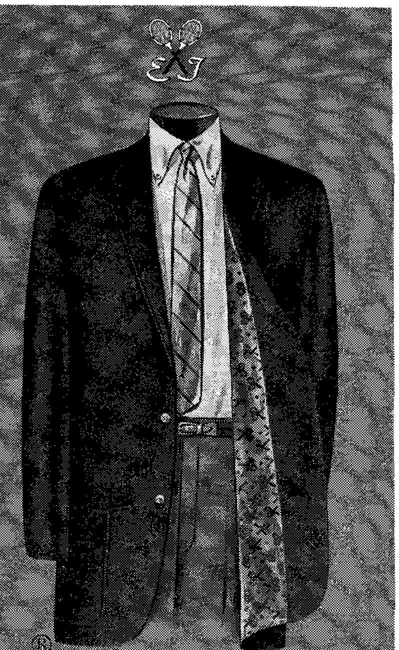
indeed, in preparing their voluminous scientific papers, both Marsh *and* Cope, for once seeing eye to eye, proceeded as though their great paleontological predecessor had never existed. "I doubt if you will find in the writings of Professor Cope or Professor Marsh a single allusion to the work of Leidy," Osborn wrote in his "Impressions of Great Naturalists." (The chapter was called "Joseph Leidy, Founder of Vertebrate Paleontology in America.") "The rivalry between the two men went to such lengths that in their race with each other Leidy was totally forgotten. Every new animal that was discovered was given a new scientific name by each of them. *Notharctus* Leidy, for example, is exactly the same animal as *Tomitherium* Cope and *Limnotherium* Marsh. Thus arose a trinominal system—three names each for the Eocene and Oligocene animals—the original Leidy name and the Cope and Marsh names. It has been the painful duty of Professor Scott [William B. Scott, of Princeton, who later wrote a book called "Some Memories of a Paleontologist"] and myself to devote thirty of the best years of our lives trying to straighten out this nomenclatural chaos."

The paleontological squabble that occasioned Osborn's and Scott's thirty-year ordeal has fascinated scientific historians ever since. Only a couple of years ago, the magazine *Science* published an article by Walter H. Wheeler, associate professor of geology at the University of North Carolina, called "The Uintatheres and the Cope-Marsh War," in which he wrote, "This feud is an interesting but unfortunate part of the history of science in 19th century America," and, disinterring yet another phase of the relations between the embattled paleontologists, recalled Marsh's reply to a newspaper interview in which Cope had taxed him with cribbing his published genealogy of the horse from O. Kowalevsky, a Russian paleontologist.

Marsh's accusations may lack the reckless zest of the charges by Cope [Professor Wheeler noted]. He kept a damper on his emotions in most of the article. He did, rather amusingly, let himself go in an attack on the unfortunate Russian scientist Kowalevsky [as follows]: "I have already alluded to Cope's depredations on the museums of the scientific world. Kowalevsky's were of a similar character, although less known, but the cunning of his hand has been felt even in America. . . .

"Kowalevsky was at last stricken with remorse and ended his unfortunate career by blowing out his own brains. Cope still lives, unrepentant."

Marsh outlived Cope by two years; he succumbed to pneumonia, in the rainy



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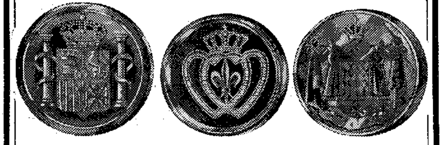

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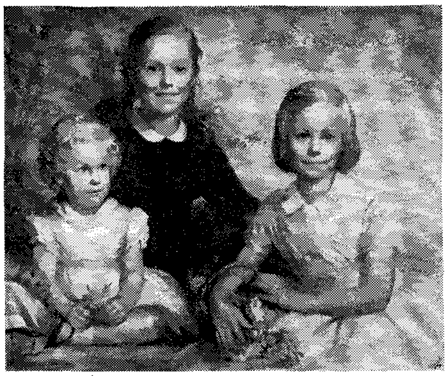

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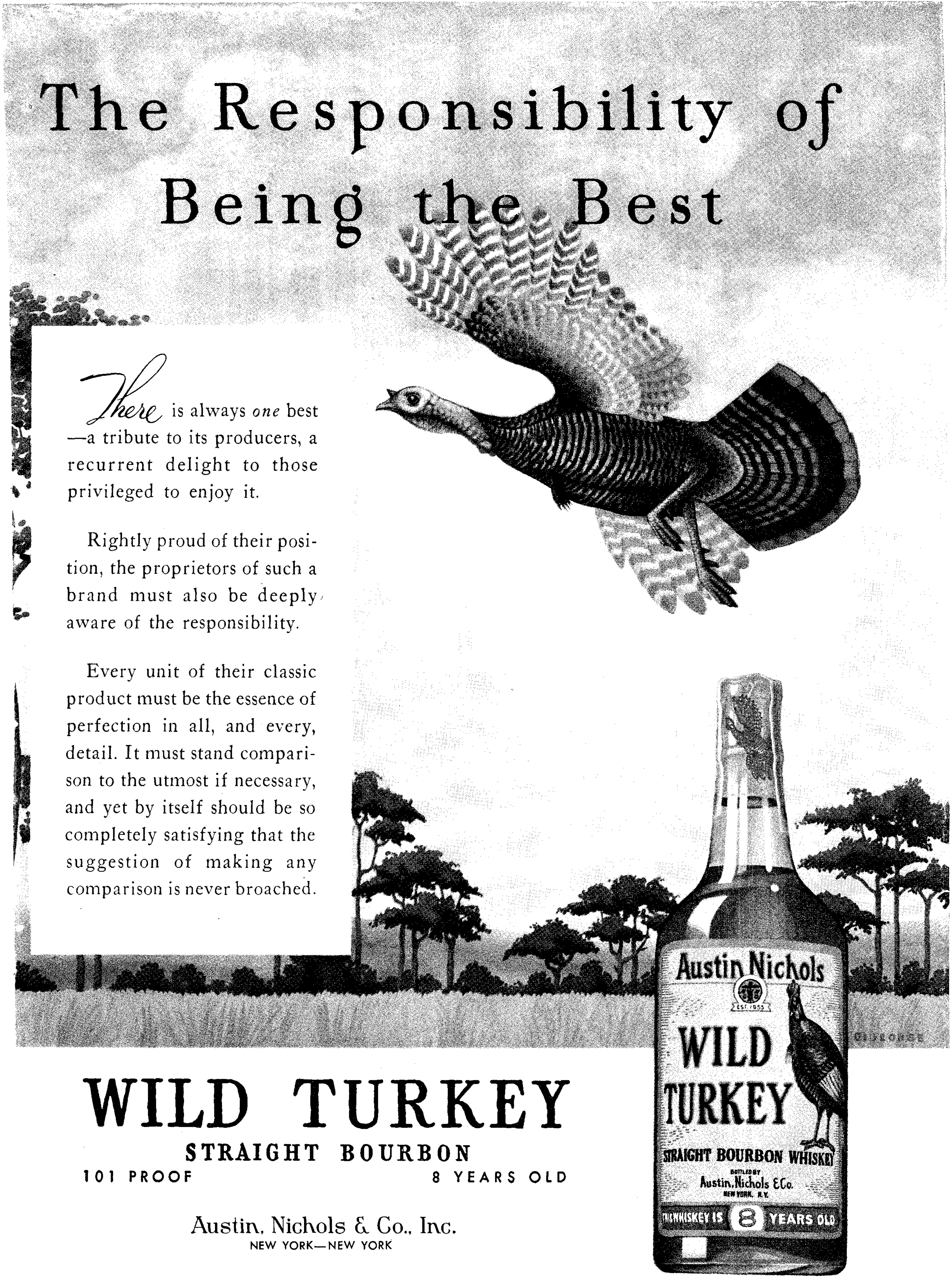
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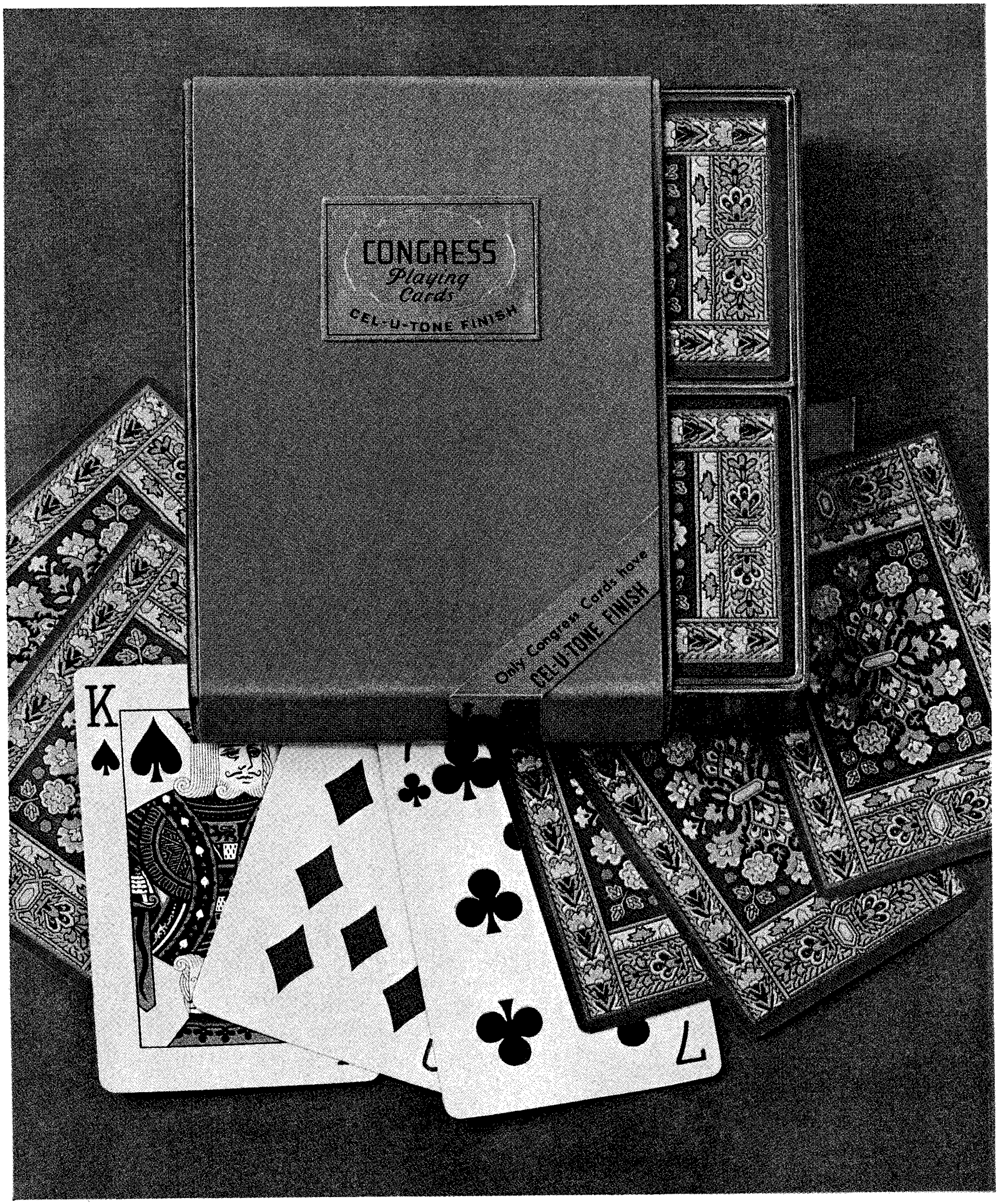
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New Haven winter of 1899, at the age of sixty-seven. At the age of sixty, he had virtually exhausted what remained of his capital, largely in the acquisition of bones; after that, at his request, Yale had paid him a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars. He left the university his residuary estate, a mere ten thousand dollars, but in 1898 he had turned over his collections to the Peabody—a windfall that was estimated by his biographer, Professor Schuchert, to be worth more than a million dollars. Later that same year, in commenting on this gift at a Yale alumni dinner held in New York, its Darwinian donor, although he was not a churchgoer, ascribed it, in a way, to religion. After observing that he had thought of what should be done with his collections in the event of his death, he said, "I, of course, could not take them with me, for if I did, they would probably burn up, as some of our clerical friends believe, and therefore the disposition of them was a serious matter. As I had no time to settle this theological question, I thought it safer on the whole to leave my fossil treasures in a fireproof building in New Haven, much as I disliked to part with them. This I have done, and on the first day of January last I presented them all to Yale. . . . They represent thirty years' work, and nearly all my patrimony." No son of Yale could doubt that the Peabody was the fireproof building when Marsh went on to stipulate that that was where his treasures were to remain, other than the "less valuable specimens . . . especially duplicates," which might be removed by vote of the Museum trustees.

Marsh was not alone in his generosity. By the time he died, his uncle's museum had also been enriched by eight hundred thousand contemporary marine invertebrates from the Atlantic coast between Greenland and the Caribbean and the Pacific coast between Alaska and Panama, given to it by Addison E. Verrill, who was its curator of invertebrate zoology for forty-three years, Yale's first professor of zoology, and an active dredger and student of sponges, corals, sea stars, worms, mollusks, and crustaceans right up to his death, in 1926, two months shy of his eighty-eighth birthday, and a few months *after* Marsh died the Peabody received more than a hundred thousand Devonian and Lower Carboniferous trilobites and brachiopods from his successor, Charles E. Beecher, who had pried them out of the rocks of New York and Pennsylvania. Beecher, who had also shipped dinosaurs from the West as a Marsh assistant, followed him not only as head of the Peabody—

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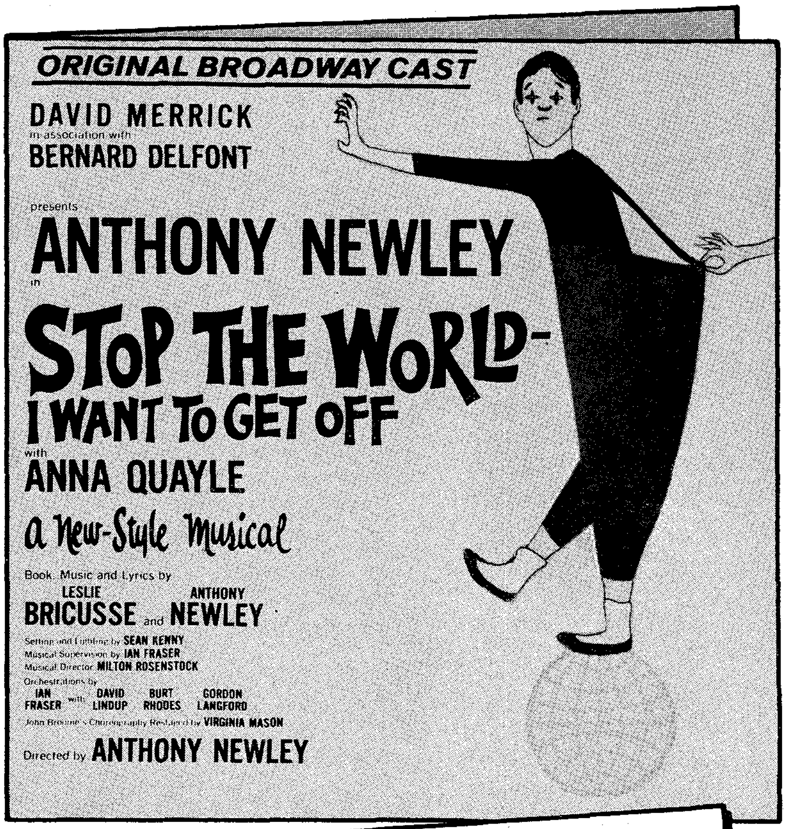

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and as professor of paleontology—but as curator of the Museum's geological collections, and he demonstrated a badly needed talent as a fossil showman. Whereas Marsh, busy with his taxonomy, his societies, his theological thoughts, and his note-taking on Cope, had never bothered much about the public exhibition of his bones—during his tenure only one vertebrate fossil, an Eocene ungulate, had been mounted and displayed, and then only in a plaster model—Beecher unpacked many of his late boss's unopened boxes and arranged their dinosaurian and other plums in realistic restorations. On his death, in 1904, he was succeeded in his administrative, professorial, and curatorial posts, in the restoration business, and in the collecting of brachiopods by another generous Museum man—the Marshian biographer, Schuchert. Though Schuchert retired as head of the Peabody in 1923, he went right on collecting—through the institutional reigns of the late Richard Swann Lull, a vertebrate paleontologist, and of A. E. Parr, a marine zoologist—and when, in 1942, he died, a bachelor, at the age of eighty-four, he left Yale the sum of seventy thousand dollars and about two hundred thousand of his favorite brachiopods, the latter to be kept in the Museum, where they fill three hundred drawers. (They are surpassed in volume, variety, and quality only by the brachiopods in the Smithsonian.) During the administrations of Lull and Parr, more Marsh crates were unpacked, and their patient fossils restored and mounted, and the process continued under Parr's successor, Professor Carl O. Dunbar, an invertebrate paleontologist who worked his way up through the curatorial ranks of the Peabody, has spent a good deal of his life studying fusulines—a group of Late Paleozoic protozoa—and continues to study them, *à la* Schuchert, in retirement, in his seventies. A few unopened boxes remain in the basement, where, under the direction of the Peabody's present head, S. Dillon Ripley, they are still being tapped.

THE Peabody Museum today—housed in a three-story French Gothic structure with a six-story tower, on Whitney Avenue, that dates from 1925, when the original museum building was torn down to make way for the Harkness Quadrangle—contains a collection of minerals that has grown since the days of Silliman the Elder from some thirty thousand specimens, among them those of the original Yale Cabinet, to around sixty thousand, but most of

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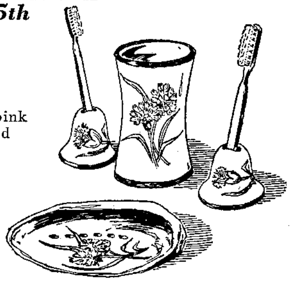

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them are in study drawers, and the ones on exhibition now occupy glass cases in a room on the third floor, where relatively few visitors bother to look at them. By way of contrast, the Peabody's other major collection, its bones, has provided the material for the Museum's most dramatic public display and its most frequented section—a vast Hall of Amphibians, Reptiles, and Birds, on the main floor, which is populated chiefly by extinct specimens. These include seventeen skeletons and/or skulls of Paleozoic and Mesozoic giant sea turtles, fish, fish lizards, winged lizards (or pterodactyls), sea serpents, and toothed birds of palpable reptilian ancestry, as well as no fewer than fifteen skulls and skeletons, necessarily Mesozoic, of dinosaurs, most of which, like *Brontosaurus excelsus* Marsh, *Stegosaurus ungulatus* Marsh, *Camptosaurus medius* Marsh, *Camarasaurus lentus* Marsh, *Trachodon annectens* Marsh, *Claosaurus agilis* Marsh, *Torosaurus latus* Marsh, *Laosaurus consors* Marsh, and *Yaleosaurus colurus* Marsh, are labelled Something-or-Other Marsh. In two adjacent Halls of Mammals, the Peabody's bones have spilled over into painstakingly assembled, chronologically sequential Cenozoic skeletons of sabre-toothed cats, ungulates, horses, mastodons, and other specimens of milk-secreting extinct vertebrates. It is a measure of the Peabody's paleontological preëminence that half a dozen of these exhibits constitute either the only specimens ever found or the only ones ever mounted—that *Camarasaurus lentus* and *Laosaurus consors* are the only skeletons of juvenile dinosaurs to be seen anywhere; that *T. annectens*, collected in Wyoming in 1892 and mounted in 1901, was the first dinosaur skeleton to be exhibited in the United States; and that *B. excelsus*, so named in 1881, when this sixty-seven-foot-long petrifaction was exhumed, also from the bluffs of Wyoming, still deserves its title, since the Yale *Brontosaurus* remains the most nearly perfect known specimen of its kind.

I remarked at the outset of this discourse that it was to be selective, and selective it will now be, to the extent of not even pretending to do justice to the Peabody of 1962, with its many other halls and exhibits, for my interest in the Museum centers on its past, the days of its partnership with the Union Pacific Railroad, when Marsh was in his terrible prime—which prompts me to note that, though not on exhibit, Dr. Ripley himself represents a rare link with a vertebrate of an earlier era, being a

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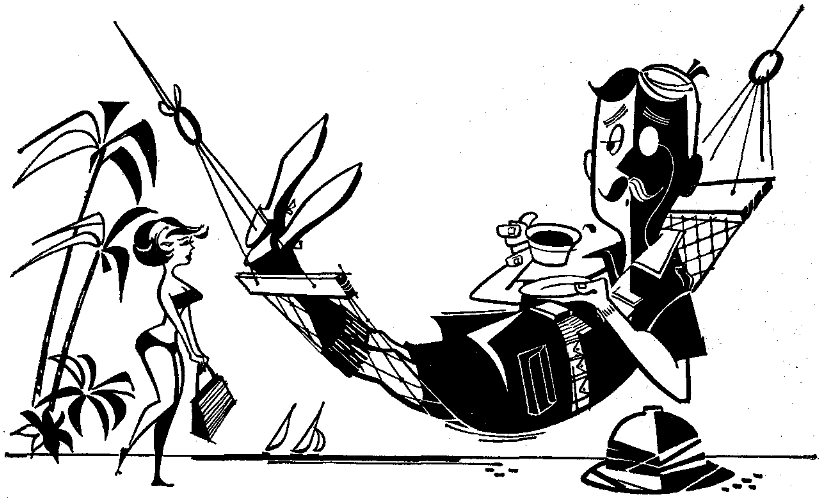

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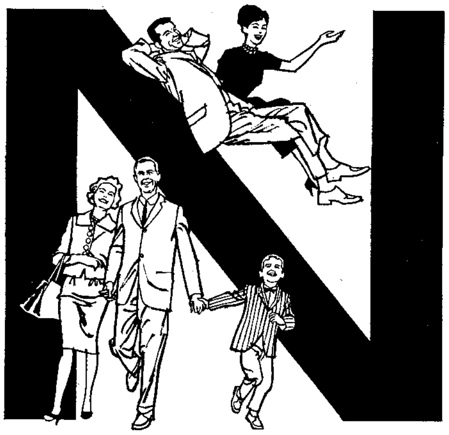

great-grandson and namesake of Sidney Dillon, who once was president and chairman of the board of directors of that bone-bearing line. The Peabody's director, who is also its curator of vertebrate zoology, a professor of biology on the Yale faculty, and one of the world's most peripatetic ornithologists, revealed this to me when I visited the Peabody not long ago, and then whisked me off to his favorite Museum spot—an enormous room, in the Ornithological Laboratory, containing the skins of a hundred thousand birds.

"Our curators—we have about a dozen, mostly doctoral or post-doctoral, and they're also professors—go along on expeditions all over the world to bring in these specimens," Dr. Ripley said. "The skins have nothing to do with Marsh, since he was a paleontologist, but his monographs on fossil birds brought him his greatest fame. The Cretaceous toothed birds that Marsh discovered in Kansas and wrote up in his 'Odontornithes' were directly descended from the reptiles of the Mesozoic. Two of them, *Ichthyornis dispar* and *Ichthyornis victor*, in our main hall downstairs, are the only mounted specimens of their genus in the world. But, of course, we haven't yet got a complete inventory of Marsh's collection. We think we know what's in those boxes of his that are still down in the basement, but now and then as we go about opening them we come on a surprise. Recently, for example, we found the jaw of an Early Tertiary bat in one of his cases. Very rare indeed."

A moment later, I came on a surprise myself, when Dr. Ripley guided me into the office of Elwyn L. Simons, associate curator of vertebrate paleontology and assistant professor of geology, where there hung photographs of both Marsh and Cope. Time is indeed a great healer, and, if additional evidence were necessary, still later, on the south wall of the *Ichthyornis* Hall, I observed, directly above *Archelon ischyros* Wieland, which is the biggest turtle known ever to have existed—ten feet ten inches long; twelve feet across from flipper to flipper; at least seventy-five million years old; weight, in life, an estimated three and a half tons; skeleton extracted from Pierre shale along the south fork of the Cheyenne River in the Bad Lands of South Dakota by George R. Wieland, a Marsh digger and a famous paleontologist himself, in 1895 and mounted in 1907—the graceful skeleton of an Upper Cretaceous fish, fifteen feet four inches long, labelled "*Portheus molossus* Cope."

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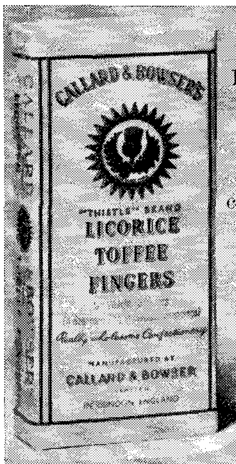

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Mrs. Courtenay Rogers was the only woman I have ever known who played Noël Coward's music on the bells of a London church. She played it regularly. The effect was not the same as that achieved by a team of experienced ringers, but I used to think her music (tunes from "Bitter Sweet," "This Year of Grace," "On with the Dance," and "Cavalcade") sounded fine floating out, several days a week, over the lunch-hour traffic.

Dr. Courtenay Rogers was rector of a church I shall call St. Agnes's. He was one of the best-known preachers in England in the nineteen-thirties. My father and Dr. Rogers were at Cambridge together, and both became Church of England ministers—Dr. Rogers with a city pastorate and my father with a country one. The two men saw little of each other after they left the university, but they kept in touch, and when I went to London as a student, my father sent Dr. Rogers my address. I had a room in a women's hostel, and soon after I had settled in, I got a letter from Mrs. Rogers inviting me to Sunday-afternoon tea.

I had heard about the Rogerses all my life, but until that tea I had never met them. I knew what Dr. Rogers looked like from his pictures in the newspapers (he was tall, and—for a middle-aged man—handsome, I thought), and I had heard his powerful voice over the radio making charitable appeals. My father said that he was one of those people who seem to know from the first what they want to do in life. Courtenay Rogers had gone directly from Cambridge to a theological college. Afterward, he had worked in a seamen's mission in Liverpool and then in a fashionable London suburb before going to his charge at St. Agnes's.

There are eight theatres in St. Agnes's parish, and in one of these Dr. Rogers met his wife—met Alice. She was playing the piano in a revue, and a great many people—Alice herself among them—objected to the idea of his marrying her. She pointed out that she had neither the education nor the interest in religion that the wife of the rector of St. Agnes's ought to have. Dr. Rogers replied that he did not care a button about her education, and as for her lack of interest in religion, that might not be a bad thing in the wife of a preacher.

My parents' opinion was that in marrying Alice Dr. Rogers showed very good sense. Alice might not have

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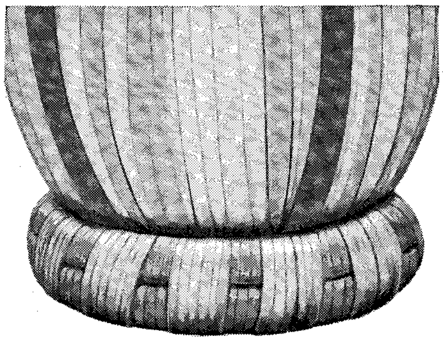

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had much formal education, but she came from a close-knit family (her father, two of her uncles, and her brother were on the stage, and a grandfather had been a famous clown), and she had the cheerfulness and adaptability that her new life called for. She was younger than her husband by a good many years, but this did not, as some people said it would, send her running back into the theatre once the novelty of St. Agnes's rectory wore off. "She's a charming woman," my mother told me before I went to London, "and when you meet her, notice her hair—how beautifully brushed it is."

At the time I went to that first tea at the Rogerses', they had been married about ten years. St. Agnes's rectory enchanted me at once, in a way no other house has ever done. Part of the reason was simply its location. It stood on a small rise between two busy thoroughfares, one running northeast and the other northwest, that converged and joined in front of it. It was a tall, angular house, and its bay-windowed front jutted out into the traffic like a ship with a rounded prow. It was Georgian, built of stone, and coated with soot. I arrived at four o'clock, to find a tea party already going on. Some fifteen or twenty people, most of them near my own age, were standing about the rectory living room with teacups in their hands. There were plates of cakes and sandwiches and a bowl of buttered crumpets on a round table in the bay window. Mrs. Rogers came forward to greet me—a short, slim woman with a serene face and gleaming red hair, and I saw what my mother had meant about brushing. Mrs. Rogers shook hands with me warmly and introduced me to the other people in the room. Many of them were actors, or student actors from London theatre schools. One guest was a girl who was studying fashion drawing, and another was a Jamaican doctor, somewhat older than the rest of us. As the cakes and crumpets disappeared, a woman in a white apron brought in fresh ones. Mrs. Rogers introduced me to her, too. She was the housekeeper, Mrs. Tucker.

The room was large enough so it didn't seem crowded, and as comfortably shabby as our own living room at home. There were built-in bookcases full of books with the titles rubbed and worn, some hunting prints, and an oil painting of a young man in a satin waistcoat. On a stand at one side of the window there was a large bird cage containing a fat canary whose name, the Jamaican told me, was Noah. Noah's

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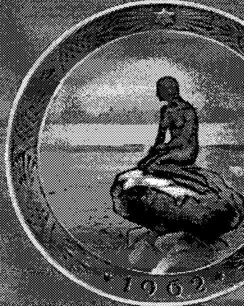

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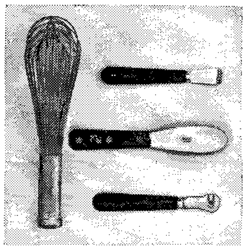

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cage was equipped with all kinds of swings, seesaws, parallel bars, and other sporting gear, but he seemed to have given up on his figure, and instead of exercising he preferred to loll on a small bench conveniently placed where he could see his reflection in a small oval mirror.

Presently, Dr. Rogers came in, looking exactly like his pictures. He bowed in the general direction of the cake table, and then went to the opposite end of the room and sat down in a large armchair. Immediately, Mrs. Tucker appeared carrying a tray on which were arranged a small pot of tea, a milk jug, a sugar bowl, and a plate of *petits-beurres*. She set the tray down beside the rector, and Mrs. Rogers drew a stool up next to him and poured.

For ten minutes or so, there were two distinct tea parties in the room—the Rogerses' and the Rogerses' guests'. When Dr. Rogers was on to his second cup, Mrs. Rogers came to our end of the room and selected a couple of us to present to her husband. As a newcomer, and the daughter of an old friend, I was one. Dr. Rogers shook hands with me and inquired kindly about my father. He asked, "How many of you are there? I'm afraid I forget."

"Just me," I said.

He looked me over doubtfully. "Few and fit," he muttered. "Ah, well . . ."

THAT was about as much conversation as I ever had with Dr. Rogers at any one time, although after my first visit I often went to tea at the rectory on Sunday afternoons; Mrs. Rogers gave me an open invitation, and it was a pleasant habit to get into. I thought it very nice of her to make time to entertain much the same young group week after week when she led such a crowded social life in addition. Judging from the array of invitation cards on the living-room mantelpiece, the Rogerses attended a great many parties. One day, I discovered that about half the cards were old ones. Mrs. Rogers explained that she kept them after the parties were over because they made such good scrapers for the floor of Noah's cage. "The Lord Mayor's are the best," she said. "They're very thick, with a sloping gilt edge."

I had been going to Mrs. Rogers' teas for several months before it dawned on me why the other guests and I were invited. We constituted one of her wedges. Dr. Rogers worked all the time among disappointed, disillusioned, dissatisfied people who came to St.

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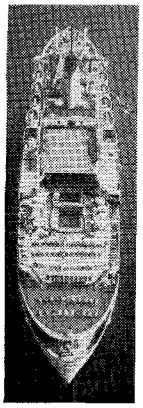

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Agnes's from all over the British Isles. They waited in line for hours to hear him preach, and even longer in the waiting room outside his office to consult him privately about their problems. Dr. Rogers was supposed to take Mondays off, but I don't think he often did. He loved his work, and he was extremely good at it. But he didn't have any hobbies, or any children. He had nothing whatever to distract him from his calling, except his wife. Once, Mrs. Rogers asked me, "You know what it feels like to be lazy, don't you?"

"Well, yes," I said. "Everyone does."

"Not Courtenay," she said. "He hasn't any idea. And, you know, if a person has to *ask* what's attractive about sloth, there's really no way to explain." She was laughing at him, but at the same time she was concerned. "He's much the same about leisure. The only reason we go to the theatre as much as we do is to please me, and because his doctor says he must have *some* relaxation."

"But it was in a theatre that he met you."

"Yes, but he hadn't come to see the show. He'd come to meet his parishioners."

So Mrs. Rogers dedicated herself to inserting wedges of entertainment into her husband's schedule, and, up to a point, she was just as successful at her job as he was at his. I don't know how many wedges she thought up altogether, but there were two that directly concerned me, and two others that I knew of.

The first wedge was the one I have already mentioned—the Sunday-afternoon teas. I noticed that Dr. Rogers never talked much. Instead of talking, he listened to us, and we, I am afraid, talked exclusively about ourselves. The actors who were in plays talked about their work, the actors who were not in plays talked about the opportunities waiting for them around the next corner, and the students described the illustrious futures they had planned. But Dr. Rogers, who could have found us childish and tiresome, seemed to enjoy his brief meetings with us. He always came in to tea looking tired and went out again looking less so.

When he was in the room, all of us, I think, felt a certain amount of constraint. We were quieter than we were apt to be when we had Mrs. Rogers to ourselves. But although she didn't mind how much noise we made, she wouldn't let anyone forget that this was St. Agnes's rectory, and not backstage somewhere, or a student dormi-

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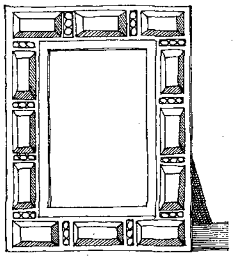

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tory. One time, an uncle of hers, a short, jolly man who favored black-and-white checked suits, began telling a group of us a story. Mrs. Rogers joined us, and he stopped abruptly. Putting his arm affectionately around her waist, he said, "Well, now that Alice is here, I suppose I can't go on?"

She smiled and, without sounding at all priggish, replied, "No, Jack, I'm afraid you can't."

Another of Alice Rogers' wedges was the theatre. She and Dr. Rogers saw everything that was produced at the eight theatres in the parish, and a good many other productions as well, including ice shows and non-stop variety, and one January when my parents were in town for a vacation, we all went to a play together. I don't remember what it was, but I remember very well the dinner that preceded it. The Rogerses, who liked to patronize the neighborhood restaurants, suggested eating out. We all met at the Parthenon, a tiny place that had recently been opened by a Greek family named Lito. Earlier in the day, Dr. Rogers had paid a pastoral call on the Litos (he always called on the residents of the parish, whether they were Church of England or not), and they knew we were coming and turned out to welcome us. There were five of them, and they comprised the restaurant staff: Mr. and Mrs. Lito, a son, Harry, and two daughters, Helen and Marie. Marie, the younger girl, was our waitress that night. Mrs. Rogers ordered a mixed-vegetable soup that Mr. Lito recommended, and in her haste to serve it Marie slipped and poured it all into Mrs. Rogers' lap. There, on a background of rose silk, lay broccoli flowers, tomato slices, potato cubes, cabbage slivers, pearl onions, asparagus heads, strips of leek, and several varieties of bean. Marie's screams brought Helen running, and soon the whole family, other diners forgotten, stood about our table, weeping, arguing, and wringing their hands. Mrs. Rogers, her self-possession in no way impaired, quietly asked Mr. Lito and his son to fetch towels, bowls, and a mop. Then she set about comforting the hysterical women. Taking Mrs. Lito's hands in hers, she explained that her dress, though new, was made of a special material that would dry in a matter of minutes and take no stain. This was untrue. The dress was ruined.

NORMALLY, the Rogerses went to the theatre alone; our party was an exception. Alice liked to keep up her theatrical connections. A couple of

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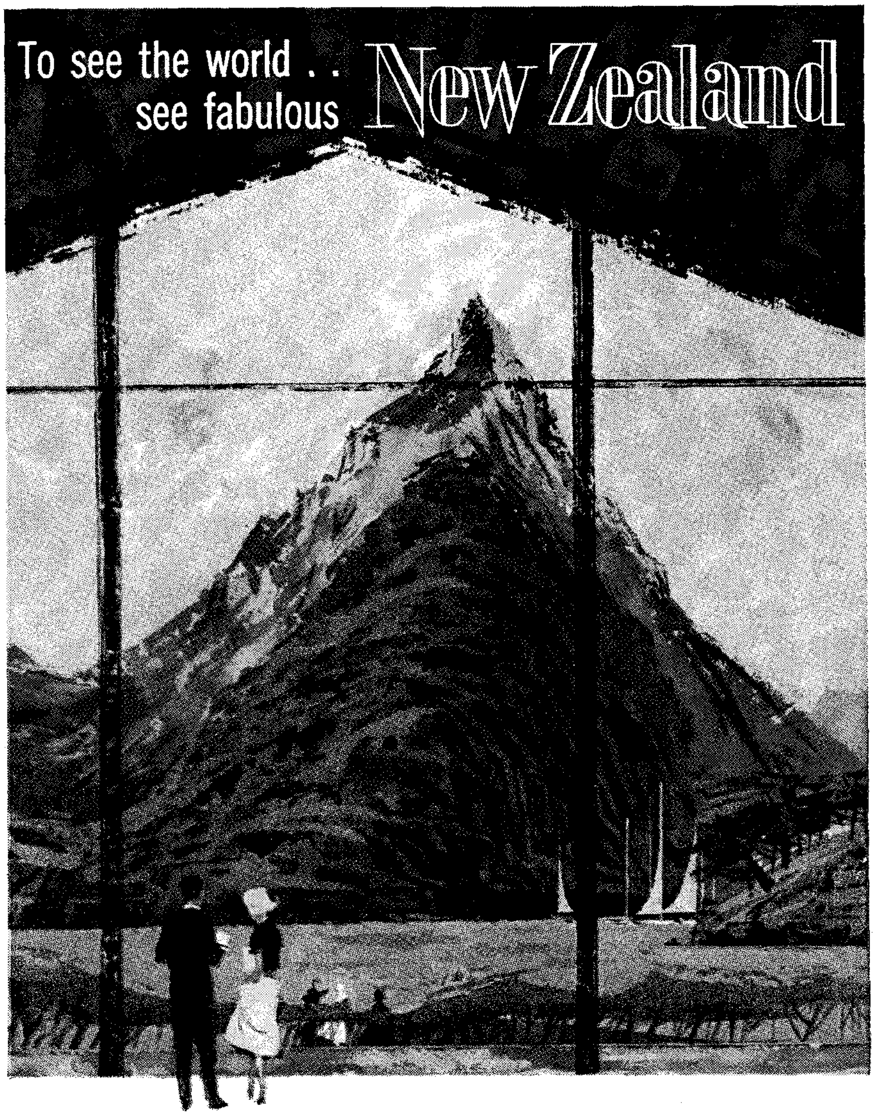

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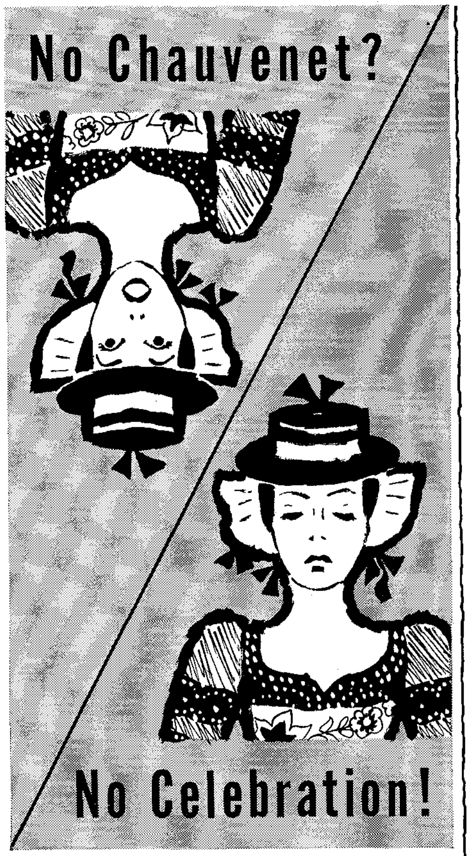
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days a week, she helped at a theatre girls' residential club, and during the Christmas pantomime season she ran a club of her own for child actors in St. Agnes's crypt. Pantomimes are usually presented twice daily, and the club was open from lunchtime until after the evening show. Meals were served and games were organized, and there was a separate room fitted up with cots for artistes to take naps in.

A third wedge of relaxation that Alice evolved for her husband was their breakfast pattern. On wet days, when I went to lectures by bus instead of walking, I could see their breakfast table clearly. It was in the bay window of their bedroom, on the second floor—a large room over the living room. There they would sit, just about on a level with the tops of the passing buses, the rector in his dressing gown, eating eggs and reading the *Times*, and Alice in a pretty wrap, presiding and pouring coffee. They were assured of quiet, because their room had double windows, and they did not seem to mind the fact that otherwise they completely lacked privacy. Prudence, their bad-tempered Siamese cat, would be on the window sill nearby. It was a scene more appropriate to a country house than to a soot-covered building in central London. If I was late, Dr. Rogers would have finished breakfast. He would be smoking his pipe, sitting at the table alone, usually with his head turned a little to one side. Mrs. Tucker once told me that when I saw him that way, he was listening to Mrs. Rogers play the piano. She kept her piano farther back in the room, and she had persuaded Dr. Rogers not to make appointments before ten or ten-thirty in the morning, so that he could begin his day with a leisurely meal and a private concert. I never heard of her playing for anyone else.

BUT the wedge I liked best was the bells. As soon as I discovered that it was Mrs. Rogers who played the musical-comedy numbers from St. Agnes's belfry, I told her about the fine peal we had in our church at home, and how I was sometimes allowed to watch our ringers at work. I also told her how curious I was to know how one person could handle a full set of bells by herself; bell ringing is complicated. Mrs. Rogers responded by inviting me to go with her the next time she played.

So, one morning, we met by appointment at the belfry door and climbed the spiral stone steps together. St. Agnes's ringers' chamber was approximately thirteen feet square and panelled

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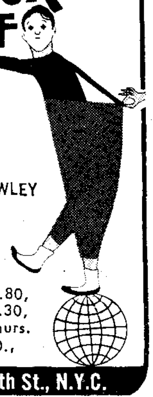

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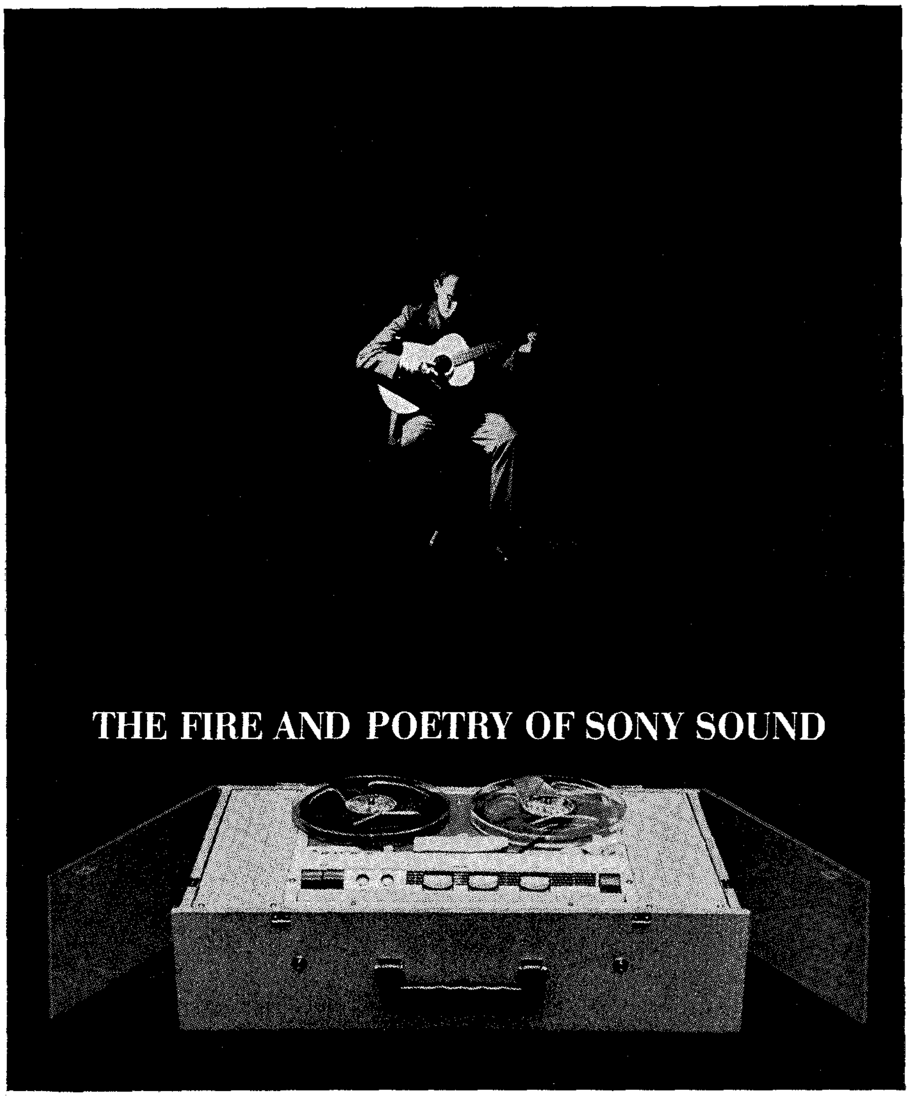
in light wood, with thick coconut matting on the floor and a high ceiling pierced by a circle of eight holes for the bell ropes of the peal of eight bells. This was a familiar sight to me, and I knew that to handle the eight bells in the normal way, one man per rope would be required; bells are heavy, and one bell needs one man's attention. Each rope turns a wheel, the wheel is attached to a bell and revolves it, and the tongue inside the barrel (as the casing is called) is swung. This operation takes time; there is a perceptible pause between the pull on the bell rope and the bell's reply. In addition, the sound made by the tongue hitting the inside of the barrel produces a reverberation that must also be allowed for; otherwise the whole business becomes a booming and a muddle.

I was still wondering how Mrs. Rogers was going to handle this intricate matter on her own when I noticed that near one side of the ceiling there was a row of eight smaller holes through which came a set of much smaller ropes. At a height of about six feet from the floor, these were threaded through a wooden frame, about the size of a card-table top, so that they hung straight down and only a few inches apart. These, I realized, were Mrs. Rogers' ropes, and I assumed that the purpose of the frame was to enable her to reach them all easily, but she said it was to make sure that they did not foul each other when she pulled them. "My ropes can hang in a row like that because they only control hammers on the outsides of the barrels," she told me. "It's not a method that expert ringers approve of—they think that 'clocking' a bell is apt to crack it. But it's the only way in which one person can handle a full peal. A clocked bell answers immediately, which simplifies the ringer's job, though I admit the result isn't as satisfactory to the ear. There's almost no reverberation from a clocked bell—the sound escapes at once—whereas, with the rope-and-wheel method, it's held in and escapes slowly."

While I sat on a bench against one wall, Mrs. Rogers stood before her frame with her music—big square notes like those of a child's first piano piece—set on a violin stand beside her. She concentrated, bracing the frame with her left hand and pulling the ropes sharply with her right. She played a Coward waltz that morning, and a nursery rhyme, and two of the tunes from a musical that (she told me later) she and Dr. Rogers had seen a few nights before. Then she rested a min-



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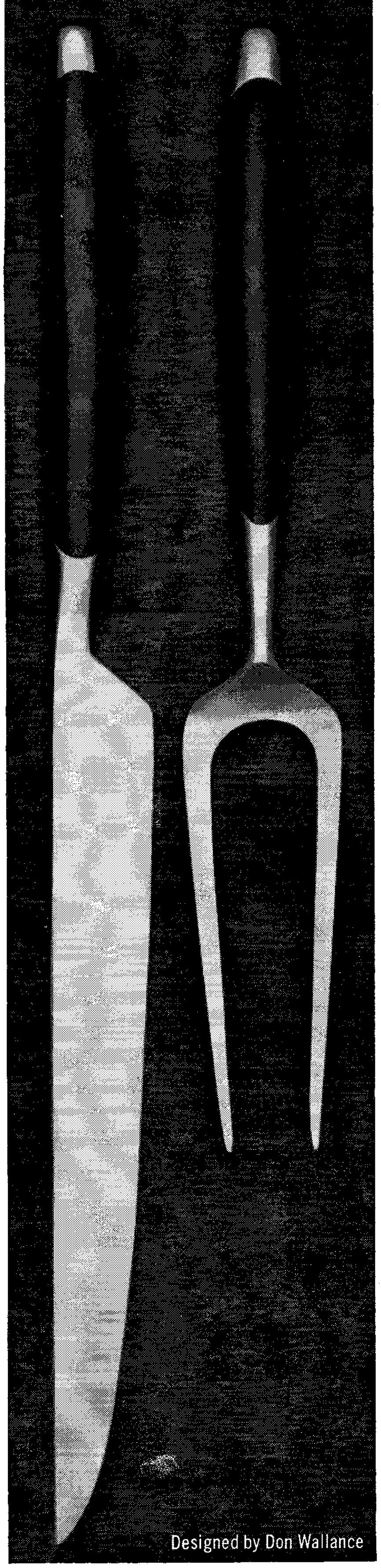
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ute or two before repeating her program.

We couldn't talk while Mrs. Rogers played, but on our way down the stairs she told me a little about herself. She was a true Cockney, born within the sound of Bow bells. Her grandfather (the one who wasn't a clown) had owned an inn in Cheapside, quite close to the church of St. Mary-le-Bow. The inn had been pulled down long since and replaced by a block of offices, but during Mrs. Rogers' childhood her grandfather's home had been frequented by the Bow bell ringers, and she had sometimes persuaded them to let her watch them work. She loved bells, and she would have liked to ring with the regular St. Agnes's team, but ringing changes is men's pleasure, and she had to content herself with her frame.

When Dr. Rogers heard his wife begin to play, he stopped whatever he was doing and listened until she had finished. Other people in the neighborhood of the church did the same; the hammers on the outsides of the bells made a loud, cheerful noise one could hardly ignore. Mrs. Rogers didn't have a regular schedule for playing—special services such as weddings prevented that—but she played whenever she could, providing one more wedge for her husband, and I often watched her.

In the course of these pleasant sessions, Mrs. Rogers and I got to know each other well. I found that she enjoyed giving advice. "Always treat a proposal of marriage *seriously*," she cautioned me, as if, as was not the case, I had just received one. "That's the one time in your life when you need think only of yourself." In her opinion, students talked too much. When one time I received some flowers from a man, in a box addressed to me but with a card for another girl tucked inside, Mrs. Rogers listened to my opinion of the situation and then said, "Well, if it were me, I'd want to leave the field clear for the other girl to make a fuss. I wouldn't *say* anything. I'd just give him a big hug."

Her methods were not always successful (it saddens me that I cannot now remember whether the hug was, or even if I tried it), but her advice nearly always made sense. Once, as we emerged from the belfry stairs, we were met by a distraught young actor named Michael, who came occasionally to the Sunday teas. Michael had a pretty wife who had gone to New York in a play, and he was waving an eighteen-page letter from her in which she explained

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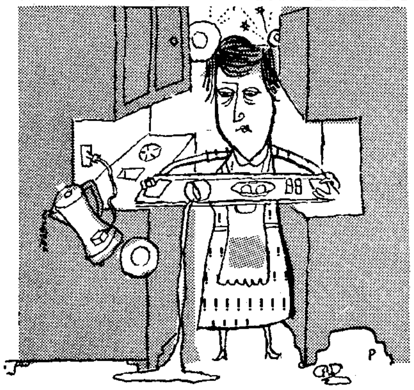

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that she had fallen in love with someone else and wanted a divorce. Mrs. Rogers, far from offering sympathy, told Michael to stop whining. He said that he must write his wife, and he didn't know what to say. Mrs. Rogers replied, "Don't write. Cable," and together they concocted a brief message ("DEAR DON'T BE SILLY"), as a result of which Michael's wife returned, and so far as I know lived happily with him ever after.

Sometimes, going to or from the bells, I tried to get Mrs. Rogers to discuss religion, but all I ever learned about her beliefs, apart from her insistence that she wasn't a religious woman, was that, unlike most of the members of Dr. Rogers' congregations, she believed that one should shoulder one's troubles without complaining. This quickly became the core of my own faith, such as it was; I admired Mrs. Rogers very much. Changing over from the theatre to the church couldn't have been easy for her, but she never let any aspect of it get the better of her. My father reported that soon after the Rogerses were married they attended a large city banquet together. Mrs. Rogers found herself seated some distance away from her husband, and faced with an unfamiliar array of spoons, forks, knives, and glasses. Instead of worrying about which to use, she simply turned to the man sitting next to her and asked him to begin each course ahead of her so that she could follow his signals. "I don't want to embarrass my hosts by making mistakes," she said.

She was in many ways a frivolous woman, though I wouldn't then have used that word to describe her. She lived entirely in the present. She adored her husband, and she loved the theatre, playing bells, playing the piano, and making hats. In the well-ordered world she provided for Dr. Rogers, the only serious questions concerned her own millinery. As soon as she had finished making something that the rector thought looked particularly pretty on her head, she would tear it apart and remake it some other way.

I ALSO liked hats and the theatre and bells and piano music, and since I felt so much more at home with Mrs. Rogers' interests than I did with her husband's, it puzzles me why I so often listened to his preaching. Part of the reason was custom. I found my work at the university absorbing, but weekends were apt to drag, and churchgoing was a way to pass the time—one that readily occurs to someone raised in a clerical

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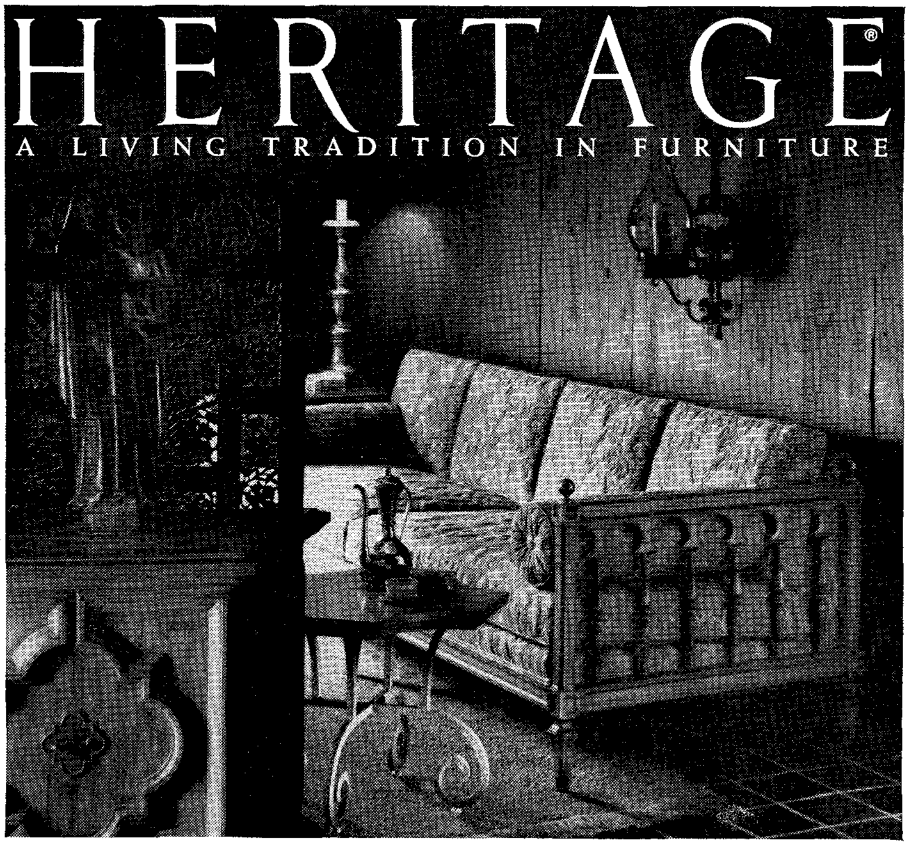

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by Hadley

household. I could, of course, have found some other church with a preacher who appealed to me more than Dr. Rogers did, but since on most Sundays I was already at St. Agnes's rectory for tea, it was easy to go on to church with Mrs. Rogers.

Not that I found the services dull. We sang popular hymns, and the preacher, with his steel-gray hair, dark eyes, and tremendous sincerity, was spellbinding. At the beginning of the sermon, all the lights in the church would be turned out except for one spot above Dr. Rogers' head, and his congregations would sit breathless. I was swept along by him as much as anyone else, and it was only afterward, when I thought about what he had said, that he didn't seem to make sense to me. He always talked about the same things—about hope and encouragement and consolation, and he addressed his remarks without exception to the middle-aged and elderly who thronged his church. I felt that these people, with their college examinations behind them and their careers and marriage partners long ago settled, were far less in need of encouragement than those of us who still had these vital decisions to make. One day, I said as much to Mrs. Rogers, and she laughed. I tried to get her to admit that she agreed, but she only said, "It's no good trying to make me talk about religion—I won't. Sometimes Courtenay wants to, but if he once begins bringing work home, when's he going to get any rest?"

I told her that in my home there were no such restrictions. On Sunday mornings, I always listened with the closest attention to my father's sermons in the hope that I should be able to catch him out (in a misattributed quotation, for example) and bring my catch to luncheon. But I didn't enlarge on the subject to Mrs. Rogers. She had a polite but firm way of heading off a conversation if she didn't want to pursue it.

She could be quite firm when she wished. Usually I approved of her behavior and liked to emulate it, but there was one occasion when I didn't approve at all, and that was the Christmas when she persuaded me and a number of the other students who went regularly to her Sunday teas to take part in a pageant she directed. I had appeared in church pageants before, and I had enjoyed dressing up and strutting about. But Mrs. Rogers brought an unwelcome professional touch to the proceedings. She insisted on endless rehearsals and no strutting. ("I don't feel reverent when I'm floodlit," I complained at one point.

63

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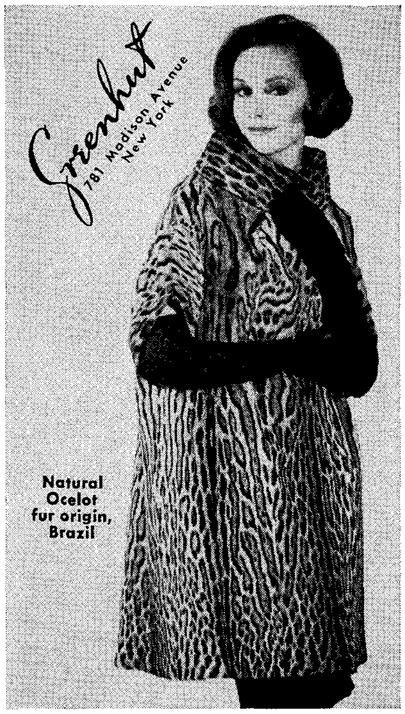

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"You're not here to feel reverent," Mrs. Rogers retorted. "You're here to keep awake and watch your cues.")

A full week of performances was given in St. Agnes's sanctuary, with professional singers augmenting the regular choir and a professional orchestra helping out the organist. Two young artists, who later made names for themselves as dress designers, were brought in to do our clothes. Mrs. Rogers gave Dr. Rogers the only speaking part—that of narrator of the Christmas story—and all that the rest of us were permitted to do was to move at intervals from chalk mark to chalk mark on the floors of the nave and chancel. The pageant was a tremendous success, and Mrs. Rogers was eager to do it again the following year, but we remembered how demanding she had been, and how disapproving when we overstepped our chalk. No one would volunteer for a second production, and the project had to be abandoned.

My father was amused when I told him how disagreeable I had found the pageant. I wanted him to know that I still thought highly of Mrs. Rogers in spite of it, so I added an account of her belief in cheerfulness at all costs and her dislike of complaint and whining. My father wasn't as impressed as I had supposed he would be. He said, "That's all right as far as it goes, and in an emergency it could be all a man needs."

I was disappointed with this remark. I didn't follow what he meant, and I couldn't persuade him to expand on it.

THE June I graduated, Dr. Rogers died. He collapsed without warning during evensong, and died of a brain hemorrhage an hour or two later. I had already gone home for the summer. I heard it announced over the radio. There was a special broadcast program the next day, with excerpts from some of Dr. Rogers' sermons, and there were long obituaries in the newspapers. The funeral service at St. Agnes's was conducted by the Bishop of London. Through all the strain and the publicity, Mrs. Rogers behaved exactly as I had known she would—cheerfully, and without any whining. There were pictures of her in the Sunday press shaking hands with people and smiling.

My parents wrote to her, and so did I—a stilted little note that didn't say any of the things I wanted it to say. Mrs. Rogers replied individually to each of us. In my letter, she said that she would soon be moving out of St. Agnes's rectory, taking Prudence and

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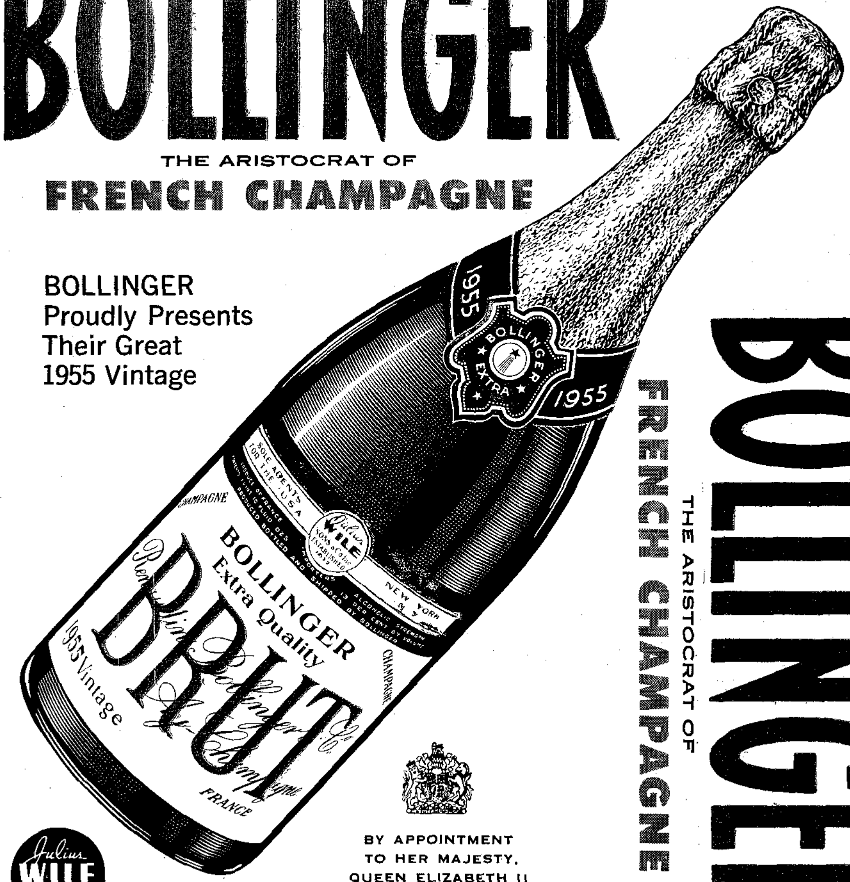

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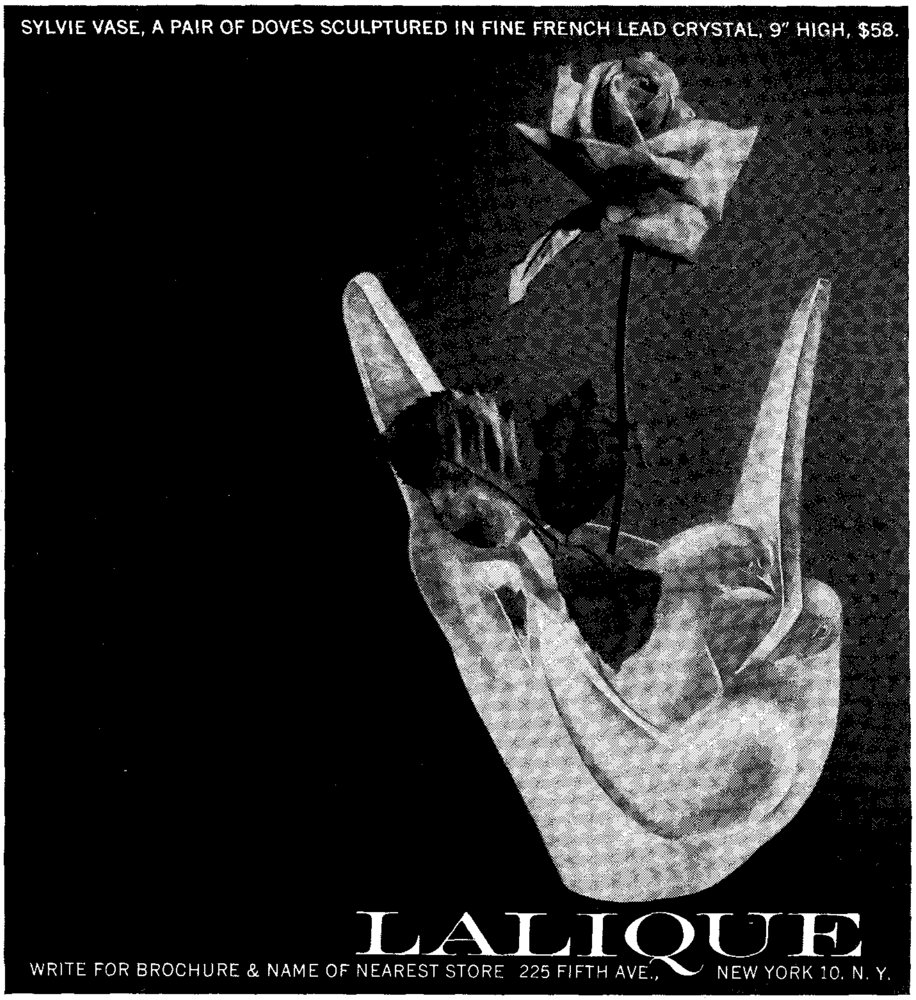

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Noah with her, though not Mrs. Tucker. She wouldn't be going far. She'd been offered an apartment on the top floor of the theatre girls' club, and one of the attractions of her new home was that there was plenty of room for tea parties. She intended to go on having them on Sundays as before, and she hoped I would come often.

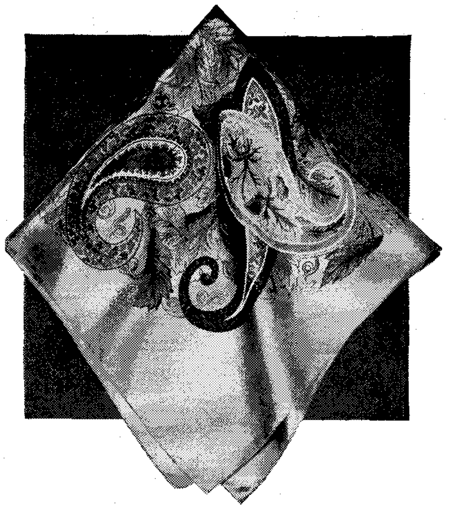
I fully intended to go. I also intended to write to Mrs. Rogers again and ask her to go on playing the bells. I knew that of course this would depend on whether or not the new rector wanted her to play them, but I assumed he wouldn't change established customs right away. But my letter never got written, and if there were other people who meant to ask Mrs. Rogers the same thing, they must have forgotten to write, too. After Dr. Rogers died, there was no more Noël Coward music on St. Agnes's bells. —JOYCE WARREN

•

SLEEPING WITH ONE EYE OPEN

Unmoved by what the wind does,
The windows
Are not rattled, nor do the various
Areas
Of the house make their usual racket—
Creak at
The joints, trusses, and studs.
Instead,
They are still. And the maples,
Able
At times to raise havoc,
Evoke
Not a sound from their branches'
Clutches.
It's my night to be rattled,
Saddled
With spooks. Even the half moon
(Half man,
Half dark), on the horizon,
Lies on
Its side, casting a fishy light,
Which alights
On my floor, lavishly lording
Its morbid
Look over me. Oh, I feel dead,
Folded
Away in my blankets for good, and
Forgotten.
My room is clammy and cold,
Moonhandled
And weird. The shivers
Wash over
Me, shaking my bones, my loose ends
Loosen,
And I lie sleeping with one eye open,
Hoping
That nothing, nothing will happen.

—MARK STRAND



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Full Speed Ahead

THE amount of musical traffic in New York seems to be reaching record proportions. As an example of this, consider the doings on Wednesday evening of last week, when, not to mention a number of smaller events, the Boston Symphony appeared in Philharmonic Hall, Douglas Moore's opera "The Wings of the Dove" was given its first performance of the year at the City Center, the Leningrad Philharmonic presented a concert at Carnegie Hall, and "Die Fledermaus" was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House. Having to make a choice, I picked the Leningrad Philharmonic and "Fledermaus," dividing the evening as best I could between them.

I had heard the Leningrad orchestra, and reported on it, in 1956, when it appeared at the Vienna Music Festival, and my impressions of it the other night were much the same as before. It is a far better ensemble than the Moscow State Symphony, which played here two years ago. (For some reason—possibly a remnant of aristocratic tradition—nearly everything that reaches us from Leningrad seems to be superior to what comes from Moscow, and this goes for ballet troupes as well as symphonic ensembles.) This orchestra, though it does not equal the best Western organizations in brilliance, is nevertheless a fine one. It has admirable discipline, as it makes evident in its perfect unanimity of attack and in the scrupulous exactitude with which the various instruments play together. It is somewhat dark in tone quality, and its wind instruments are a little thick in articulation compared to ours, producing a slightly heavy effect, but when one accepts its peculiar spectrum of sound, one realizes that it is an orchestra to be reckoned with. Eugen Mravinsky, who conducted it the other night, is a very tall, distinguished-looking man of middle age, and his motions while he is at work are precise and agreeably unaffected, calling attention to the music rather than to him. He started off with a performance of "The Star-Spangled Banner" that was perhaps the finest I have ever heard, and in view of the state of international relations, this

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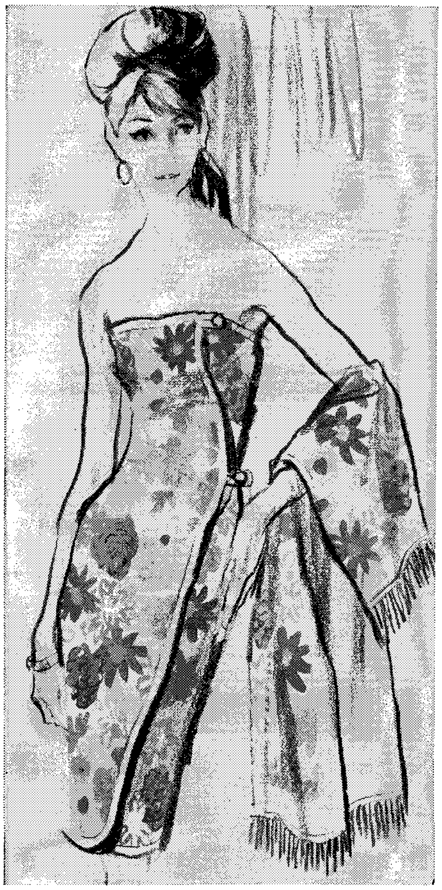

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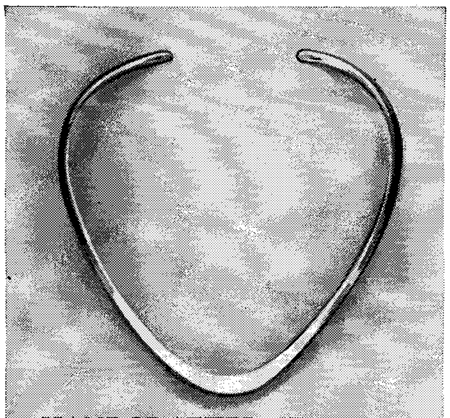
gesture seemed especially gallant. The program consisted of Mozart's Symphony in B Flat Major (K. 319) and Shostakovich's Eighth, a work that is dedicated to Mr. Mravinsky. Unfortunately, I was able to hear only the Mozart symphony and a few of the opening measures of the Shostakovich, but that was enough to judge the orchestra by, and I can at least report that Mr. Mravinsky's style in Mozart is accomplished and tasteful.

JOHANN STRAUSS's "Die Fledermaus" is such an infinitely delightful thing that in subjecting a performance of it to serious criticism a reviewer feels as though he were stealing toys from a child's nursery. The old operetta has a couple of pretty ridiculous moments (one involving seduction through the gift of a huge turnip watch, which hardly seems a likely object for any lady to lose her virtue over), but its music is a product of pure genius—not the sort of genius that wrestles with monumental workmanship but the rarer sort that can express itself in unforgettable melody. The performance at the Metropolitan last week had quite a number of flaws, and though it was easy to forget them in the intoxication that the score always induces, they were still there. Chief among them was the absence of a conductor with a true feeling for the Johann Strauss style. Under Silvio Varviso, the waltzes and polkas that ornament the score lacked the requisite robustness, though the rubatos did occasionally come through with proper effect. I delivered a small lecture here a few years ago on this subject, pointing out that ideal Johann Strauss conductors are scarcer than "great" conductors, and that neither Eugene Ormandy nor Erich Leinsdorf qualified in this particular specialty. Well, Mr. Varviso was better than either of these, but he was still far below the ideal, which I have seen attained only once during Mr. Bing's administration—several years ago, under Tibor Kozma, a conductor who has since disappeared from the Metropolitan.

Elsewhere, things went rather unevenly, too. The language of the performance was English, but it was rarely understandable except when it fell from the lips of Theodor Uppman (Eisenstein), Nancy King (Ida), Frank Guarrera (Dr. Falke), or Dino Formichini (Alfred), the last of whom sang it with a Neapolitan accent that was unique, inimitable, and hilarious. I could understand Anneliese Rothenberger (Adele) when she spoke but not when she sang; I am willing to make



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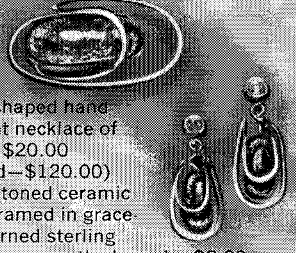

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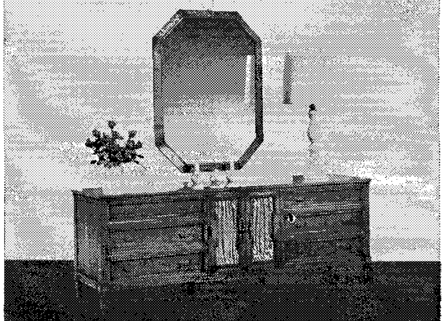

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some concessions here, though, since Miss Rothenberger—a perfect soubrette—looked so pretty, sang so enchantingly, and acted with such spirit that she practically stole the show. Elisabeth Soederstroem was, I thought, a little dim and inhibited as Rosalinda. Jean Madeira did well enough as Prince Orlofsky, however, and Jack Gilford again brought down the house as the jailer in the last act. The second-act ballet was also worthy of commendation—particularly the dancing of Katharyn Horne as prima ballerina.

ON Tuesday evening, the Philadelphia Orchestra appeared in Carnegie Hall under the very famous German conductor Otto Klemperer, who had not been seen or heard hereabouts in more than a decade, though at one time—about thirty-five years ago—he was a regular ornament of our symphonic seasons. Mr. Klemperer, who has always been a towering figure and is now gray-haired, came to the podium with the aid of a cane and sat on a high stool to conduct. His program consisted of Beethoven's Third and Sixth Symphonies, and he set it forth with deep dedication and in a manner that has not been fashionable here since before the days when Toscanini took to speeding things up. In fact, Mr. Klemperer's tempos, especially in the more rapid movements, were slowed to a very leisurely pace indeed. But his readings of both symphonies had unmistakable grandeur, and were remarkable for the clarity of countless details that are often smothered in other interpretations. I might add that it was a great pleasure to find myself, for the first time this season, back in Carnegie Hall, where the acoustics are nearly perfect and the sound of an orchestra is warm and rich.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

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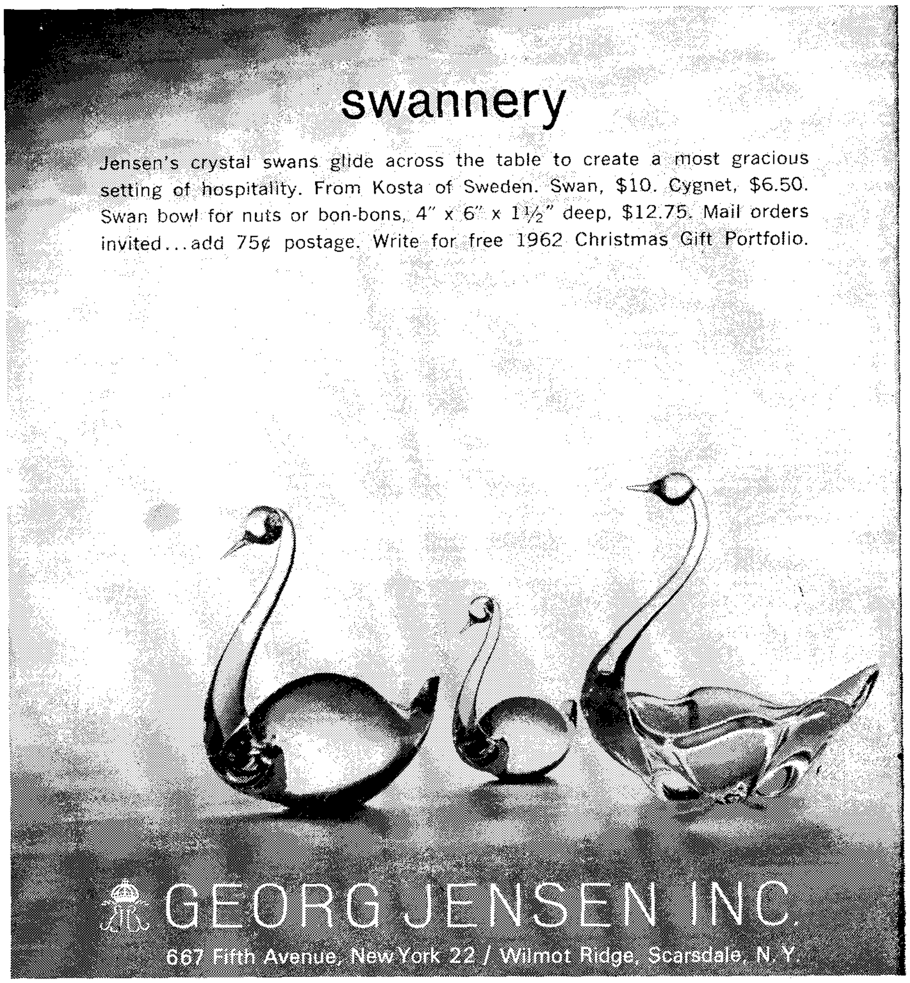
IN some ways, the L.P. recording—the twelve-inch L.P., that is; the ten-inch appears to have vanished for good—has not been a blessing to jazz. Its two twenty-minute-or-so expanses of unbroken recording have gradually lowered standards by inducing long-windedness; younger musicians indulge in twelve solo choruses when ability and inspiration call for no more than three, and older men—short-winded because of age—obediently grind out four choruses instead of their customary one or two. It's like the old "Open End"—nobody can stop talking. The arbitrary



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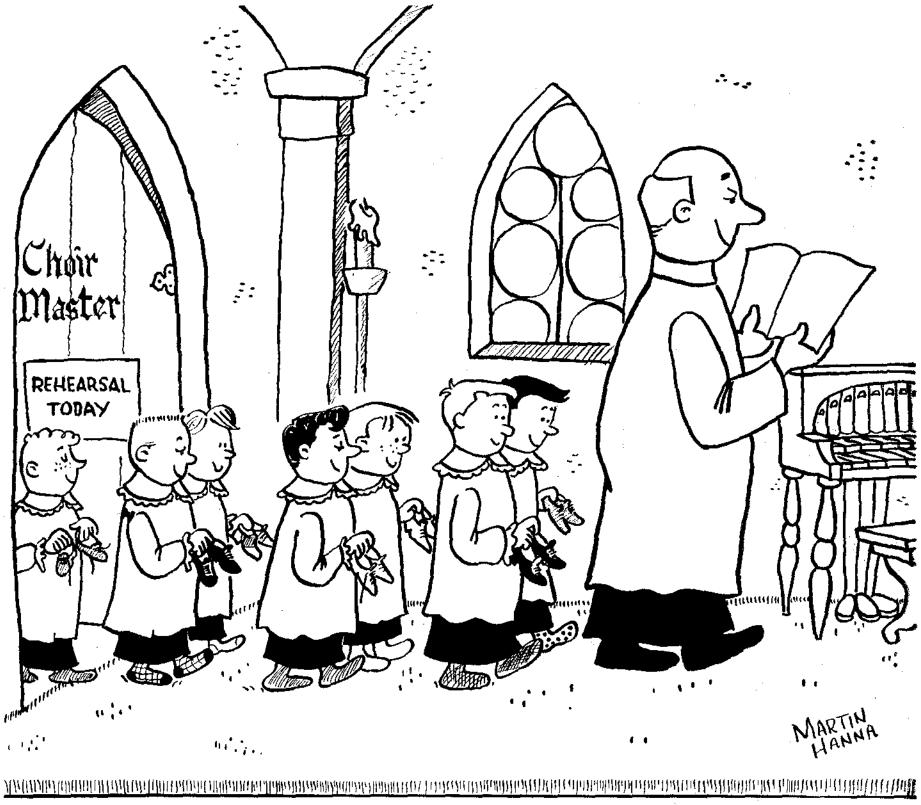

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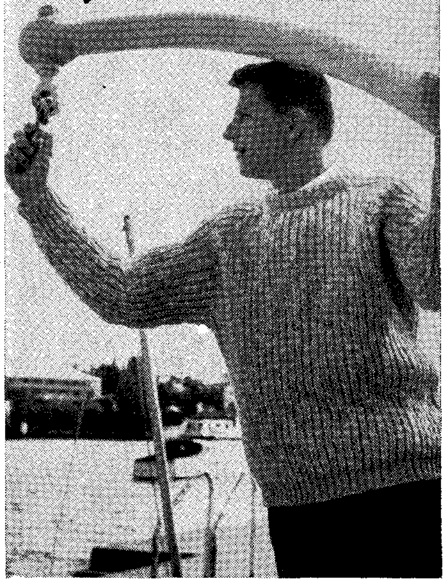

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three-minute (for the ten-inch) and five-minute (for the twelve-inch) lengths of the 78-r.p.m. record forced musicians to edit and distill themselves; a one-chorus solo—indeed, an eight-bar bridge—was considered generous and was made the most of. The L.P. has also finally enthroned the a. & r. (artists-and-repertoire) man, a monarchic recording-company figure who often singlehandedly chooses the musicians, dictates their materials, sets their tempos, decides on the balance of sound in recordings, and edits the results without bothering to consult the musicians. This system is good middlemanship, but most a. & r. men, like sports promoters, are untrained enthusiasts. They frequently do not know how to handle jazz musicians, and they have tin ears (a recording studio taxes the most gifted ear; for some reason, sloppy music tends there to sound impassioned and inspired, while good things seem mediocre). The proof is in the huge pudding of ill-thought-out L.P.s.

For all this, the L.P. has probably done more good than harm to jazz. Many successful 78s have an excruciating stopped-in-mid-speech air, and composers, arrangers, and soloists can now think in musical rather than spatial terms. The experimentalists, like Ornette Coleman, Gunther Schuller, George Russell, Sonny Rollins, and Cecil Taylor, have been particularly blessed. One advantage of the L.P., though, has been almost completely ignored by the record companies—its singular handiness for reissuing worthy 78s. Sixteen ten-inch 78 numbers can comfortably and cheaply be fitted on a single twelve-inch L.P. But the record companies prefer to churn out the new and undistinguished, while the old and brilliant sits ready and waiting in their vaults. If 78s themselves are old hat, they seem to say, so are their contents. This situation has recently improved, but one must still send away to France or England for reissues that should be standard items over here. The record firms usually plead poor sales when they are asked why there aren't more reissues. It is true that reissues do not sell rapidly. However, they do sell slowly and steadily, and the profits, though small, *are* profits.

VICTOR is the most slapdash of the big firms involved. (Decca is no longer even in the running; it loves to simply reissue Bing Crosby.) Victor reissues—when they appear at all—tend to be skimpy and carelessly chosen. The company's most recent reissue pro-

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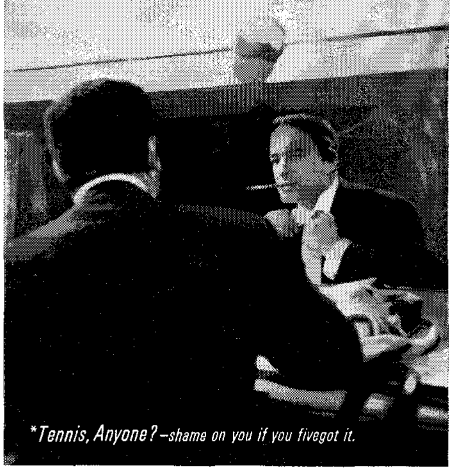

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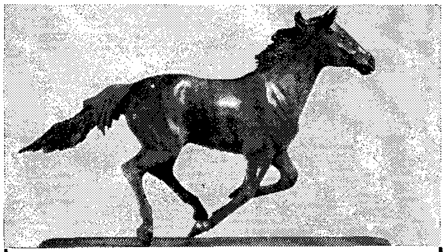

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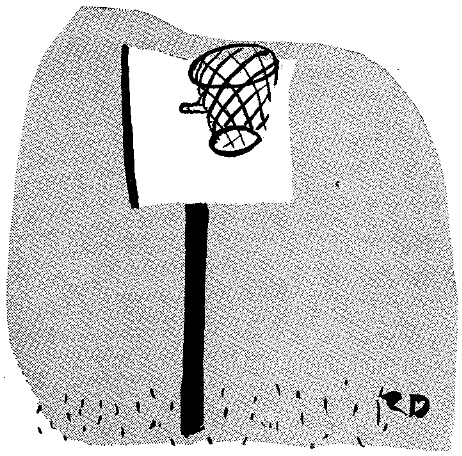
gram, which began last year and which already appears to be dwindling, is no exception. Among the results are a generally fine 1932-33 Louis Armstrong, an uneven Bix Beiderbecke (Columbia has a near-monopoly on him), and a poor late-period Django Reinhardt. One of the most haphazard and annoying current Victor reissues is “Swing Classics: Lionel Hampton and his Jazz Groups” (LPM-2318). The record has twelve instead of the sixteen selections that would have been physically possible. All but a handful have been reissued before, and four of these repeats are inferior. There’s no excuse for this; perhaps a third of the seventy-five small-band pickup recordings Hampton made for Victor between 1937 and 1940 are classics. “Hot Mallets” has, on this record, been mistitled “When Lights Are Low;” “Central Avenue Breakdown” has been called “Jack the Bellboy,” and vice versa. But the record is valuable. Ellington sidemen dominate “Ring Dem Bells,” “Whoa Babe,” and “Sunny Side of the Street.” There is sterling Clyde Hart piano behind Hampton’s vocal in the otherwise mediocre “Confessin’.” “Dinah,” which has Benny Carter (on trumpet), Coleman Hawkins, and Edmond Hall, is included, but this group’s superior “Singin’ the Blues” is not. (Hampton mixed people from all schools, with highly stimulating results.) “Hot Mallets” has a blooming 1939 Dizzy Gillespie and a saxophone section made up of Carter, Hawkins, Ben Webster, and Chu Berry. (The tenor-saxophone solo is by Berry and not, as the album notes state, Hawkins.) Best of all are two sides—“I’m on My Way from You” and “Haven’t Named It Yet”—made in 1939 by Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Earl Bostic, Hart, Charlie Christian, Artie Bernstein, and Sidney Catlett. The first has gorgeous Allen, fine Higginbotham, and one of the most relaxed rhythm sections ever as-



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sembled. Christian and Higginbotham excel in the second, while Catlett—in one of his tightest, most determined performances on records—foreshadows bebop drumming. These two numbers are worth all the bumbles.

ANOTHER recent Victor reissue, "The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie" (LPM-2398), is less prepossessing. Again there are twelve numbers, eight of them performed by Gillespie's big band (1947-49), which, all in all, provided amateur-night backdrops for his solos. The four other sides were done in 1946 by a pioneer bebop pickup group that included Gillespie, Don Byas, Milt Jackson, Al Haig, Bill DeArango, Ray Brown, and J. C. Heard. The most ambitious and disappointing Victor reissue is "The Indispensable Duke Ellington" (LPM-6009). Of the twenty-one numbers (1940-46), only seven *are* indispensable—"Morning Glory," "Never No Lament," "Bojangles," "Pitter Panther Patter," "Mr. J. B. Blues," "Raincheck," and "Chelsea Bridge." The rest of the album has lackadaisical reworkings of "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady," and "Black Beauty;" the fragmentary "Perfume Suite," notable only for the charming "Dancers in Love;" and a mélange of numbers that are just one jump away from stock arrangements. Four of these last have, understandably, never been released before.

COLUMBIA also has a new reissue program, and it is going strong. "Robert Johnson: King of the Delta Blues Singers" (CL 1654), a recent release, is, in fact, the sort of collection that causes assiduous jazz students to keel over in surprise. Johnson was a marvellous but obscure country-blues singer whom Columbia recorded for its "race" label in 1936 and 1937. Not yet twenty-one, he was murdered by a jealous girl friend in 1938. The record contains sixteen of Johnson's total output of twenty-nine sides, and it demonstrates that his abilities fall between Blind Lemon Jefferson's and Big Bill Broonzy's. But he sang—and accompanied himself on guitar—with a passion and will that neither Jefferson nor Broonzy had. These qualities go a long way toward covering up his uncertain pitch, his rhythmic lapses, and his garbled delivery (he is often unintelligible, and Columbia has not supplied a complete transcription). Johnson was a rough singer, and the gold in his style—his wild-animal voice, with its falsetto leaps and furious staccato phrases, its occasional growl

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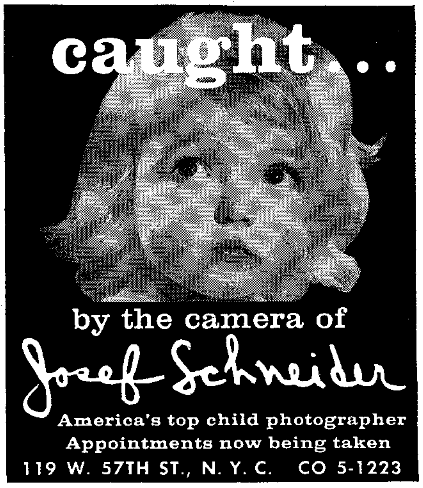

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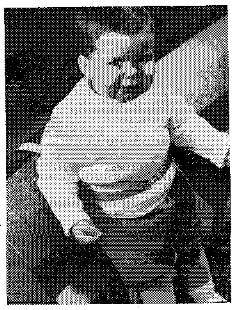

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and dark windiness—doesn't come through until at least the third hearing.

THE small all-jazz record companies have been as hit-or-miss about reissues as the big firms, but they have an excuse—slim economic margins. Riverside has done the most and Blue Note the least. Commodore no longer makes new recordings; it exists solely through sporadic reissues. (There were countless small jazz labels that appeared and disappeared in the mid-forties, and that served the invaluable function of marking the transition between swing and bebop. But a sizable grant would be needed to even locate most of their recordings, let alone reissue them.) The newest Commodore is a priceless bringing together of eight small-band sides recorded in 1938 by the Kansas City Five and Kansas City Six, Basie platoons that included Buck Clayton, Lester Young (clarinet and tenor saxophone), Eddie Durham (trombone and guitar), Freddie Green, Walter Page, and Jo Jones. The record (FL 30014) also has four estimable numbers set down in 1944 by Bill Coleman, Young, Dickie Wells, and rhythm. The Kansas City Five and Six recordings—still stunning—must have been dumfounding in 1938. There was no music like it at the time. The lack of a piano frees not only the rhythm section but Clayton (often muted) and Young (mostly on clarinet), who, in their solos and ensembles, dart and wheel and float and suggest with such subtlety and invention that one continually misses present delights while attempting to absorb delights just past. Indeed, these groups, with their mobility and unique lightness of texture and rhythm, make the best Hampton and Goodman small-band sides sound heavy and old-fashioned. Some of the numbers are "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," "I Want a Little Girl," "Pagin' the Devil," "Laughing at Life," and "Them There Eyes." The later sides have outstanding Coleman and Wells, and some good Young tenor saxophone. Wells' entrance in the medium blues "Jo-Jo" is the kind of improvisation that demands replaying and replaying. Bravo, Commodore!

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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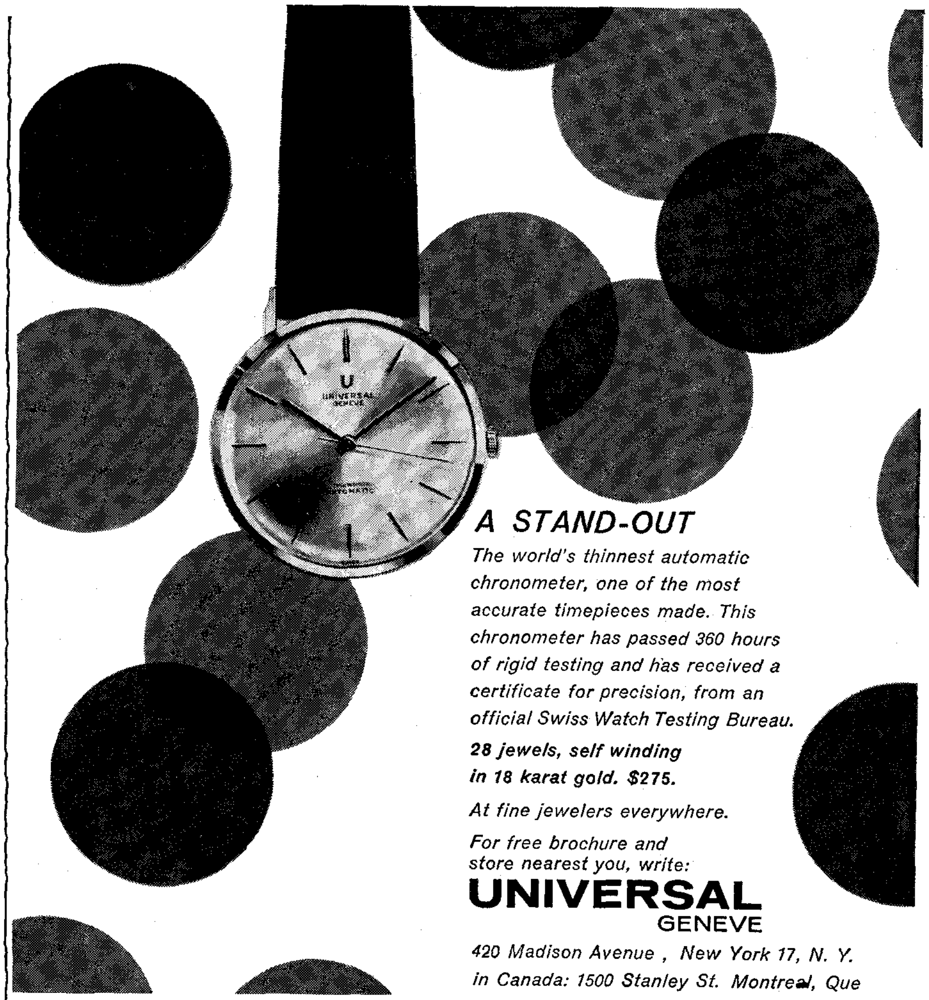

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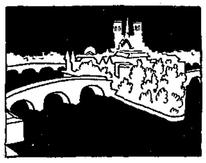
LETTER FROM PARIS

October 24



FRANCE'S present crisis in government seems malapropos, coming at a moment in history when grave events and worries fit to shake the world are taking place elsewhere. It is a moment when no trouble at all in France would be welcome news. Actually, France's brief and bloodless current difficulties—or at least the first part of them—should be settled over the weekend. On Sunday, the French are to vote yes or no in President de Gaulle's referendum (which proposes the direct election of future Presidents), with the victory of the yes vote seeming already sure in advance. But this referendum has in the last ten days unfortunately turned into something quite different. It has been transformed into a bitter, explosive plebiscite on the popularity and the merits of de Gaulle himself, and into a violent fight against him personally, which has been nicknamed *La Bataille du Non*. It was launched and is being carried on by the five traditional main political parties of France, temporarily united in this effort of destruction, an all-out national attack of criticism, derision, and even insult against him—by word of mouth, by print and press, and by public meetings—with the politicians battling against him both as a legend and as a leader, and showing a frustrated fury and pent-up hatred that they have never dared to show until now, and whose revealing violence has been a startling surprise. What the politicians actually aim at is to denude him of his glory, to push de Gaulle askew on his pedestal, to drape him in ridicule and precisely laid-on criticism so voluminous that his image can never again seem the same to the voters of France. This iconoclasm is certainly a not unintelligent part of their power struggle going on here, which rose to its first peak in the recent vote of censure in Parliament and is due to come to its real head in the November elections of deputies to the new Parliament. This new Parliament cannot be dissolved by de Gaulle for one year, so it is of acute importance politically. What the politicians quite naturally want is to fill this Parliament—to cram it, if they can—with anti-de Gaulle deputies, who will continue in the hemicycle the power struggle over who will govern France: he or they.

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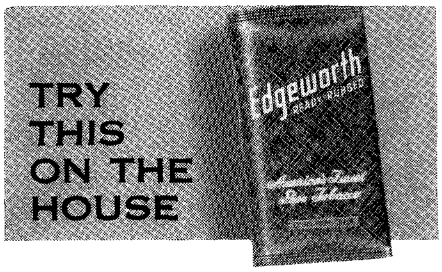

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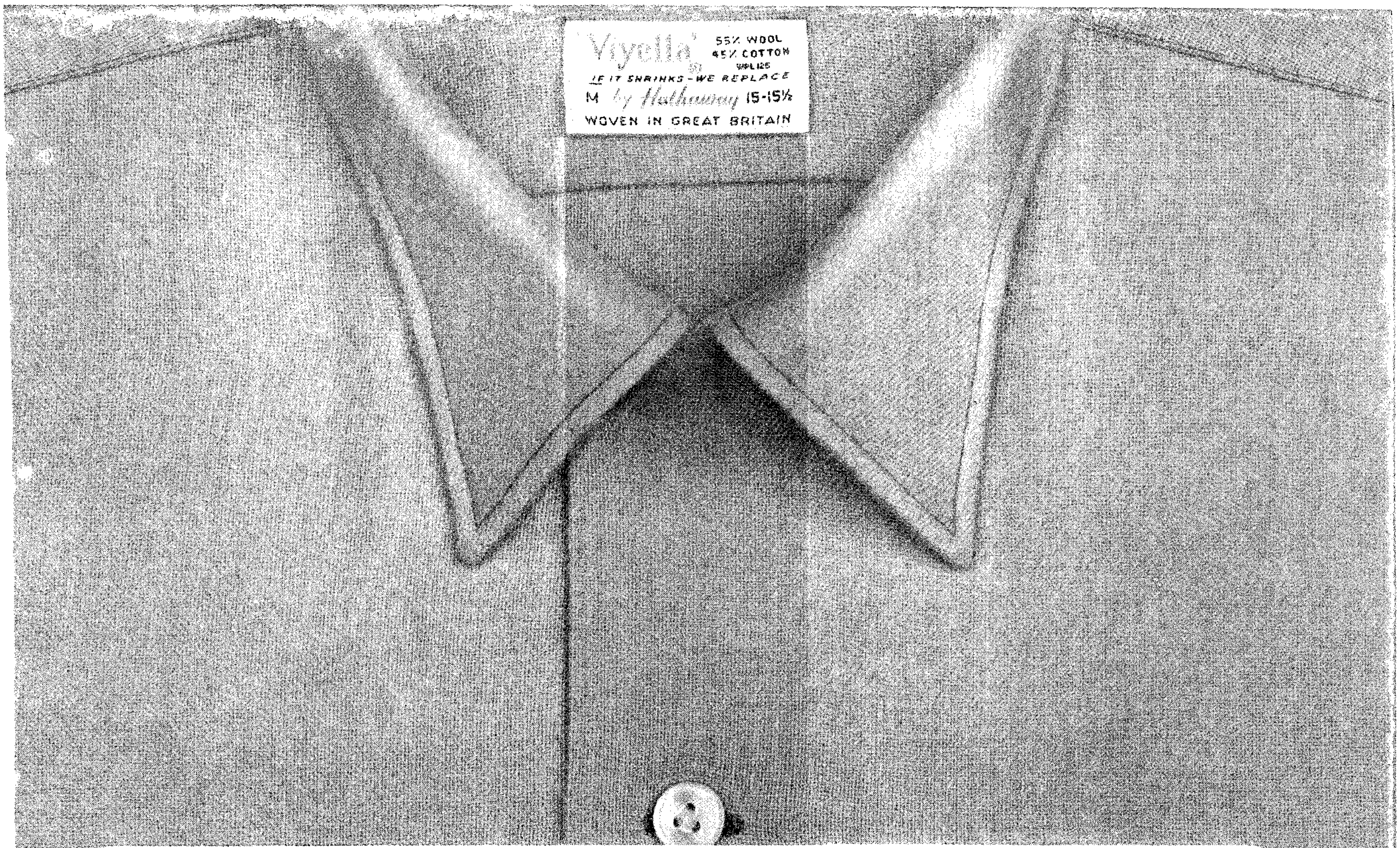

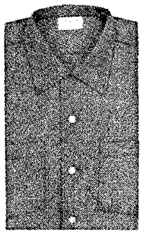
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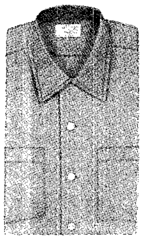
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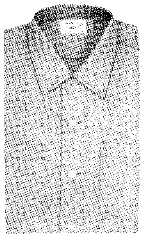
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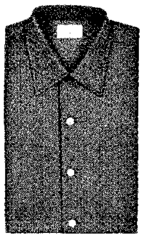
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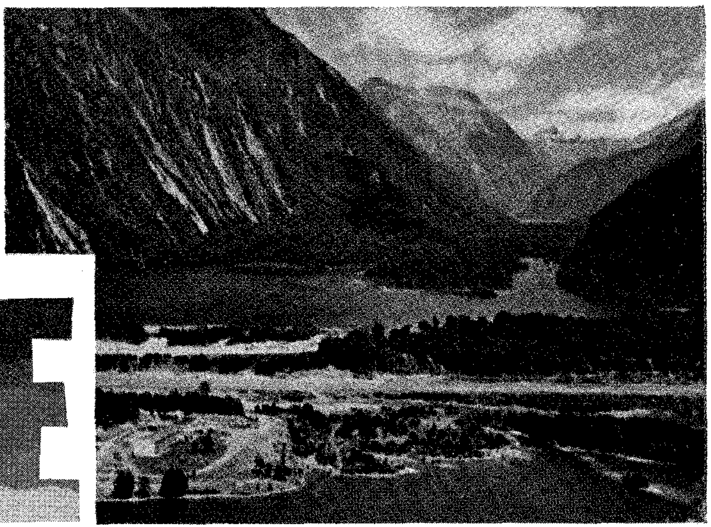
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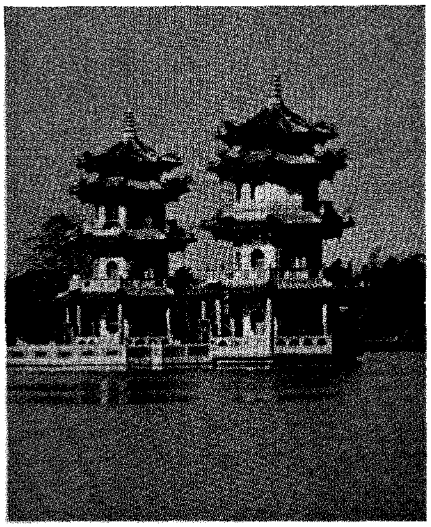
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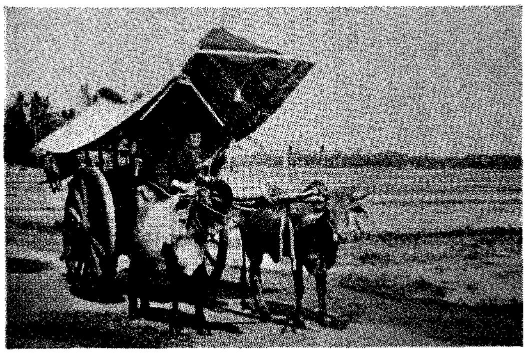
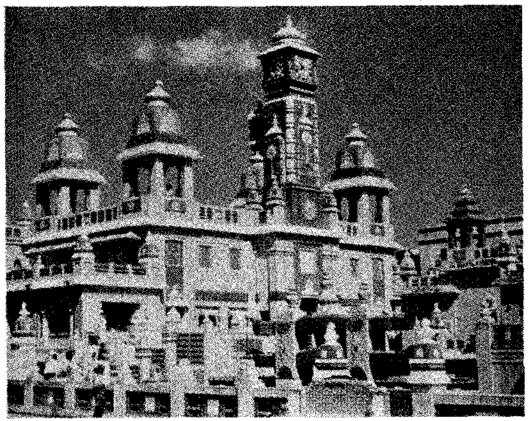

MALAYA—Bullock Cart, Malacca

SAMOA—Native Girls, Pago Pago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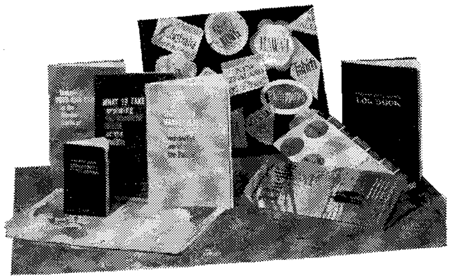

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endums are like personal dialogues between him and them, in which he asks them to give him something he especially wants, and over four years they have developed a majority habit of giving it to him, loyally. The only thing that could make the Sunday referendum very serious indeed would be a failure of the affirmative majority to be massive enough to satisfy de Gaulle's present need for increased prestige. In this case, as he candidly threatened in his national broadcast last week, he would at once quit the public scene, never to return from his retirement at, supposedly, Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. His disappearance would change the *Bataille du Non* into wasted time. (As a small part of its unflagging contribution to the battle campaign, the Communist daily *Humanité* has been livening its pages with little paragraph ornaments that are in the form of signposts marked "*A Colombey*.")

Either the Gaullist regime or France's outworn but still ambitious political-party structure, now nearly a hundred years old, is bound to be seriously weakened in the next four weeks. What may happen is that the people, out of their proved personal devotion to de Gaulle, will vote this Sunday to keep him in power, and then next month, out of their inherited political affiliations, will elect a strong opposition majority against him in Parliament. Once again, de Gaulle might be able, as he has been over the past four years, to keep them under wraps and quiescent—to dominate them at his distance—but with greater human difficulties this time. He may remain in the saddle, but they will be in rebellion.

In the reports on the Battle of No in the daily Paris press, de Gaulle's detractors have angrily defined him as, variously, a megalomaniac, an egomaniac, a tyrant, a suborner of justice (since he has not obeyed his own decrees), a violator of his own constitution and therefore an illegitimatist, a leader who stuffs the public's head with nonsense, a demagogic flatterer, a strangler of the Republic, an adventurer, an absolutist, an autocrat, a misanthrope, a dictator, and a camouflaged monarch. M. Daniel Mayer, a leading Socialist, has just stated, "De Gaulle risks becoming the von Hindenburg of France." *L'Humanité*, citing his last TV speech, in which he threatened to leave if not supported, riposted with "The sooner the better," as the title of its answering editorial. The fellow-travelling *Libération* has made a daily humorous specialty of perverting the "*Oui*" poster now enor-

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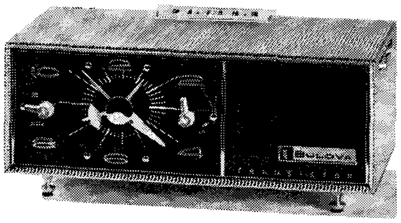

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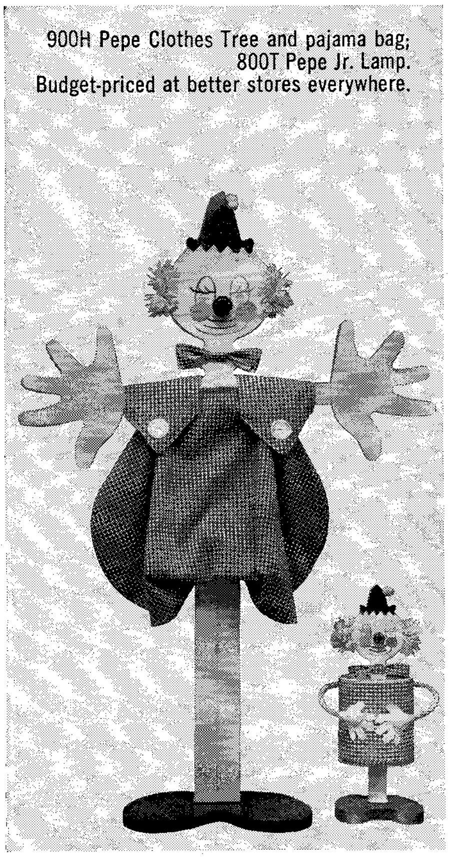

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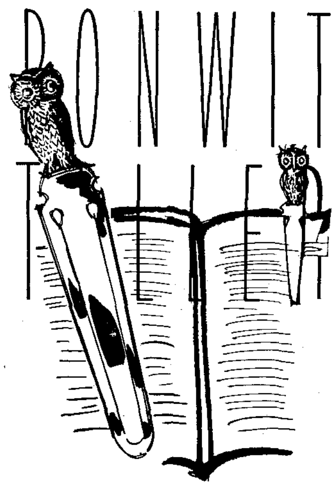
mously visible on all the city billboards, which says, "*Oui, c'est vous qui élirez le Président de la République;*" each day *Libération* reprints it, and the paper's artist tacks a new anti-de Gaulle slogan over the poster's lower portion. That of Monday made the poster read, "Yes, it is you who will refuse to be the frogs who asked for a king"—a reference to the well-known La Fontaine fable in which the king turns out to be a crane, who gobbles up all the frogs. The morning *Figaro*, though it prints certain polite anti-Gaullisms as part of today's normal news, has tried to remain editorially quasi-loyal to him, but wishes that he had not made so much trouble for himself and everybody else by setting the yes and no French at each other's throat. *Le Monde* also treats him rather strictly. In its Sunday editorial, it frankly said that the yes and no were like Scylla and Charybdis, and that everything depended on whether or not the new Parliament would set up a modern Republic "after the passage of de Gaulle's bulldozer," meaning his referendum. It then added, in insistence, "The referendum's true problem is not to save de Gaulle or to throw him out but to determine the future of the Republic. The worst consequence of a no vote would not be the departure of the General but the inevitable return to the traditional Parliamentary regime—to the certain restoration of the Fourth Republic." The only purely pro-de Gaulle paper in all Paris is the limp, one-page daily *Nation*, operated by the General's rather browbeaten political party, the Union of the New Republic. All the close to a dozen other Paris papers are, if not openly against him, at least not devotedly or continuously for him these days—not by a long shot.

One definite reason for de Gaulle's unpopularity with the press has been the state's censorship of anti-de Gaulle personalities on radio and TV, suppression of news in any form being something that French papers fight against *en bloc* and editorialize about at the drop of a hat. The radio problem, as it now applies politically, has never risen before, because there have been no anti-de Gaulle opposition parties of any consequence. Today's opposition has just been given exactly ten minutes for each of six TV speakers, divided between this week's Monday and Tuesday 8 P.M. news programs. De Gaulle himself, whose radio voice has been called "the most powerful political weapon in all France," is to speak at least once more in his own favor before Sunday, and certain of the Ministers in his suppos-



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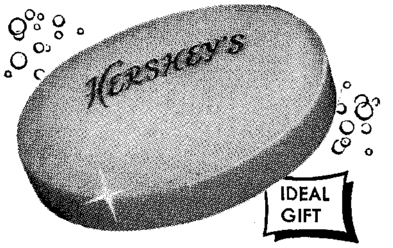

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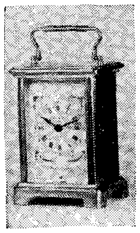
TIME OF ELEGANCE



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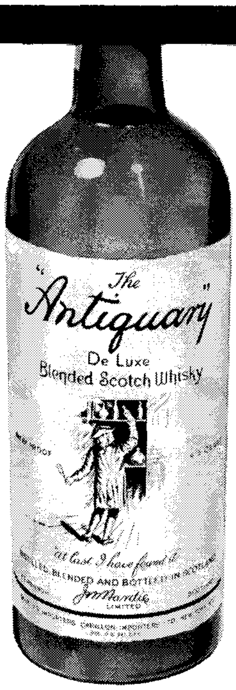
edly overthrown government have also been appearing on television. Of the three Tuesday speakers, the most important in every sense was Gaston Monnerville, President of the Senate and now a violent anti-Gaullist, whose fairly moderate critique of the Chief of State a few weeks ago was spoken from his official position as second governmental chief of all France. As such, his speech was entitled to immediate distribution, in printed form, by the state itself, to be publicly displayed in all the prefects' offices throughout the land. At first, there was no state coöperation in this matter, and then Monnerville's demand to speak officially on the state TV and radio was refused. Tuesday night, he spoke in the ten minutes allotted by the government to the Radical Party, which ceded him the only time it had—an excellent publicity gesture, since he is no radical. His speech was neither as harsh as expected nor even very impressive, but it was listened to by all as a form of victory for free speech itself. The Monnerville incident and the lack of gentlemanly fair play in the whole radio field have done the aristocratic de Gaulle a very considerable amount of harm.

The other situation that has just militated against de Gaulle is the result, perhaps, of his own imperiousness, followed by ill luck, or possibly even by ill will. He has had a bruising head-on collision with the Conseil d'Etat, which corresponds, in a way, to our Supreme Court. To explain it all briefly, it may be recalled that General Jouhaud, first of the rebellious French generals to be captured in the 1961 spring *Putsch* in Algiers, was tried here by a High Military Tribunal, which de Gaulle had founded under his special Algerian-war powers, and which condemned that general to death. Among the rebels who soon followed him into the dock was his chief, the famous General Salan, who, through a somersault of justice, was given only life imprisonment. In-



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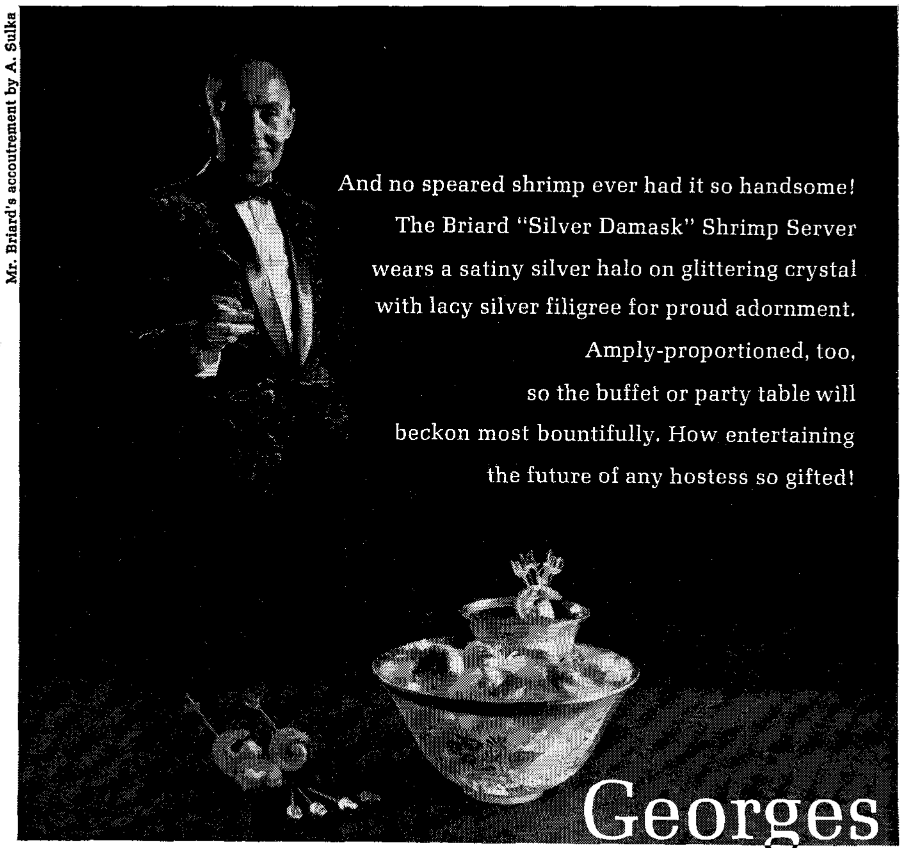

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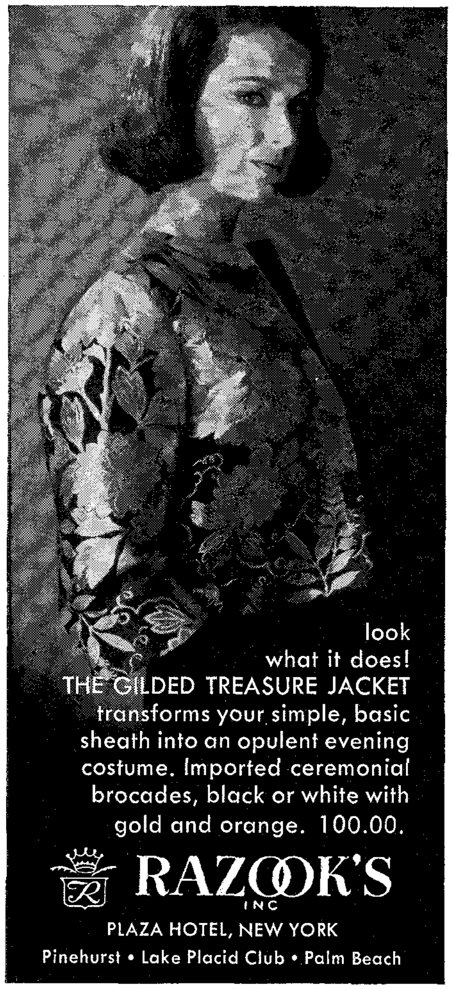

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censed, de Gaulle promptly dissolved the High Military Tribunal and hastily set up a so-called Military Court of Justice to try the Secret Army Organization's terrorists. Several weeks ago, this court tried the O.A.S. treasurer, André Canal, known as the Black Monocle, and gave him the death sentence—fortunately not yet carried out. (Another O.A.S. terrorist, a Foreign Legion deserter named Degueldre, who had murdered a police commissioner, among other people, and who in July was condemned by this same court to be shot, was executed pronto.) After creating the new Military Court, de Gaulle was informed by the Conseil d'Etat that while the court was legal in its foundation, it was not legal in its composition or restrictions, since it had no civilian judges, and no appeal from its verdicts could be granted. Paris lawyers being aware of this weakness, the Black Monocle's attorney merely asked the Conseil d'Etat to pass on the court's verdict of death for his client, and was told, as he had expected, that the verdict was invalid. With the Black Monocle due to be tried all over again, the more than incensed de Gaulle had his Elysée spokesman last week issue a sharp criticism of the Council of State's interpretation, calling it "abnormal" and "an encouragement to subversion and acts of terrorism." After all, only two months ago terrorists fired on both General and Mme. de Gaulle as they were on the way home to Colombey one evening in their car, and missed assassinating them both by only a few centimetres—a dangerous subversive act indeed.

Since this Military Court of Justice had been founded as the result of a rather complicated de Gaulle referendum and had subsequently been declared illegal, five lawyers last week brought before the Council of State an inquiry to discover whether this Sunday's referendum was legal and, if assented to by a majority of yes voters, was competent to create future Presidents by popular vote. And would the future Presidents also be legal? This, the Council of State eventually declared, would be the case all the way around. At the present writing, nobody seems to know whether the increase in minimum wages and social-security payments that was validated last week by the now dismissed Pompidou government is legal. However, the Council of State did declare, *en passant*, that de Gaulle's fallen government had no right to pursue any but current affairs now, which, it is hoped, both these projects are, and also the Sunday referendum, since all had certainly been pro-

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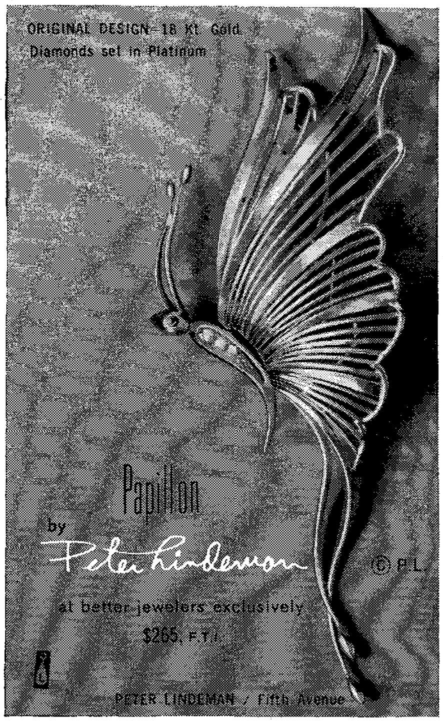

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jected before the Pompidou government was overthrown.

The Conseil d'Etat was founded by Napoleon and has remained unchanged ever since in its function as the highest body deciding on the legality of any decree or administrative act, though its opinions, oddly enough, need not necessarily be accepted by the state. In France's present situation of political tensions and antagonisms, it is difficult for the average hardheaded, logical-minded Frenchman, if one is still left, not to believe that this ruling against de Gaulle's Military Court did not contain some political implication, or even taint. That the Elysée was also sensitive to this notion seems clear from its opening reaction to the Council's opinion, which for three days de Gaulle's caretaker government did not accept, as was its right. It has just announced that the Elysée no longer contests the Council's decision. This must be the bitterest pill de Gaulle has had to swallow—especially in this period of his disputed popularity, which the Sunday referendum may rebalance with multiples of *oui*, but which no one in the Fifth Republic will be able to forget. —GENÊT

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT
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[*From Look*]

HELENE AND ROBERT ALEXANDER are attractive young marrieds living in Palm Springs, Calif. Like others in this desert dreamworld, they wanted their home to add a glossy new style to indoor-outdoor living. "A lot of people were building Roman things," said Helene, "so we went Egyptian."

The Alexanders' architect, improving on the Egyptians, used glass and peanut-brittle stonework to inscribe four perfect circles on three levels. He installed electronic controls to manipulate the indoor climate, the outside lights and automatic rain. The decorator did the walls in textured plastic, took a Nile formality right out into the artificial landscape. The table-tennis set stands by the heated pool upon stately Egyptian pedestals.

Result: a $300,000 pleasure dome that proves California has only begun to show how luxurious things can be on this planet. The U.S., having copied the earlier Western indoor-outdoor style, can now learn sleek new ways to play up the play side of life.

•

It's difficult enough to decipher the alphabetical maze. Your child may come home one day and mumble such Sanskritian terms as "pssc," smsg, "fles, bscs, cba, chem, uiessp, uicsm, ummap, gcmp, ncssacls, itwa, case, hsgp, and many others!—*Baltimore Sun.*

He'd never try it a second time.

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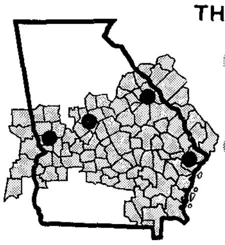

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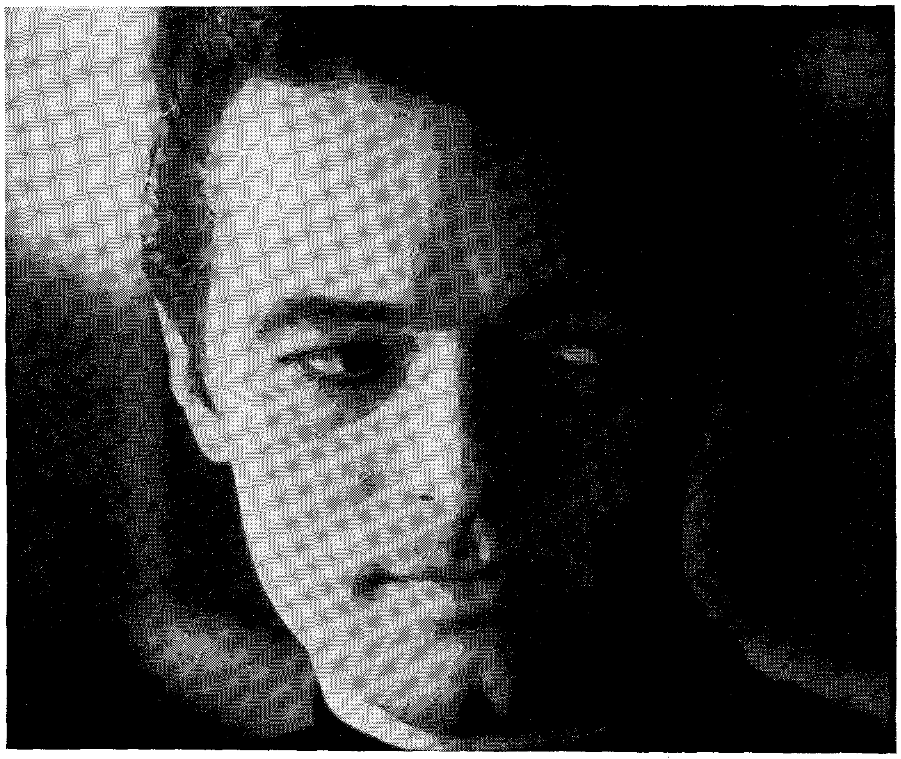

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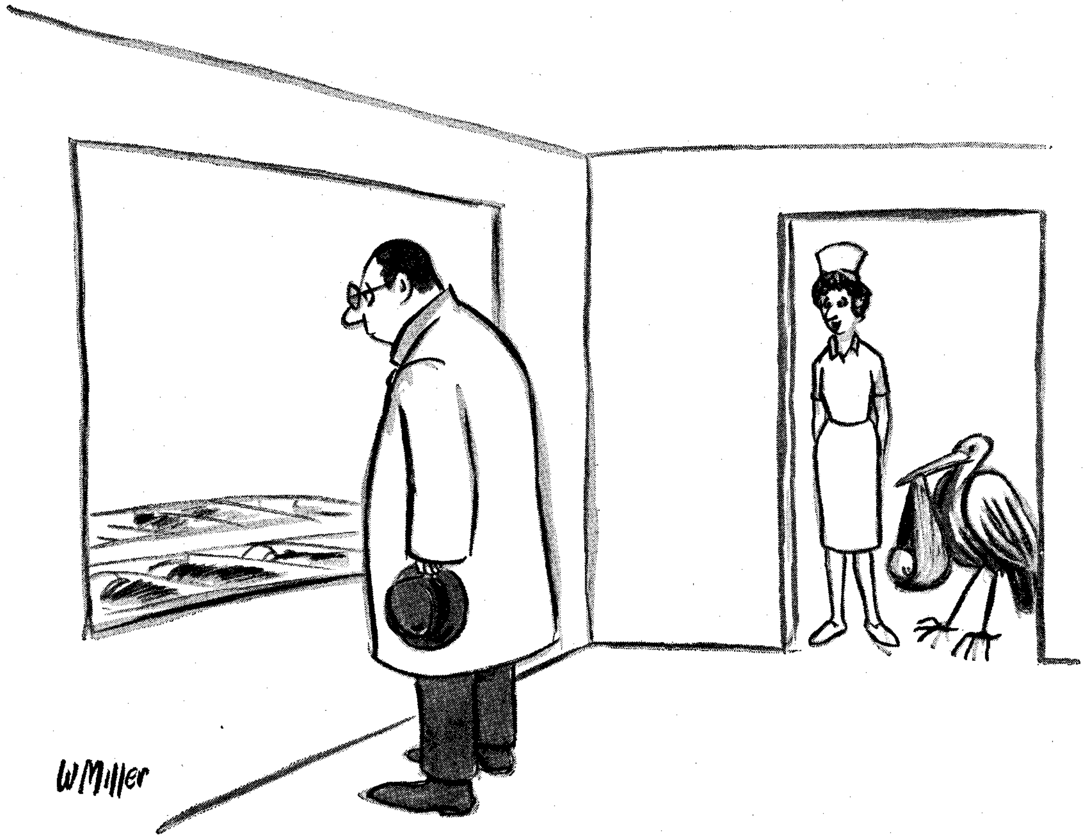
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RECORDED COMPANIONS

OF the numerous offbeat record labels that have popped up in recent years, all seeking, and many finding, special and even passionately devoted audiences, it is unlikely that any has found quite so special or so passionately devoted an audience as the label Talking Book, which cannot be bought in even the most recherché record shop. The label appears on twelve-inch long-playing discs that are distributed in sets averaging eighteen in number and sixteen hours of listening time, during which the full text of a volume of classical or popular fiction, nonfiction, drama, or verse is read aloud by a professional actor. Each year since 1934, the Library of Congress, which runs the Talking Book program, has issued somewhere between a hundred and fifty and three hundred and fifty Talking Book titles, hopefully selecting them as representative of all but the technical works among the titles, old and new, issued, at the rate of ten thousand a year, by American book publishers. Talking Book albums are produced in editions limited to two hundred or fewer. They are circulated without charge by thirty-one regional libraries under the supervision of the Library of Congress. Their accredited borrowers, who today number around seventy-five thousand, may also borrow, from state welfare offices, phonographs to play the records on. Both the phonographs and the Talking Book labels carry the inscription "Solely for the Use of the Blind."

To say that this service is popular with its limited public is about as adequate as saying that a rescue party is popular with a bunch of miners who have been trapped underground for several days. My first knowledge of Talking Books and their devoted public came as a by-product of my inquiring one day of an occasional luncheon companion, an affable and thriving insurance salesman named Robert Dobbins, who strongly resembles the late Walter Huston, and who has been totally blind for all of his fifty-odd years, whether I was right in assuming that he found blindness no handicap worth mentioning. While the question served the immediate purpose of diverting Dobbins from deploring my neglect of my insurance portfolio, it was motivated, too, by naïve curiosity, and by my previous experience of his nonchalance in coping with such potentially awkward queries. For example, I had once asked him why he didn't get a Seeing Eye dog, and he had told me, "Mainly because I could just see myself getting my best bridge hand of the evening"—Dobbins plays with discreetly Brailled playing cards—"and having the dog give me his paw to say I had to take him outside. Not that dogs aren't a godsend to some, but the blind are all kinds of men and women, and don't necessarily have anything in common beyond bad or nonexistent eyesight. That's something, I'm glad to say, that my parents, and my brother and sister, realized from the start, though they were Ohio farm people and had never taken a course in sociology or psychology. They also had sense enough to realize that while going blind would seem disastrous to them, blindness was, for me, the normal thing. So they never coddled me by sparing me from helping with the dishes, or getting spanked, or carrying the can of yeast up to my aunt's place. It was the same later, at the Ohio State School for the Blind, and then at Oberlin College, where I played the world's worst sax in a dance band, and where heart and head mattered but not race, creed, color, or handicap, and nobody taught me to care whether a guy was Catholic or Jew, had 20/20 vision or was blind, or liked or disliked dogs. But about dogs—it's just a personal idiosyncrasy that I've never developed any great hankering to look after one."

On the occasion when I asked Dobbins flatly whether he felt particularly handicapped, we had just sat down in a midtown German restaurant I'd wanted him to try, and the waiter had brought black beer and lunch menus. I prefaced my query with an admiring allusion to the adroit and offhand gait with which he had swung up the street to the restaurant, through what I had found unusually dense noonday sidewalk traffic. (Dobbins carries a brown cane rather than a white one, so as not to provoke irksome solicitude from fellow-pedestri-



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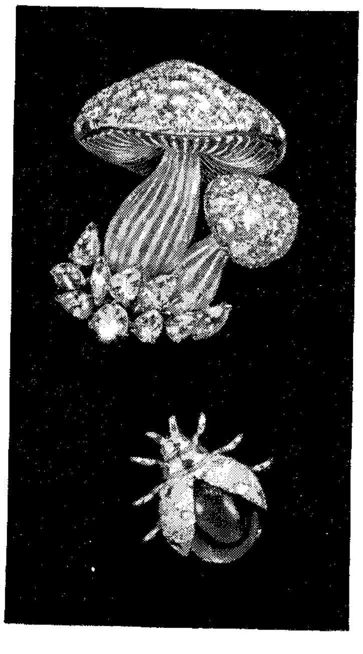

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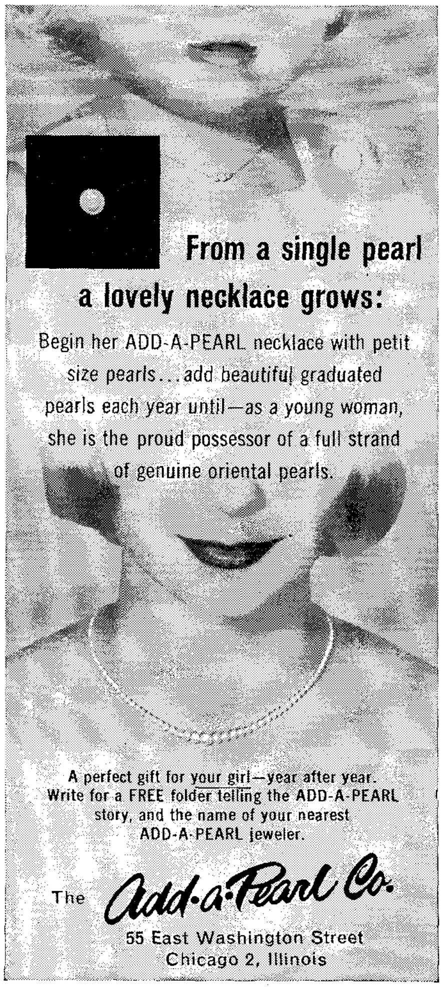

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ans.) Dobbins' answer was "As a matter of just knowing my surroundings intellectually, I suppose I miss a good deal, but that's academic. Whether you look at the world or only listen to it and touch it and apply the rest of your senses to it, the world's there—and I, at least, am not aware of any parts missing. You navigated here from your office by glancing at this and that, and I did it, just as automatically, by checking the shifts of wind and temperature at doorways and street corners, and by feeling underfoot the ridge at the dead center of a graded street, and by noting the tone and the time interval of echoes from my tapping cane to locate obstacles, and by remembering how far I'd walked and when I'd turned, and so on. And remembering patterns is another thing I do automatically. For instance, when I'm travelling, there's no such thing as a strange hotel, because most hotels have the same few, monotonous patterns—unless you happen to hit one of those rambling summer hotels with the funny turns and twists, where *anyone* can break his neck. As for appreciating landscapes, I suppose I got my biggest thrill from scenery when my wife and I were riding the funicular up the Jungfrau. My wife described the panorama and the thousands of feet dropping away below us, and to get the feeling of that magnificent sweep I just multiplied the feel of the height of little Vermont mountains, which I remembered from times when I'd been climbing them and stopped for breath, then heaved a rock and listened to it crashing farther and farther away down to the bottom."

Dobbins sampled his black beer, nodded approval of it, and added, "A handicap is anything under the sun that makes it unhandy to keep up with the people around you, and what's unhandiest for me is to get to my office early, sit down and pick up my mail, and wonder 'What on earth have I here?' until my secretary arrives to read it to me. When it comes to reading, I'm far better off than the majority of blind people, but, even so, it's annoying to have to take up somebody else's time that way."

As Dobbins spoke, I noticed that he was absently creasing the edge of the menu between his thumb and forefinger, and, taking this as a cue, I proposed we try one of the house's substantially constructed sandwiches. After we had ordered, I asked him how he was better off than most of the blind in the matter of reading.

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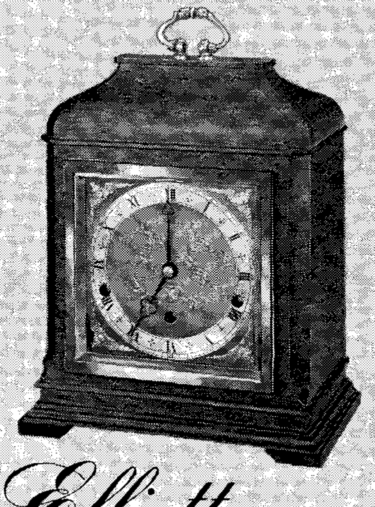

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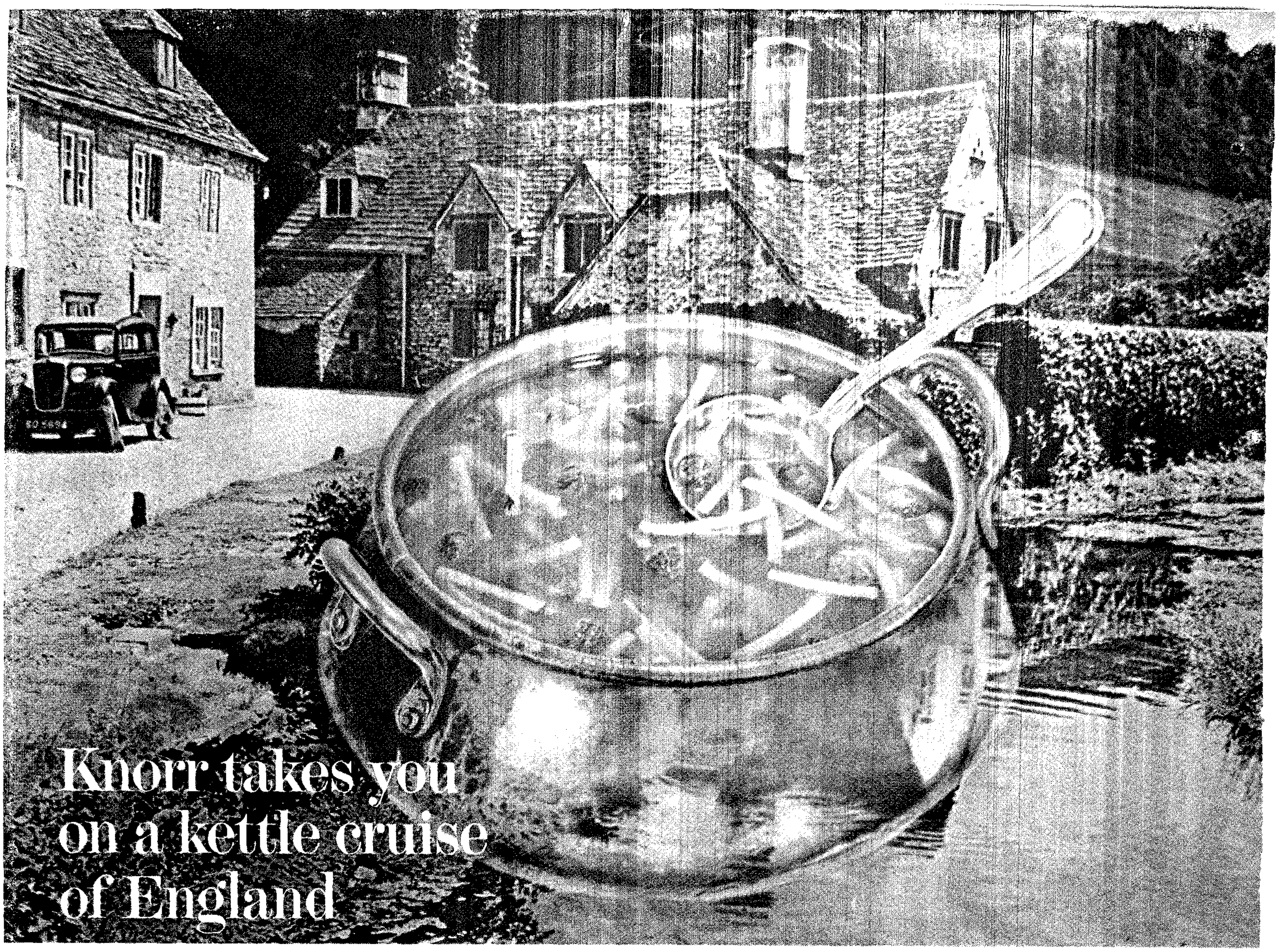

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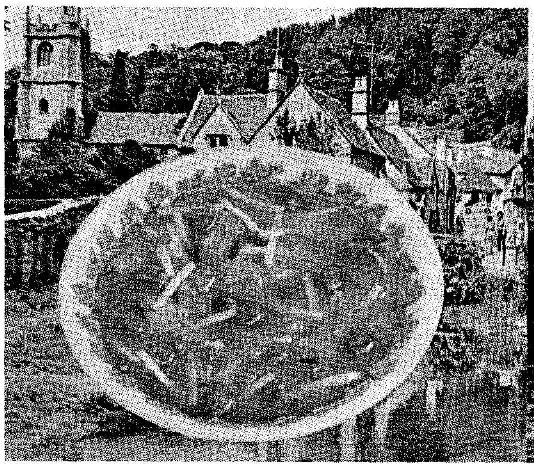
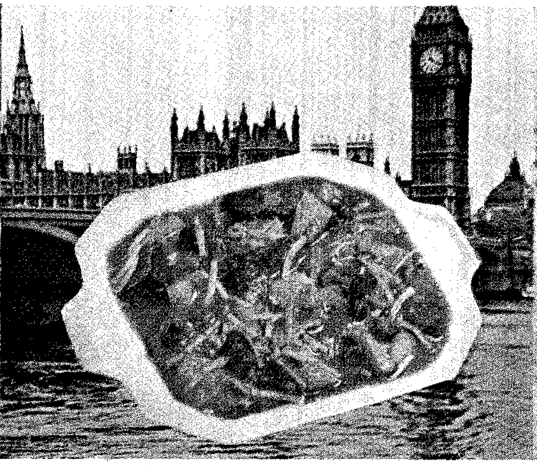


2nd stop: Squire Soup

- 1 pak Knorr Beef Noodle Soup Mix
- 1 tomato, peeled and finely chopped
- 3 cups water

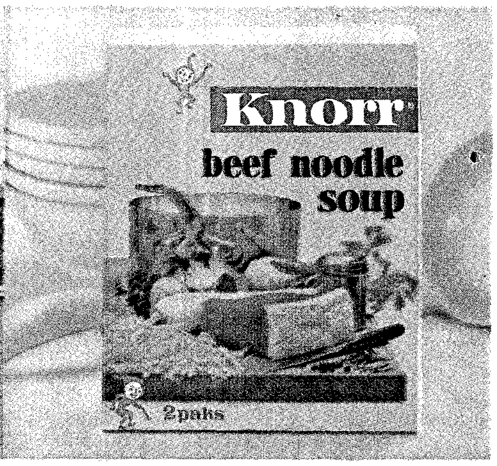
Boil water in saucepan. Stir in soup mix. Add tomato. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Bring to boil again. Reduce heat, partially cover and boil gently 5 minutes. 4 servings. Enjoy it at lunch with grilled cheese sandwiches and fresh fruits. Delicious for supper with cheese rarebit and crisp green salad.



3rd stop: Beefeater Stew

- 1 pak Knorr Beef Noodle Soup Mix
- 1 lb. boneless chuck, cut into 1-inch cubes
- 4 medium potatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 cups water
- 3 Tbsp. oil

Coat chuck with flour. Heat oil in large skillet. Add beef. Brown on all sides. Add onion; cook 5 mins. Stir in water and soup mix. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Bring to boil. Cover, reduce heat and simmer 30 mins. Add potatoes. Simmer until tender, about 30 mins. Serves 4.



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he replied. "Also, I have a secretary. I get both Braille books and Talking Books from the New York Public Library's Library for the Blind, and having been blind from the start has given me a special double advantage—I learned Braille early enough to enjoy it, and, never having learned sight reading, I have managed to get along without missing it." I said I didn't fully understand what he meant by calling this a *special* double advantage, and he explained, "The most frequent causes of blindness are glaucoma and cataracts, which are commonly afflictions of age, and after you've passed a certain age touch reading is tough to learn. So, in the cases of about seven-eighths of the blind people in this country, the onset of blindness suddenly cuts them off from whatever joy of reading they've been used to—not much in some cases, but a whole lot in others. For lone elderly people who have come to depend on books from the public library for companionship and intellectual stimulation—and even in the TV era this happens—the loss of sight can bring on a frightening sense of deep isolation such as I can't even begin to imagine. Until a few years ago, there wasn't much they could do about it, beyond listening to the radio. Then the American Foundation for the Blind, down near the Village, realized how widespread the situation was, and persuaded Congress to finance Talking Books. I've done some insurance advising for the Foundation, which is quite a place. Speaking of insurance . . ." And thereupon—and for the rest of our lunch—Dobbins was.

DURING the next few days, my mind reverted to the problem Dobbins had indirectly posed—that of trying to imagine the curious shock of intellectual isolation experienced by the newly blind. Like him, I found it quite impossible to imagine, but I then began to speculate, along more comprehensible lines, on how much of a remedy phonograph records provided, and how the remedy had been made available. Not long afterward, therefore, I phoned the American Foundation for the Blind and arranged to call on its director of public education, Dr. Gregor Ziemer, in its headquarters, at 15 West Sixteenth Street, which turned out to be a neat, three-story brick building.

Dr. Ziemer, a small, gray-haired man with an intent, avian air of scholarship, could tell me little about the Talking Book readers except that, to judge by their letters, they attach immense importance to the service, but when I asked

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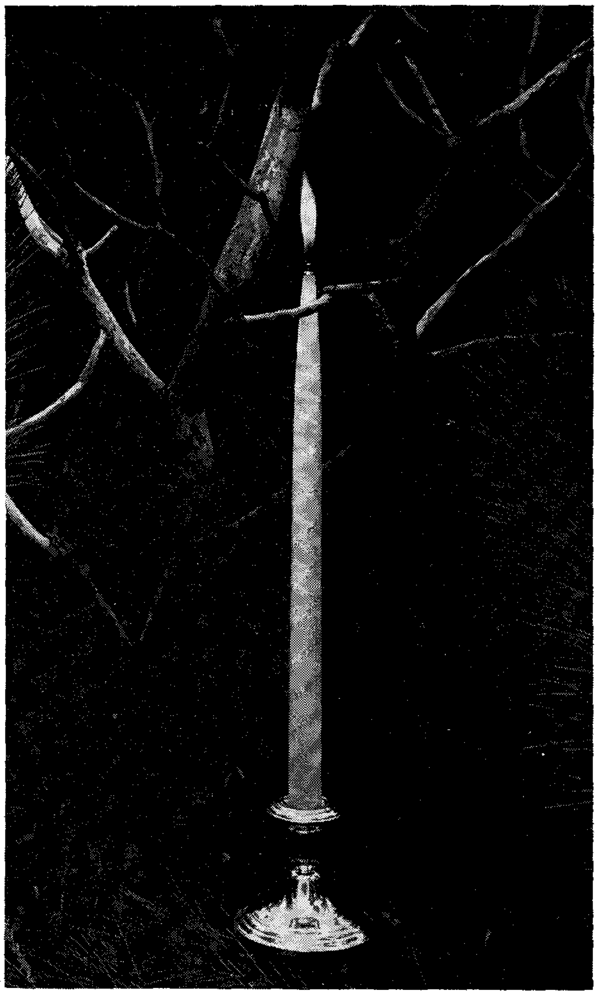

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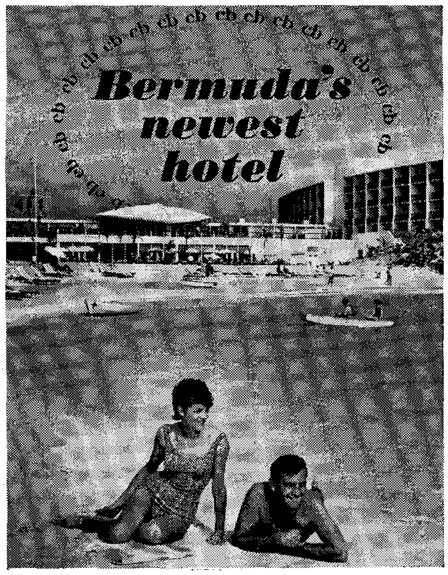
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about the inception of the recorded books, he had much to say. The idea behind Talking Books, he told me, is as old as the phonograph itself, having been advanced in 1878 by Thomas A. Edison, who, in an article in the *North American Review*, predicted that "phonographic books, which will speak to blind people without effort on their part," would rank high among the boons mankind was going to realize from his new talking machine. (Edison awarded similar high priority among these boons to letter writing and other forms of dictation, and gave the reproduction of music fifth place.) Even after phonograph records began to be mass-produced, however, Edison's notion about books remained unworkable. A book that took twelve hours to read aloud, for example, would have had to be put on approximately seventy-two heavy, breakable, scratchable, 78-r.p.m. records with a playing time of about five minutes each. The need for Talking Books was made fully apparent, though, in 1929, when the Foundation conducted a survey of Braille services, which revealed the surprising news that at least eighty-five per cent of the American blind hadn't mastered Braille to the point of being able to enjoy books in it. (The survey nonetheless prompted Congress, in 1931, to pass a law authorizing the Library of Congress to improve the lot of the minority who were at ease with Braille but couldn't locate much to read in it by establishing a network of regional outlets for Braille-book circulation.) The thought of all the nonreaders remained a galling one to the late Dr. Robert B. Irwin, himself blind, who at that time was the executive director of the Foundation. Irwin was a driving force behind the establishment of the hundred-odd services—ranging from lobbying to providing pre-filled syringes for blind diabetics—that the Foundation offers to the four hundred and fifty agencies interested in the country's estimated three hundred and fifty-five thousand blind. Convinced that Braille books could never be the entire answer, Dr. Irwin canvassed the recording industry in the hope of getting someone to develop a light, durable, long-playing phonograph record suited to the requirements of a Talking Book. His quest at length took him to a movie sound-equipment firm, whose foreman told him, "Stop fooling around. There's not enough sales volume in your idea to interest a big company. But I've got a man here who'll try any crazy thing. Hire him."

Dr. Irwin hired the man, an electri-

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cal engineer and amateur magician named Jackson O. Kleber, who, in 1932, retired with a crew of three or four assistants into a hot and noisy cubicle in Grand Central Palace to tinker with begged, borrowed, and bootlegged odds and ends of recording equipment. Two years later, he emerged with what Dr. Irwin had in mind—a 33⅓-r.p.m. record and a cheap and compact phonograph to play it on, collateral ancestors of today's standard living-room gear. Dr. Irwin forthwith prevailed upon Congress to add Talking Book records and phonographs to the Braille literature financed by the Library of Congress, after which the Foundation settled down to producing both records and record-players, as a non-profit government-appointed contractor, with Kleber keeping an eye on the engineering side of the project. In 1939, a hundred-year-old non-profit Braille publisher, the American Printing House for the Blind, in Louisville, Kentucky, joined the Foundation in bidding for the government's orders for Talking Book records, and since then the two organizations have been doing the work in friendly competition. By 1948, the year long-playing records were first offered to the general public, commercial firms had matched the Foundation's bids for manufacturing the phonographs, and the Foundation had happily gone out of that phase of the business. Kleber stayed on, inventing a variety of ingenious devices (among them a tiny Roman-alphabet-into-Braille typewriter, to facilitate communication with the deaf blind), each of which he seemed to look upon as an extension of his amateur magic—an adroit practical joke played on a hitherto tiresomely accepted handicap of the senses. "Kleber was appalled at the primitive stethoscope he found his doctor using on him, and he was busy inventing an electronic one to replace it when he died of a heart ailment, in 1958," Dr. Ziemer told me.

Dr. Ziemer then took me for a stroll through half a dozen cell-like rooms that are given over to the making of Talking Books—two tape-recording studios, a master-cutting room, two matrix-plating rooms, and a room where hydraulic presses stamp out as many as fifteen hundred finished records daily—and everything looked to me as shiny and perplexing as any similar up-to-date industrial installation. Talking Books, the Doctor said, are recorded by paid professional actors, except in the rare instances when the author is both available and apt at

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reading aloud. Through a plate-glass window we saw a recording session in progress, and Dr. Ziemer identified a youthfully fortyish man bent over a book and a microphone as Alexander Scourby, a stage, movie, TV, and radio actor, who was on hand that day to record "Ship of Fools." Scourby, Dr. Ziemer said, rates as high with Talking Book fans as Sinatra does with the popular-ballad public, and has stacked up a total of nearly three hundred recorded volumes, including two recordings of "War and Peace" and three complete readings of the Bible, in the past twenty-five years.

After peering over the shoulder of the engineer in an adjacent glassed-in control booth, Dr. Ziemer reported that the current reel of tape was running low, so we waited until it had reached its end and then broke in on Mr. Scourby. "This is the best busman's holiday I can think of," Scourby told me. "Reading here in my spare time, I've got around to all the Dostoevski and Fielding and Sterne, and so on, that I'd otherwise still be meaning to read when I went to my grave. Besides that, of course, it has a fine purpose. It's like being in a play where you have not only a good part to work with but the additional pleasure of knowing that the play itself is something people *ought* to see." I asked Mr. Scourby if he had much personal contact with his Talking Book public, and he said, "Yes, but only through letters. And here's an interesting thing—some of the letters ask me to send my picture. The people who write them won't be able to see the picture, naturally, but they'll get someone to describe it, so they can fill out the image they have from the voice."

THE next afternoon, in the hope of getting some idea of what the Talking Books audience is like, I visited the sprawling two-story brick premises of the Library for the Blind, operated by the New York Public Library, on Sixth Avenue at Spring Street. Here the first person I encountered was Miss Charlotte C. Harrison, who is in charge of the establishment, and who told me that, as one of the thirty-one regional libraries coöperating with the Division for the Blind of the Library of Congress, it mails Braille and recorded books and magazines to borrowers in New York City, Long Island, Connecticut, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the Canal Zone. (The New York State Library, in Albany, serves the blind upstate and also in Vermont, and the rest of New England is supplied by the li-

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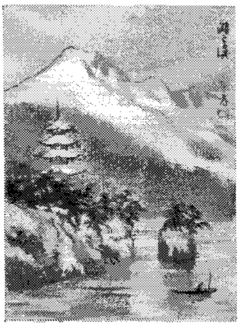

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brary of the Perkins School for the Blind, in Watertown, Massachusetts.) The New York branch, Miss Harrison said, has forty-two thousand Braille volumes in its stacks and subscribes to thirty-nine magazines in Braille to meet the demands of its fourteen hundred touch readers. It has thirty-one thousand Talking Book albums and distributes nine recorded periodicals—*Newsweek*, the *Reader's Digest*, *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, *New Outlook for the Blind*, *Braille Technical Press*, *American Heritage*, *Senior Citizen*, the *News of the Week in Review* from the New York *Times*, and a recorded compendium called *Choice Magazine Listening*—for its forty-two hundred borrowers who do their reading by ear. Many of the Talking Book albums are duplicates, however, so the number of titles is only about four thousand—certainly not a lot, by usual library standards. The Braille books are stored in the basement, and recorded books occupy stacks on the second floor of the building. Somebody once took the trouble to figure out that the average staff member hefts thirty-five tons of them annually. As for the clientele, Miss Harrison told me that a borrower must be certified by an oculist as "a person whose central visual acuity is 20/200 or less in the better eye with correcting glasses, or whose field of vision at its widest diameter subtends an angular distance no greater than twenty degrees."

At Miss Harrison's suggestion, I headed for the nearby office of Mrs. Juanita H. Nottingham, who had been the librarian in charge of Talking Book circulation for nineteen years and therefore knew more than anyone else about this service and those who used it. A pink-cheeked woman with a flying halo of bobbed gray hair, Mrs. Nottingham was clearly delighted to put aside her routine chores in favor of talking about her patrons. Waving me into a chair in front of her desk, with its built-in card file, she told me happily, "I've just hung up the phone, and I'm not sure yet, but I think we have another reader. This woman called to say that she has been blind for three years and only today found out about Talking Books and where to borrow them. Isn't that terrible? And it's typical! They can *print* all the Talking Book publicity they please, but still it can be three years before someone who *sees* the publicity bothers to tell a blind friend about it. I told this woman she'd have to go down to the New York State Commission for the Blind to get approval. From what she says, I know she'll qualify. Sometimes

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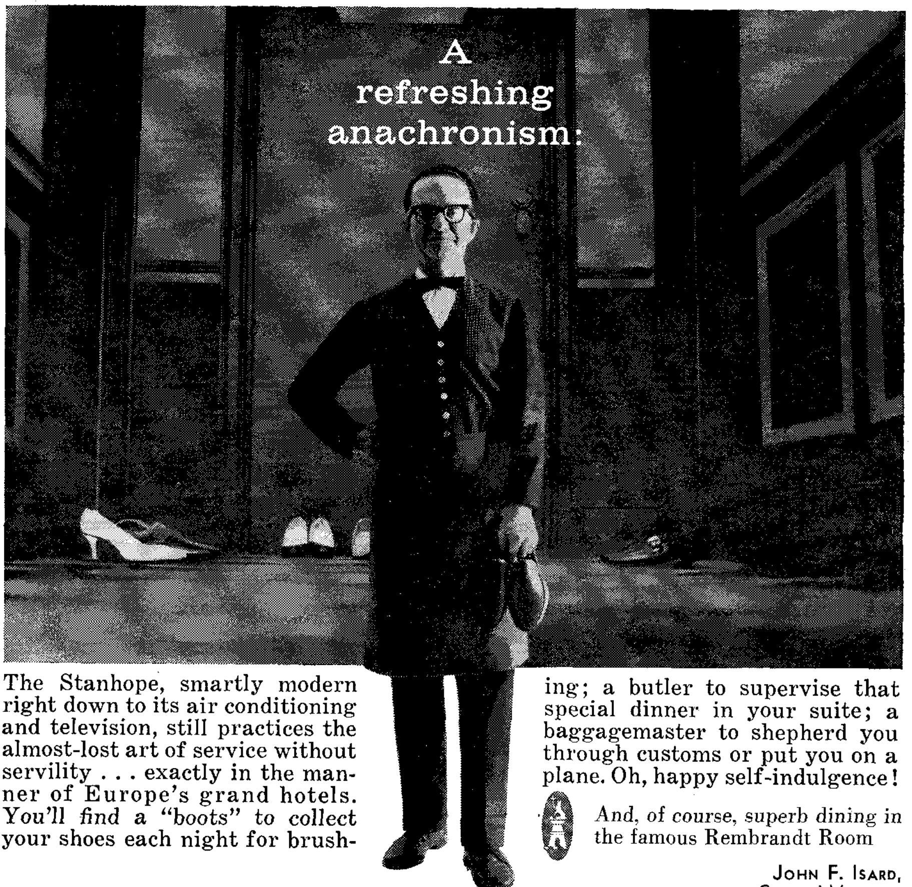

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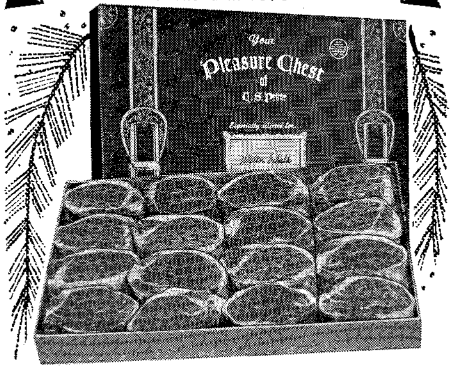

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they don't, though. One of our readers—she's in her nineties, and reads only nonfiction, because she's eager to improve her mind—lost her sight very gradually, and there was a long period between the day she had to give up trying to read print and the day the doctor could certify her as legally blind. She kept calling up and saying hopefully, 'I'm positive I'm worse. I'm going back to the doctor to see if I can't make it now.' And, sure enough, one day she made it. Oftener, of course, it's the other way around—people are horror-struck by the realization that they are going blind, and won't admit that they can't see. Not long ago, a man called up and said, in a voice suggesting he was doing something on the sly, that for twenty-five years he'd been too blind to read a book but he was a night-club entertainer and was afraid he'd never get another engagement if he let it be known that he couldn't see. He wondered if he could get Talking Books without letting his secret out."

The phone rang. Mrs. Nottingham picked it up and said, "Talking Book Department. This is Mrs. Nottingham speaking. . . . Yes, Miss Wilson, I have your 'Swann's Way' on my desk waiting for you. . . . Surely. Right away or any time. I'm always here." Hanging up, she explained, "That was a sculptress, who had asked me to get out one of her old favorites to read over the weekend. She lives nearby, and drops in to pick up her books when she doesn't want to wait for the mail to deliver them. She's coming over now. You'll enjoy meeting her."

I asked Mrs. Nottingham whether many of her patrons visited the library and whether she had come to know any of them well, and she told me that the two-part question required a three-part answer. "First, most of our readers write or phone. Very few ever come in. Most books are circulated by mail, under a special postage-free privilege," she said. "Second, I *have* to get to know them well, and for that reason alone I would never want to go back to regular library work. There you have to know all your *books*, but here it's equally imperative to know all your borrowers. And, third, some years ago a remarkable young professional man did get into the habit of coming here regularly, toward closing time. He gave me the impression that he was badly in need of my assistance in guiding him to the subway when I left for the night. Later on, I found that, blind as he was, he knew his way in and out of every subway in town better than I did. But

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by that time we were married. Now I read the latest things aloud to him every morning, coming in on the subway from Flushing, and I notice that all the passengers within earshot sit without batting an eye or turning the pages of their newspapers—listening, and pretending they're not. My husband isn't the only one who likes to be read to."

Mrs. Nottingham went on to say that one reason it was necessary for her to be well acquainted with her patrons, if only by telephone, was that she was often asked to select a substitute Talking Book for somebody whose first choice was out, so the reader might be spared what she called "an intolerable waiting period without the companionship of a Talking Book." To supplement her memory of their likes and dislikes, she keeps a huge file listing all the books each of her clients has ever requested, and, in a further effort to make sure they have the sort of Talking Book companion they prefer, she encourages them to consult the Talking Book lists that are distributed by the American Foundation for the Blind and to submit wholesale requests for at least forty titles at a time, with the understanding that the books will be sent as they become available. Mrs. Nottingham also tries to protect her clients from the anxieties of between-books waiting spells by getting to know the individual reading rhythms that govern the number of days or weeks (the maximum loan period is four weeks) they ordinarily keep books out, so that she can mail their next selection just as the previous one is about to be returned. "Waiting is worse for some than for others," she told me. "Our most avid reader, a woman who was a book reviewer before she lost her sight, and all of whose family and relatives had died, felt left entirely alone unless she had several Talking Books handy—there's no limit, by the way, to the number that can be taken out at once. She used to call me at home at eleven at night to make sure that her next batch of books was in the mail. She had twenty of the books checked out to her when she died."

Some readers are considerably harder to please than others, Mrs. Nottingham went on. Her most easily satisfied customer at the moment, she said, was a Columbia professor's mother, in her nineties, whose omnivorous literary appetite has given her a new family status as a sort of walking book-review section. Mrs. Nottingham picked this mentally supple nonagenarian's card out of her file and showed me the titles that were currently on loan to her. They were

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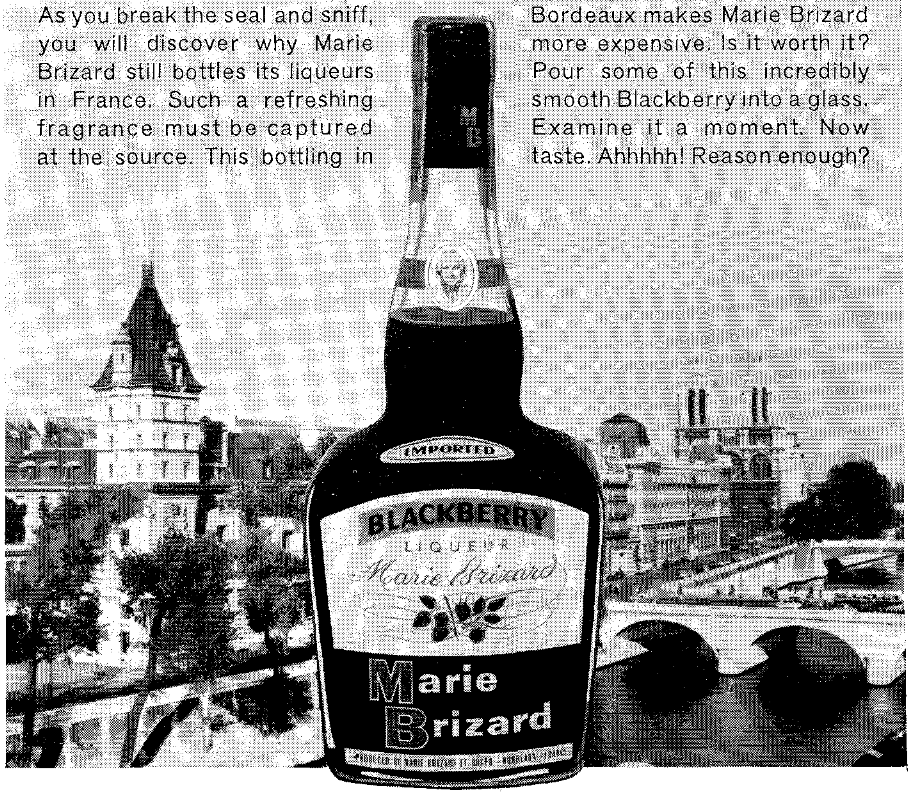

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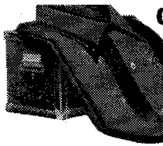
"Living Free," "Conan Doyle," "The Making of the President," "Man and Dolphin," and "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." "Sometimes it's just one book that's important," Mrs. Nottingham said. "We once had a little boy who first checked out something called 'Blow All Ballast!,' by Nathaniel A. Barrows, when he was six, and checked it out again and again for a whole year, by which time he could recite it by heart. It spurred him on to learn all about ships, and now, at twenty, he's studying to be a marine engineer."

Mrs. Nottingham poked through a drawer, withdrew a pack of letters, and suggested that I glance through them to get an idea of how the library's patrons respond to the service. The top one, written in a careful, old-fashioned hand, read, "I can't begin to tell you how happy Miss Esther and her sister are over your bringing this wonderful world of stories into her life. Miss Esther is a most remarkable, talented, intelligent, cheerful woman—still very alert in all her interests and thinking. She and her sister are too feeble to leave the house now. The innovation of your records is a tremendous thing. Bless you."

I was interrupted in my letter reading by the arrival at Mrs. Nottingham's desk of a small, slender, gray-haired woman, with finely cut features and lively eyes, whom the librarian introduced as Miss Helen Louise Wilson, the sculptress who had called about "Swann's Way." Mrs. Nottingham handed her two fat black boxes of records, inquiring as she did so how Miss Wilson was getting along with "Doctor Zhivago." Miss Wilson stowed the record containers in two mesh shopping bags she had produced from her purse, and, setting them on the floor, said, "I'm nearly through, and it's all right. It's like the big Russians you're used to—Tolstoy and the rest. A big picture drawn with big lines. It makes you think of the early Italian paintings—wide human feeling, and exactly no nuance. That's why I decided to call and ask for 'Swann's Way' again—for something delicate. Do you know, I haven't heard it since 1949—the year the records came out."

I SUGGESTED to Miss Wilson that since I had already taken up a good deal of Mrs. Nottingham's time, and "Swann's Way" looked heavy, I might carry her books home for her and we could continue the literary discussion as I did so. Miss Wilson said I might indeed, whereupon, having said good-



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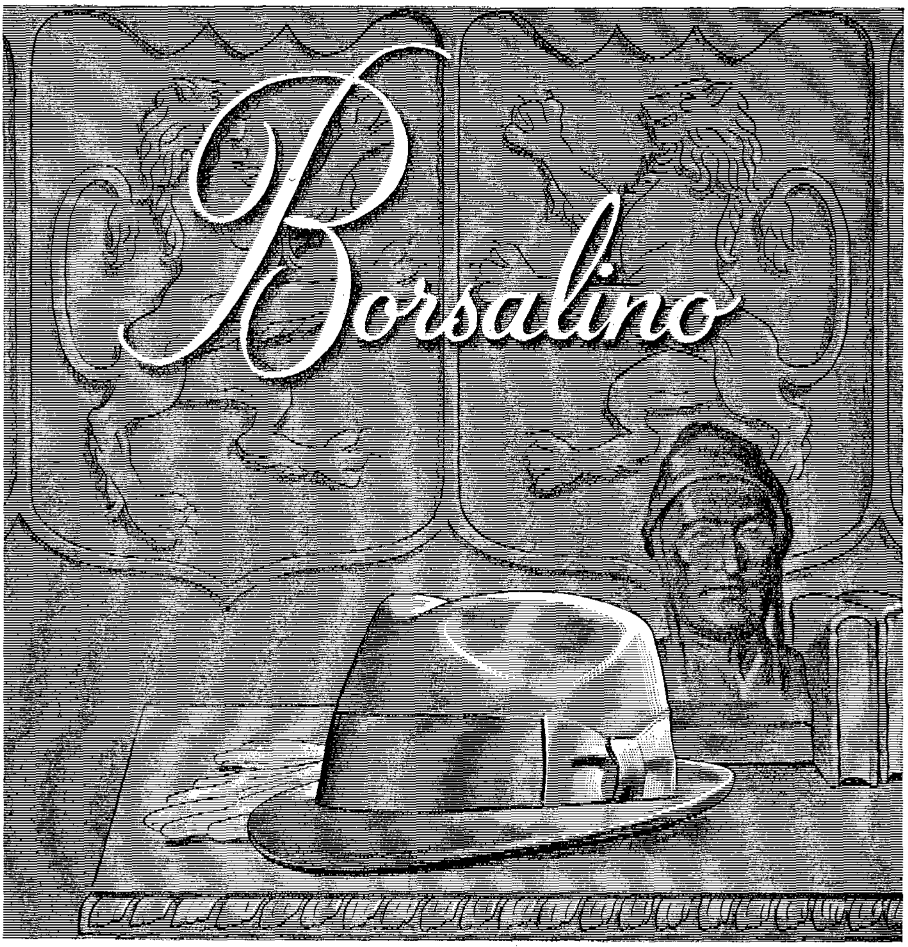
Miss Wilson explained that her blindness, which had come upon her when she was an undergraduate at Wellesley, was just short of complete, so that there were dim visual cues to aid her other senses in orienting to things around her. She added, "The damage ruled out reading, and with it the career I'd planned—as a painter. But it didn't rule out sculpture, because there one's tactile sense fills in." Some years after the onset of her handicap, she told me, she visited the South of France, and, liking the region, bought a cottage there and lived in it during the greater part of twenty-three years she spent in Europe and North Africa. "I still have the place, and I might very well be there now if it weren't for Talking Books," she said. "Some years ago, I came back here to visit, and during my stay I discovered them. I first thought of asking Mrs. Nottingham to send them to me in France, with the overseas postage paid by me. But I never carried out the plan. It would have been complicated, and I would have received only three or four books a month. So the next time I came to New York, I stayed, and here I still am. That sounds exaggerated, I know, but when I was young I used to read libraries straight through. I never took to Braille. You'd be surprised how someone like me can feel after going for thirty years without a book."

We paused on a curb until an overbearing truck had charged around a corner, and then, as we strolled on again, Miss Wilson said reflectively, "Not that Talking Books are the perfect solution. I happen to be enormously grateful for them, and yet I know that the rather small budget prevents recording many things, and that I'm missing a



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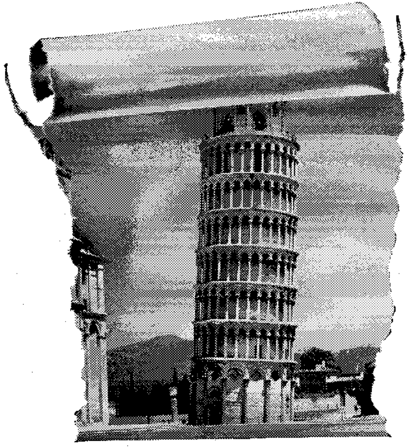
We arrived at Miss Wilson's apartment house, a freshly painted four-story brick antique with a restaurant on the ground floor, on the western edge of Greenwich Village. She accepted my offer to carry her recorded books upstairs to her flat, on the top floor, and I found they had grown heavy indeed by the time we reached there. Miss Wilson, unlocking the door, asked if I'd like to come in for a cup of coffee or a drink. I said I would, and followed her through a hallway into a studio equipped with a couch, chairs, and cabinets, and dominated by six or seven massive pieces of abstract sculpture modelled in a metallic compound. One of them, I thought, looked familiar. It consisted of two aggressive shapes, about four feet high and bearing spikelike projections, opposing each other in furious tension. When I inquired about it, Miss Wilson said, "That's 'Conflict.' I had it in one of the Sculptors Guild shows at Lever House not long ago."

Miss Wilson offered me an easy chair, filled my request for vermouth at a corner cabinet, and returned to the topic of her abridged view of the literary scene, remarking, "I've been so fascinated lately to learn more about Dylan Thomas." Her source of this information, she said, was one of two stacks of records on a stand beside a portable phonograph in the center of the studio—a Talking Book of Gilbert Highet's, "Talents and Geniuses," which she began to sort out abstractedly, saying, "Professor Highet's essays have some grace and skill, though I read critical and biographical things whether they have or they haven't—all except the I'm-happy-though-blind books—because the people involved are likely to be interesting. Highet mentions a book about Thomas that I wish they'd record. I wonder if I can find that passage for you." She switched on the phonograph,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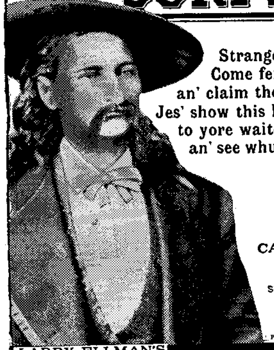
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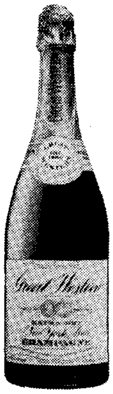
slipped a record onto the turntable, and lowered the tone arm, and out came Alexander Scourby's mellifluous voice, clear as a bell, intoning, "... the period which has been called the age of baroque ..." Miss Wilson shook her head. "No, that's not it," she said. She put another record on, and Scourby's voice resumed, "In November, 1953, at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York City, the brilliant Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, after lying for many hours in a coma, died. ..." The essay turned out to be Highet's commentary on John Malcolm Brinnin's "Dylan Thomas in America," and the record included the remark that the poet and his wife, Caitlin, "fought like Cait and Dog." This prompted me to say, at the record's conclusion, that Caitlin had later vigorously retorted to Brinnin in her "Leftover Life to Kill." "I haven't heard of that one," Miss Wilson said. "Is it well known?" It was evident from her tone that she found such disconcerting lacunae in her literary vision all too familiar.

Suspecting that Miss Wilson might be eager to renew her acquaintance with the records I'd carried home for her, I asked if she wouldn't play something from them, to give me an idea of how Proust sounded out loud. She looked pleased at the suggestion, and extracted a stack of eighteen records from one of the containers. "Let me see if I can find some place that's more interesting than the beginning," she said. "I like the place where Swann falls in love, if it *is* falling in love—his psychology is so subtle. You know—where he goes to the Verdurins' and finds she isn't there, and, thinking she has gone to a restaurant, follows from restaurant to restaurant, and finally finds her. And she has these flowers—What are they? Oh, I remember. Cattleyas. And then in the carriage there is all this intricate thing of smelling the flowers. ..."

But, try as she would, putting on one record after another, Miss Wilson could find nothing nearer the mark than the ubiquitous Alexander Scourby's voice, scratchy and muffled on these well-worn discs, saying, "... a place where one might get a good cup of tea ..." "That sounds like Galsworthy, not Proust," Miss Wilson remarked irritably, and at length I prevailed upon her to give up and begin the Talking Book at the beginning. The first record started off: " 'Remembrance of Things Past.' 'Swann's Way,' by Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Copyright by the



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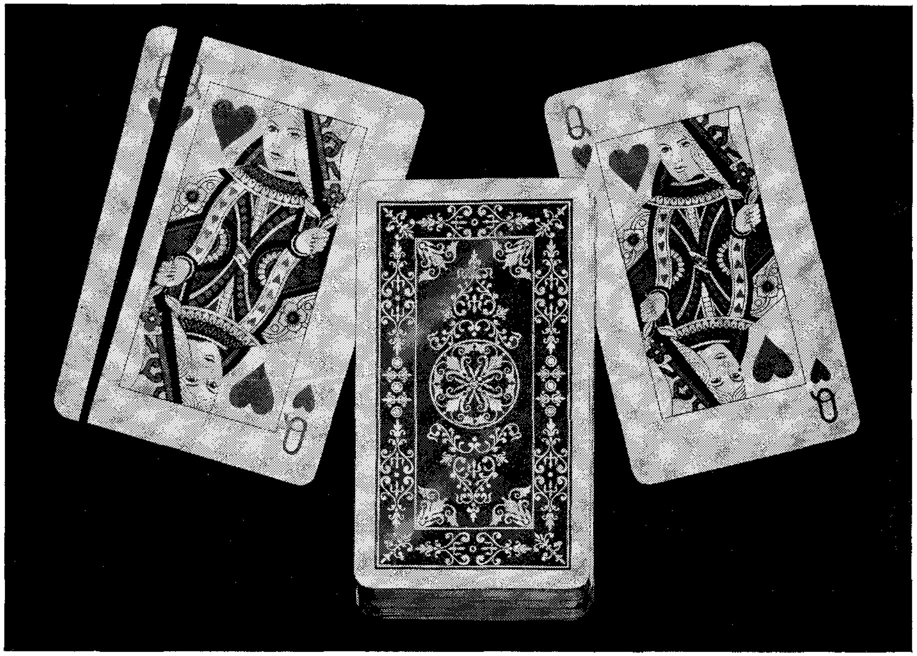

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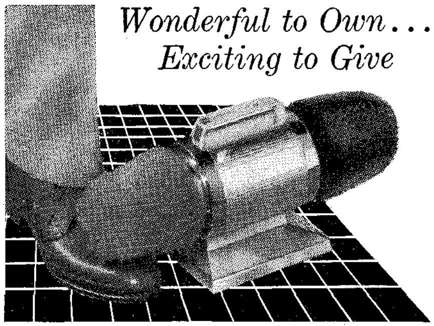

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Modern Library, Inc. 'When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past . . .' 'Overture.' "

I had trouble catching the opening phrases—partly because of the deterioration of the record surface, which attested to the rounds made by the album in the years since Miss Wilson had last listened to it. Still, one could say it had changed little more than any long-lost acquaintance might be expected to change. But I found I suffered from a more serious difficulty in listening; the reading, I realized, required an acute sharpening of the attention in order to grasp thoughts of greater specific gravity than anything the casual record-collector commonly has to deal with. Soon, however, Proust's recollections of his childhood bedtime ritual began to come across, and I heard:

> ". . . astonished to find myself in a state of darkness, pleasant and restful enough for the eyes, and even more, perhaps, for my mind, to which it appeared incomprehensible, without a cause, a matter dark indeed.
>
> I would ask myself what o'clock it could be; I could hear the whistling of trains, which, now nearer and now farther off, punctuating the distance like the note of a bird in a forest, showed me in perspective the deserted countryside through which a traveller would be hurrying towards the nearest station: the path that he followed being fixed for ever in his memory by the general excitement due to being in a strange place, to doing unusual things. . . ."

I sat absorbed, gradually being led into Proust's closed, elaborate world. It seemed to me that Miss Wilson was even more absorbed than I, as, perched on her sculptor's workbench, she listened with an alert and responsive look, as though the record were indeed a long-lost acquaintance, and one that, far from having gone to pieces, had returned to proclaim the enduring reliability of its sociable gifts. —KEVIN WALLACE

•

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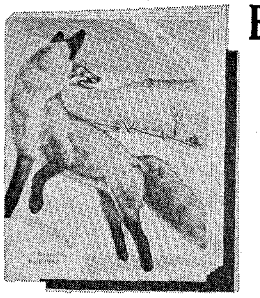

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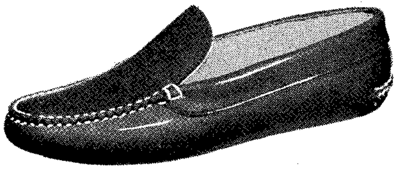

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THE RACE TRACK

Horses on the Grass, Alas

LIKE most unexpected events, the outcome of the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont last Saturday seems less surprising when you look back on it. Kelso has never been at his best on the grass, but Beau Purple, who had never raced over it (that's why he was 20–1), found it just his cup of tea, and, running the way he did when he won the Suburban and the Brooklyn last summer, led from the start to the finish, passing the winning post a couple of lengths ahead of Kelso, who was more than six lengths in front of The Axe II. Then came Wise Ship, who won the race last year, Carry Back, Honey Dear, Guadalcanal, T. V. Lark, Harmonizing, Val de Loir, Nasomo, and Monade. Though it sounds like second-guessing, I must say that Beau Purple was the most imposing horse in the paddock. Kelso looked trained to the minute, and so did The Axe II; Carry Back was his usual lively self; Monade, the French filly, seemed frail for so arduous a test (but she made a good try); and Val de Loir, I was told, didn't have the bloom he'd had earlier in the season (that's the way he ran, too). Somehow or other, the Man o' War wasn't very thrilling. The only big moment came when Kelso, who was always within striking distance of the lead, made his bid three furlongs from home, with Carry Back following him. But neither really threatened seriously. Now who is Horse of the Year?

PETE BOSTWICK's jumpers stole the show at the United Hunts' two-day meet at Belmont last week. His Baby Prince, cleverly ridden by Fred Winter, an English jockey who sits his mounts in a manner that I had thought was a lost art, took the Turf Writers Cup; his Kings Creek and his wife's Ramshorn Creek finished first and third in the L. E. Stoddard, Jr., Hurdle Handicap; and his Barnabys Bluff picked off steeplechasing's richest prize, the Temple Gwathmey Handicap. Barnabys Bluff, who is easily the best jumper at work this season, took the lead after one turn around the field and won by ten lengths from Bugle Call II and Pocket Rocket. It was his fifth victory—his third in a row—and Bost-

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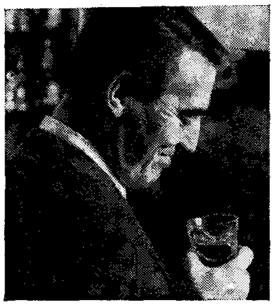

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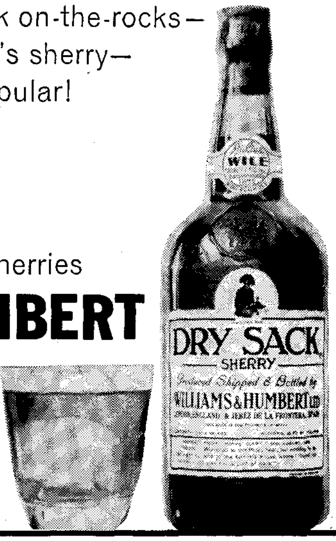

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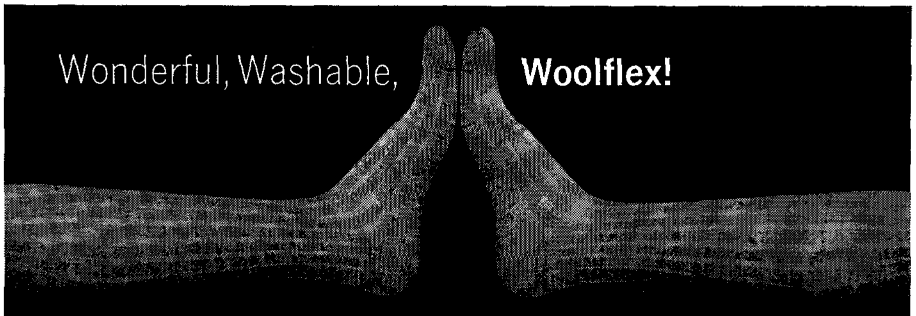

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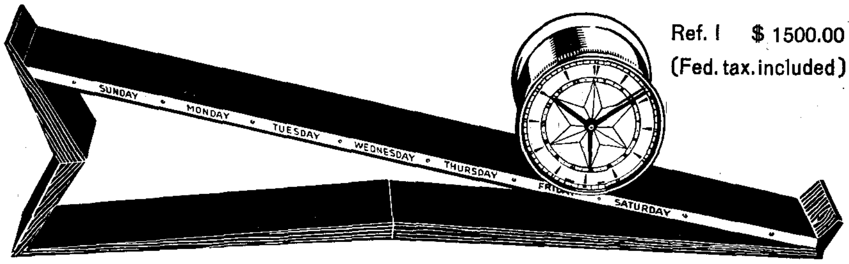

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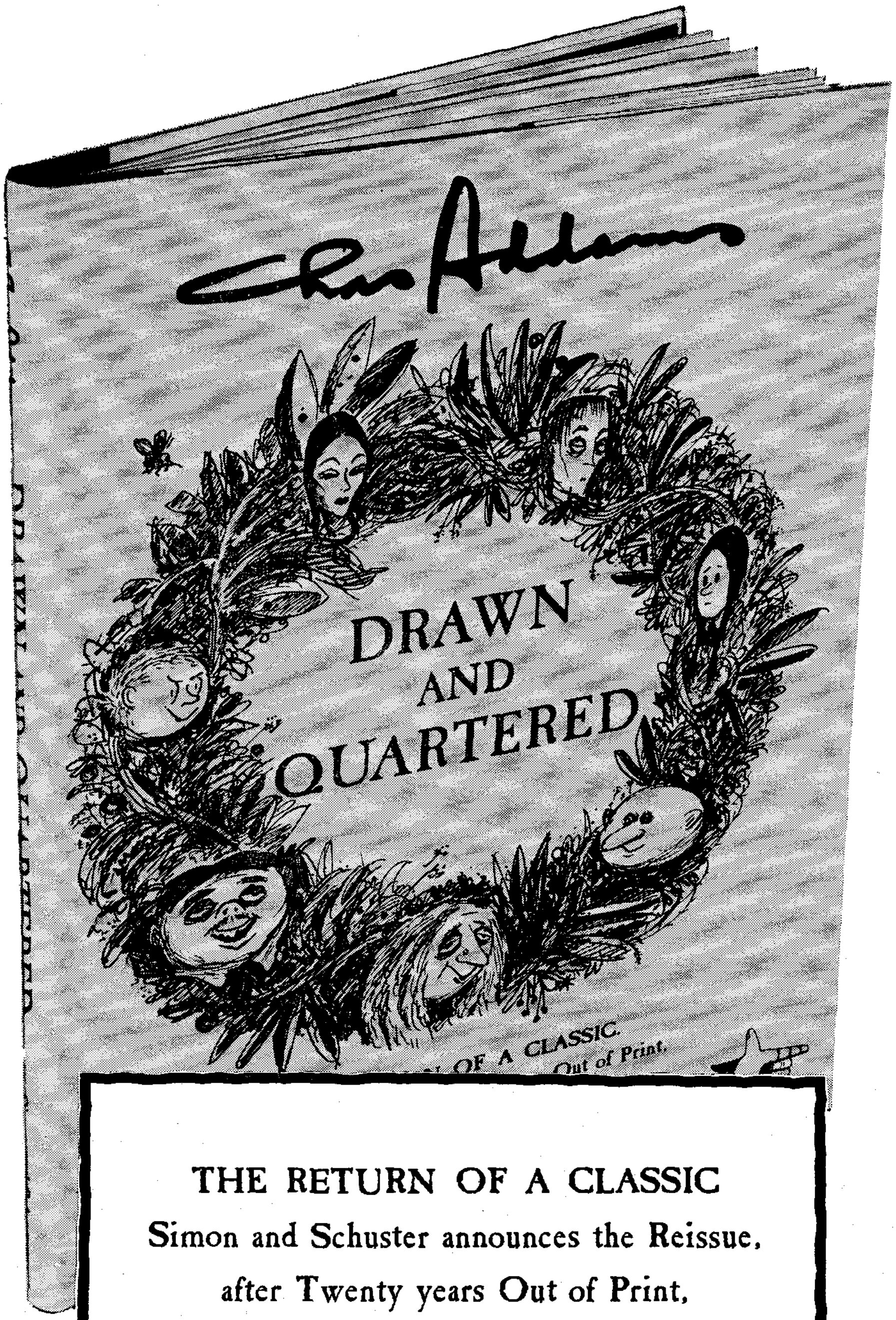

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wick, who bred him and trains him, says the horse is the best he has ever owned. Another of Bostwick's little jobs has been making Baby Prince into a top-notch hurdler. Actually, Bostwick doesn't own this fellow but leases him from C. V. Whitney, and there's a tale about that. When Baby Prince, a four-year-old roan gelding, was put in training, two years ago, he was the pokiest thing in the stable—a real slowcoach, as they say in Kentucky—but because his dam, Jazz Baby, is one of Whitney's favorite mares, he wasn't sold. Instead, he became a pony for the Whitney children, and then Whitney himself began riding him around the farm in Lexington, where Bostwick saw him and took him over. Who knows? He may develop into another Barnabys Bluff. Bostwick has certainly done all right with a stable of four jumpers this season; they've earned nearly $125,000. Still, I wouldn't advise going into the jumping-horse business. That's strictly for the experts.

By the way, at Belmont the other afternoon I saw a movie of the most extraordinary performance, I venture to say, that was ever given in a steeplechase—that of Fred Winter, whom I mentioned earlier, on Mme. Kilian Hennessy's Mandarin in the Grand Steeple-Chase de Paris at Auteuil this summer. Mandarin broke his bit at the fourth fence on the four-and-a-half-mile figure-eight course, yet Winter, by horsemanship and good luck, not only remained in the saddle but sent his mount over twenty more obstacles and won the race from ten of the leading horses in training. It has to be seen to be believed. Too bad the film isn't available for public showing.

THE Gardenia Stakes for two-year-old fillies at Garden State Park last weekend was something of an anticlimax. As you probably know, Smart Deb, the heavy favorite, led to the turn into the stretch and then bolted, losing enough ground for Main Swap to beat her by half a length. It was the second time Main Swap had profited by one of Smart Deb's missteps. Only a few weeks before, Smart Deb was disqualified for crowding in the Astarita at Aqueduct and Main Swap was moved up into first place. Madam Bad Luck must be working overtime.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

There were varied opinions on the Franco-Monegasque dispute:

"They should pay taxes!" said a nice taxi driver. "It is not fair."—*Denver Post.*

Doesn't sound so nice to us.

BOOKS

Founding Fathers

THE introduction to the first four volumes of the Adams Papers, the "Diary and Autobiography of John Adams," edited by L. H. Butterfield (Belknap Press of Harvard University Press), is a history of history's raw materials. It tells how, starting in the eighteenth century, the talented, indefatigable, self-conscious Adamses accumulated a formidable mass of writing—diaries, letters, and memoirs—and about the small inroads editors and publishers had made on these papers by the beginning of the twentieth century. It goes on to relate that one generation of Adamses, uncertain whether its ancestors' records should be considered family property or a legacy to the United States, shut them away for twenty-five years, and that the next has given them to the public. The introduction also describes the scholarly work that prepared these manuscripts for publication. All this is not only necessary and proper but entertaining. One statement in the introduction points out what the reader is going to discover for himself: "John Adams was no 'type' at all, but a unique human being, individualistic to the point of eccentricity. . . . Though he of course possessed Yankee traits, to call him a Yankee character is inadequate if not misleading. . . . John Adams would have been a character at any time and in any part of the world."

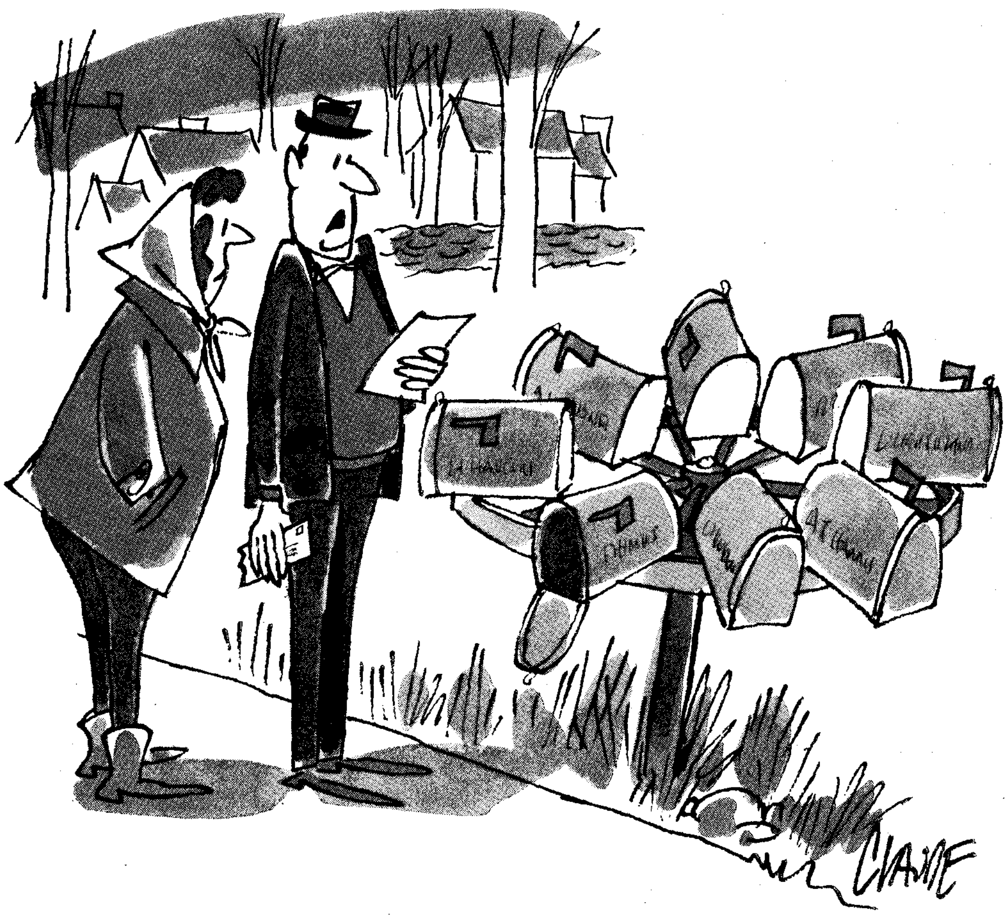
Adams kept his diary for his own pleasure and began his autobiography after he had left public life, to tell his grandchildren what he had done. Neither is a complete record; his diary ends a few months before he became President, and he abandoned his autobiography when he got as far as 1780. Besides, there are gaps in both; neither, for instance, contains a how-I-did-it account of Adams' victorious defense of the British soldiers who were tried for murder after the Boston Massacre.

Still, these two works include a lot of history. The diary casually mentions Cousin Sam's famous Boston caucus—that nursery of sedition or liberty which, in 1763, chose the town's officials before the town did—and says that its members "smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one End of the Garrett to the other." Adams took notes on the debates in the Continental Congress, most of them more extensive than his disgusted summary: "In Congress, nibbling and quibbling—as usual." And there's Adams' unsentimental recollection of Marie Antoinette in his autobiography, which was written after Edmund Burke's effusion on the martyred Queen: "I always thought her Majesty much beholden to her Dress. Mr. Burke saw her probably but once. I have seen her fifty times perhaps and in all the Varieties of her Dresses. She had a fine Complexion indicating perfect health, and was an handsome Woman in her face and figure. But I have seen Beauties much superiour both in Countenance and form, in France, England and America."

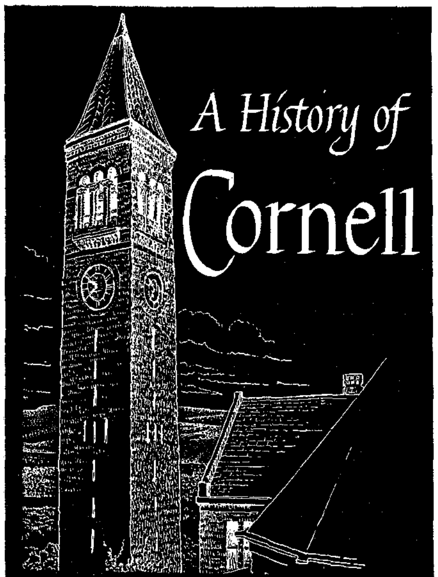
Some of Adams' phrasing, including the comment on the Boston caucus, is familiar, because Adams has been the historians' only or most reliable source on certain subjects. But other qualities we expect in history—an attempt at impartiality, a deliberate broadening of scope, research—are naturally missing from these documents. Their strong point is their picture of the man, one whose particular combination of virtues and flaws makes him, at least to me, continually diverting, and—perhaps because I have never been the object of his righteous wrath—extremely likable.

Adams was a lawyer, a farmer, a politician both revolutionary and conservative, a diplomat, and a President—in short, a man of business. He had gifts, though, that such men are often denied, gifts evident in his diary—a galloping sense of humor, a whimsical imagination, and an aptitude for writing. Early in the diary, in 1756, Adams, twenty years old, the son of a farmer, and a graduate of Harvard who was uncertain whether to study law or divinity, was teaching school in Worcester. He remarks in his diary:

> I sometimes, in my sprightly moments, consider my self, in my great Chair at School, as some Dictator at the head of a commonwealth. In this little State I can discover all the great Genius's . . . of the great World in miniature. I have severall renowned Generalls but 3 feet high, and several deep-projecting Politicians in peticoats. I have others catching and dissecting Flies, accumulating remarkable pebbles, cockle shells &c., with as ardent Curiosity as any Virtuoso in the royal society. Some rattle and Thunder out A, B, C, with as much Fire and impetuosity, as Alexander fought, and very



"It's from the committee. It's my turn to oil the wheel."



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often sit down and cry as heartily, upon being outspelt, as Cesar did, when at Alexanders sepulchre he recollected that the Macedonian Hero had conquered the World before his Age.

There are lots of such sprightly moments in the diary. The works he published were for the most part political argument or theory, written to persuade, but in his diary he often approaches the style of a bellettrist writing for the sake of writing. He transcribes conversations of no historic importance (except that he heard them), retells anecdotes, sketches men's appearances and characters, describes landscapes and details of life, dress, and manners. He notes in his diary the first time he saw place cards (in the Netherlands, in 1782), and remembers in his autobiography how gracefully the French nobility moved. One can't help regretting that Adams never had the time to Boswellize himself and his era.

His description of his schoolroom commonwealth suggests that as early as 1756 he had developed his remarkable diligence. Though his schoolteaching job was a stopgap, he noticed each child in his class well enough to describe him and well enough to remember him in 1771. That year Adams visited Worcester on his way to Stafford Springs, a primitive spa in Connecticut, and remarked that he saw "many young Gentlemen, who were my Scholars and Pupils, when I kept School, here." He spoke of those who, in 1771, were studying for the learned professions, and commented, "Most of these began to learn Latin with me."

Adams' diligence, like his intelligence, is noticeable all through his diary. When he began to practice law, in Braintree, his home town, he was quickly involved in local politics, that familiar, thorny mixture of principle and personalities, and while his practice grew he took part in the politics of protest and, eventually, of revolution. He looked after the family farm. Though he decided against the ministry as a career, he continued to read theology as earnestly as any divinity student, and he went on studying law long after he was admitted to the bar. Many of the topics he turned over in his mind and worked at in his diary began as questions about Massachusetts law, grew over the years into questions about fundamental law, and became the problems the Congress debated before the break with Great Britain and while framing the Articles of Confederation.

Diligent as he was, Adams was never satisfied that he was doing enough. On his trip to Stafford Springs, he told his

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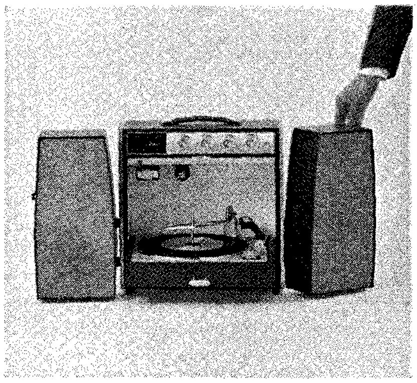

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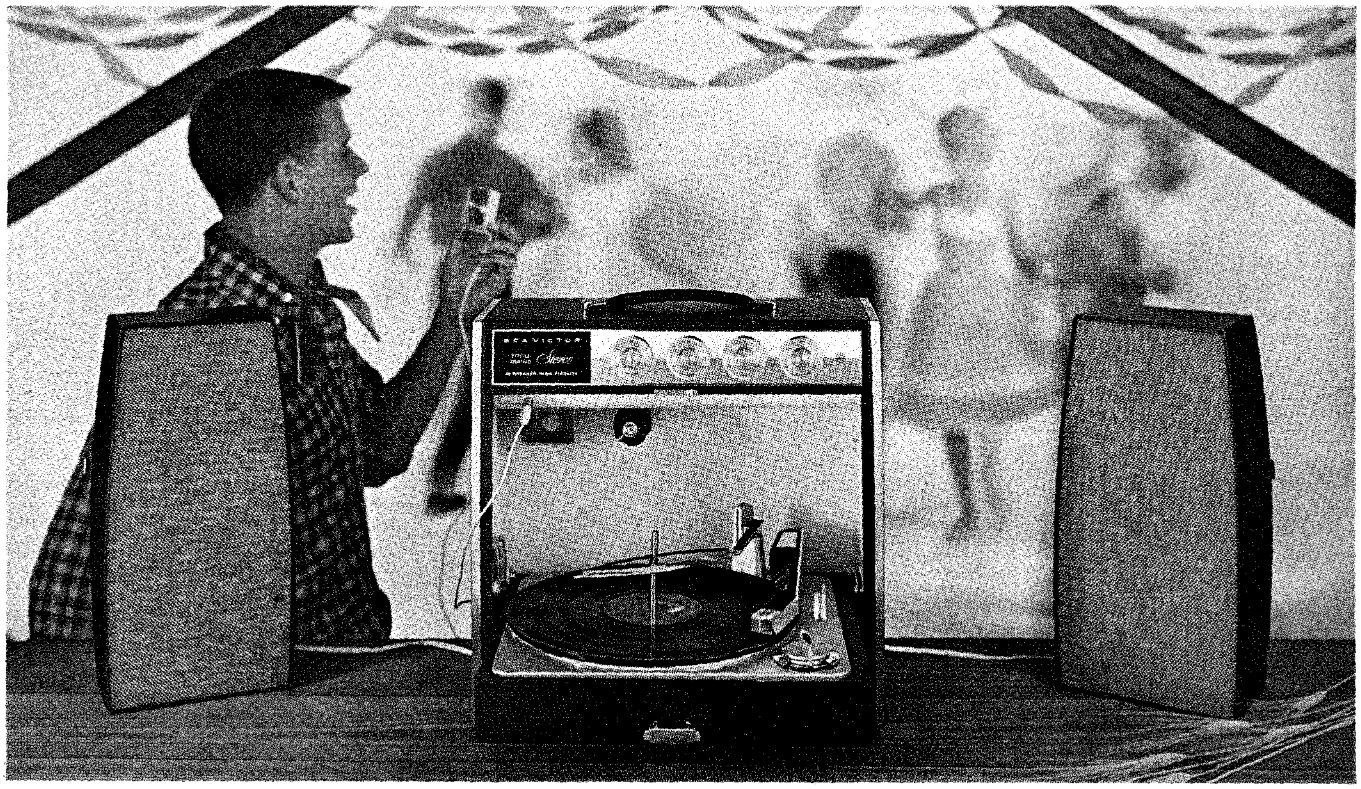

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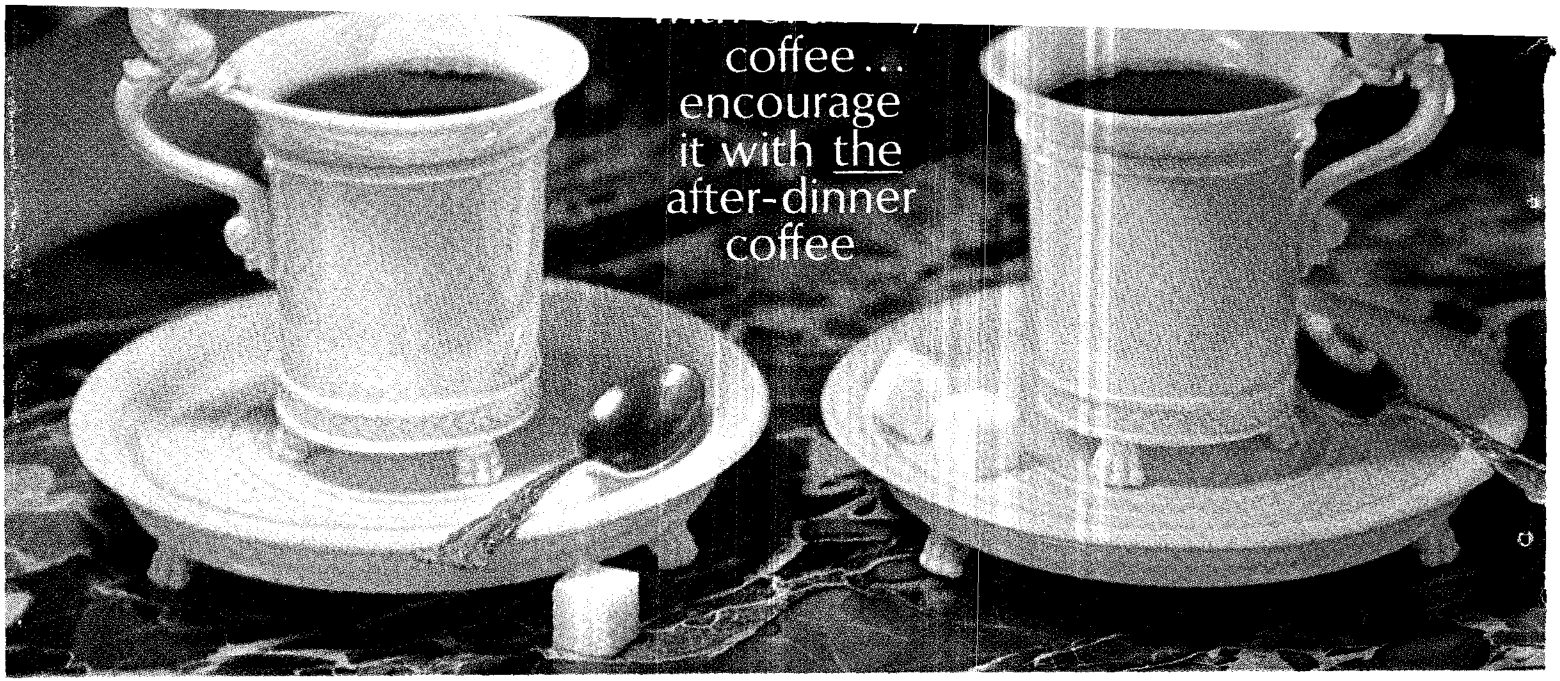
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Many of his contemporaries wished that he had been a little less successful in exhorting himself to action, or that, if he wanted to kill himself with work, he'd let them alone. His impatient zeal for independence irritated several of his fellow-congressmen, but that now looks like farsighted statesmanship. Yet consider Adams as President of the Board of War and Ordnance. He lists the duties of this body in his autobiography, to show his grandchildren "the insupportable Burthen of Business, that was thrown upon me, by this Congress." Staggering under this burden, he found time to write quite a few letters to officers he knew, scolding them for losing battles and telling them how the Thebans under Epaminondas inspired their "raw Militia" and defeated Sparta. Adams remarks that "these Letters . . . were not callculated to procure me popularity in the Army," a piece of understatement that is probably not deliberate; understatement is not typical of Adams. And Benjamin Franklin certainly would have been glad to see Adams a little less busy. Franklin is first mentioned in Adams' diary in 1756, as "a prodigious Genius cultivated with prodigious industry." By 1778, when Adams joined Franklin as a commissioner to the French court, Adams found him insufficiently industrious. He was given over to "Love of Ease, and Dissipation" (Franklin often went out to dinner), and Adams "found that the Business of our Commission would never be done, unless I did it." America's diplomats were quarrelling among themselves, and it appears that Franklin's lack of visible activity helped persuade Adams that the "prodigious Genius" had become utterly unreliable, an "old Conjuror." Adams went back to the United States in 1779, after a whirlwind year in which he studied French and diplomacy, actually did most of the business of the commission, talked back to the French Foreign Minister, and kept a vigilant eye on those shifty fellows Franklin and John Paul Jones. On board ship, homeward bound, he remarked, "There is a

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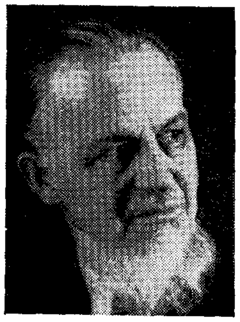

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Feebleness and a Languor in my Nature. My Mind and Body both partake of this Weakness."

Adams' feebleness was a persistent Adams illusion. As early as 1776, he was writing of his "shattered Constitution" (he lived another fifty years). In 1771, a doctor he met in Stafford Springs told him that he was "subject to a certain weak Muscle and lax Fibre, which occasions Glooms to plague you," and Adams' glooms, like Adams' principles, were powerful. Here he is, starting a bright new year on January 1, 1773: "I have felt very well and been in very good Spirits all Day. I never was happier, in my whole Life. . . . The Year to come, will be a pleasant, a chearfull, a happy and a prosperous Year to me." He let himself consider the outlook for a few more lines, and then decided it was too rosy: "I have said Above that I had the Prospect before me of an happy and prosperous Year. . . . Yet Fire may destroy my Substance, Diseases may desolate my family, and Death may put a Period to my Hopes, and Fears."

Adams, however, seems to have disliked competition in gloominess. Before he sailed for France in 1778, he expected the worst—capture at sea by the British Navy and a traitor's death—but he was prepared to lay down his life for "the Cause." On his way to the wharf, he met an old lady who agreed with him too heartily. As he recalled it, she told him, "Mr. Adams you are going to embark under very threatening Signs. The Heavens frown, the Clouds roll, the hollow Winds howl, The Waves of the Sea roar upon the Beech"—as indeed they all did, it being February on the New England coast. Adams dismissed her remarks: "On she went in such a Strain that I seemed to be reading Ossian." I think he liked to be his own Ossian.

Adams' intellectual curiosity should have made him a delighted traveller, and he certainly was a dedicated sightseer. He suffered the discomforts of eighteenth-century travel, but by way of compensation he travelled as an eminent person and was greeted everywhere with deferential hospitality. Such treatment did not raise his opinion of other places. In August, 1774, as a delegate to the First Continental Congress, he stopped briefly in New York, which he admitted had its attractions, although "The Houses in general are smaller than in Boston and the City occupies less Ground." The most distinguished men in New York exerted themselves to entertain Adams and the other New England delegates, but

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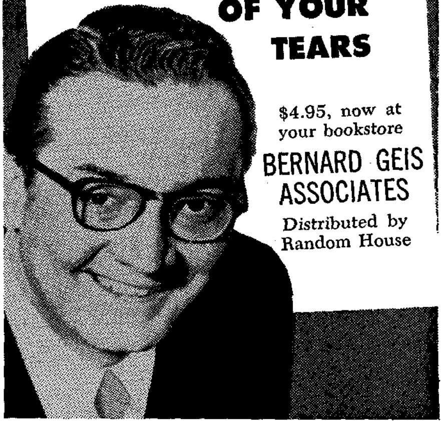

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"With all the Opulence and Splendor of this City, there is very little good Breeding to be found. We have been treated with an assiduous Respect. But I have not seen one real Gentleman, one well bred Man since I came to Town." The Congress met in Philadelphia, and Adams had to submit to the same horrid assiduities. He stayed longer in Philadelphia, which enabled him to ascertain that "Phyladelphia with all its Trade, and Wealth, and Regularity is not Boston. The Morals of our People are much better, their Manners are more polite, and agreeable. . . . Our language is better, our Persons are handsomer, our Spirit is greater, our Laws are wiser, our Religion is superiour, our Education is better." Early in 1777 the Congress sat for a few weeks in Baltimore, where Adams discovered that "the Manners of Maryland are somewhat peculiar." Marylanders brought their sons up "in Idleness or what is worse in Horse Racing, Cock fighting, and Card Playing. . . . The object of the Men of Property here . . . is universally, Wealth. . . . Landjobbers—Speculators in Land—little Generosity to the Public—little public Spirit." (Philadelphia had sunk from its 1774 all-round inferiority to Boston to become "that Mass of Cowardice and Toryism.") When Adams was sent to Europe, he naturally discovered much to censure. The nicest thing he could find to say about Brussels was that many of its public buildings had been constructed of a stone that resembled "our Braintree North Common stone." After the Revolution, Adams was American Minister to Great Britain, and he took time off to tour the large country estates. He thought little of them. When he returned from his jaunt, he sat down at the legation in Grosvenor Square and told his diary, "In all Countries, and in all Companies for several Years, I have in Conversation and in Writing, enumerated The Towns, Militia, Schools and Churches as the four Causes of the Grouth . . . of N. England. The Virtues and Talents of the people are there formed. Their Temperance, Patience, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice, as well as their Sagacity, Knowledge, Judgment, Taste, Skill, Ingenuity, Dexterity, and Industry." It is startling to find, in Adams' diary for the summer of 1796, which he spent farming in Braintree, how many of these virtuous, talented New Englanders were "running to all the Shops and private Houses swilling Brandy, Wine and Cyder." Still, it was a good summer; it was "of all the Summers of my Life . . . the freest from

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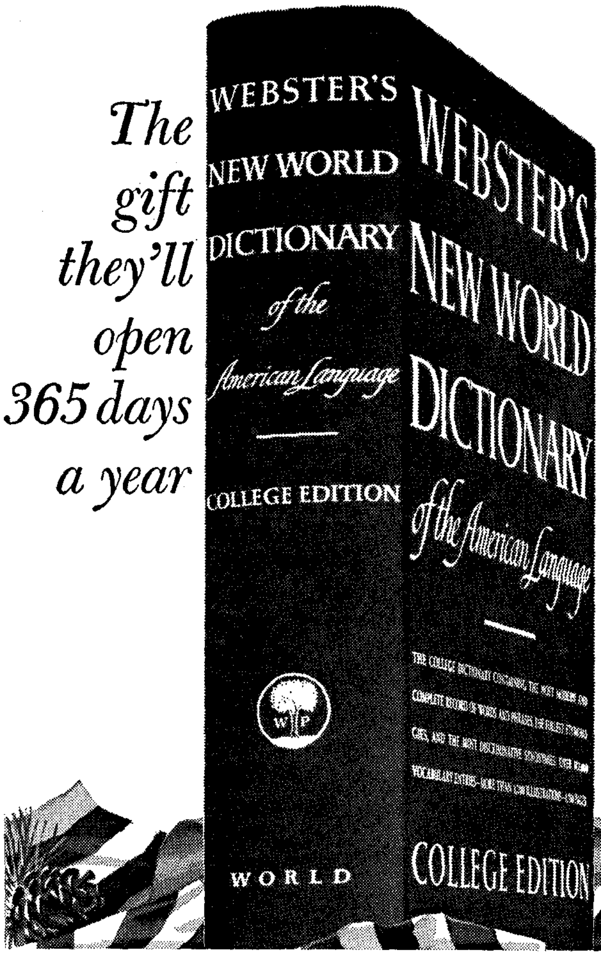
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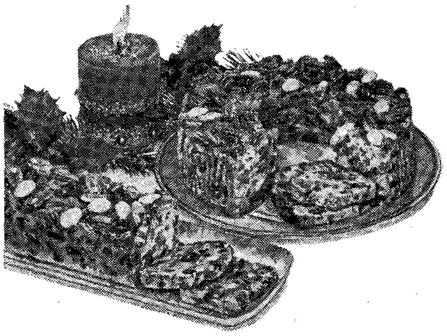

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Care, Anxiety and Vexation. . . . Alas! what may happen to reverse all this?" What happened was that he was elected President of the United States.

Have I made Adams' wonderful self-portrait seem not "warts and all" but all warts? I shouldn't have. Those of us who are not going to leave footprints on the sands of time have to look for consolation in the lives of great men. So much of John Adams was so brilliant—his marching prose, his ability to turn legal abstractions into working propositions, his courage, his rectitude—that it is a comfort to count up what we can share with him: crankiness, impatience, hypochondria, provincialism, self-doubt. Nothing in his self-revelations suggests meanness; he was not a hypocrite and, though he could hate, he hated on principle, however mistaken, not out of malice. His character was all of a piece, a stable compound of integrity and oddity.

HAROLD C. SYRETT, the editor of the "Papers of Alexander Hamilton"—the first two volumes, covering the years from 1768 to 1781, have been published by the Columbia University Press—does not organize his material as Professor Butterfield does, which makes sense, because the material is different. There is no large block of self-revelation, no Hamilton diary or autobiography, so Professor Syrett has arranged the variety of Hamilton papers—correspondence (the Adams correspondence is still to come), published writings, occasional poems, notes on reading, accounts—in chronological order. The sequence ends before Hamilton began his great work for American unity and solvency. These two volumes, though full of war and politics, are more private than public, and they trace an astonishing rise. In 1768, Hamilton, at the age of thirteen, was a clerk in a merchant's office in St. Croix, a Danish colony. He was articulate, resourceful, and bright, but his future was dim. In his first extant letter, the following year, he wrote, "I contemn the grov'ling and condition of a Clerk or the like, to which my Fortune &c. [he means his poverty and illegitimacy] condemns me and would willingly risk my life tho' not my Character to exalt my Station." By 1781, Hamilton had become the son-in-law of Philip Schuyler, a New York State grandee and Continental Army general; he had served brilliantly as Washington's aide and had most satisfactorily risked his life at the siege of Yorktown; he had made a number of extremely useful friendships. We are able to see how he did it: he put his

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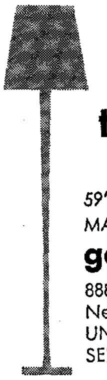

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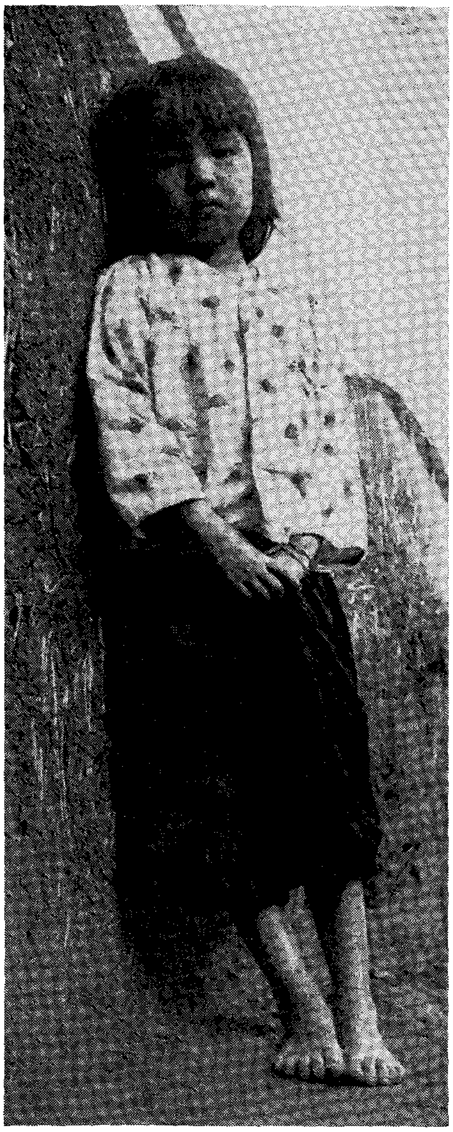
brains, his ability to work hard, and his charm at the service of his relentless awareness that he had his way to make. But he didn't grovel. His letters to Nicholas Cruger, the merchant who employed him, and who went on a trip during 1771 and 1772, are, if anything, peremptory.

The brusque concentration of Hamilton's business style is more attractive than his flowery description of a hurricane, published in the *Royal Danish American Gazette* in 1772. Though supposedly a letter written to Hamilton's father, it's no more than Delsarte prose, an exercise in expressiveness. But it attracted the attention of some local worthies, who got up a purse to send Hamilton to study in British North America. His next published work is a spirited pamphlet, "A Full Vindication of the Measures of the Congress &c.," in which Hamilton, by now nineteen and in college, boldly took upon himself the job of answering the Reverend Samuel Seabury's sophisticated, persuasive Tory propaganda. In these two volumes, Hamilton never lacks self-confidence. He was right.

When the Revolution began, he was commissioned a captain in the Continental artillery. In March of 1777, he became Washington's aide-de-camp. The editor has calendared a good many routine papers that were handled by Hamilton—requests to the commander-in-chief, and letters Hamilton wrote for Washington's signature or at his request. These give a good idea of the dull, housekeeping side of the war, and they also show Hamilton's initiative, discretion, and reliability. He was a peerless aide, and I can't imagine that any general could read these papers without envying Washington Hamilton's services.

Other papers reveal that Hamilton was more than a highly useful young officer. There are the sensible, informative letters—part personal and part summaries of military and political news from headquarters—he wrote to New York politicians. He was fluent in French—his spelling is as good as Lafayette's, which isn't saying much—and



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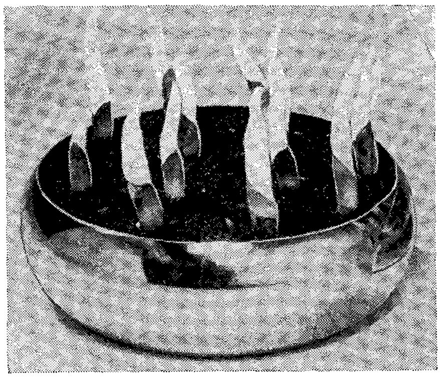

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he handled Washington's business correspondence with our eager but often touchy allies. He made friends with Lafayette and other French officers, as he did with his fellow-aides. Indeed, he had a gift for friendship, and his private letters are entertaining, unreserved, and comradely—all in all, delightful. The frankness of these letters, a symptom of friendship, offers us clues to Hamilton. He wrote John Laurens, who had for a time been on Washington's staff, a letter describing the girl he wanted to marry, in the improbable event that Laurens should come across her. He gaily reminded Laurens that his bride had to have money. When he became engaged to Betsey Schuyler, whose financial qualifications were impeccable, he wrote Laurens that his fiancée was "a good hearted girl . . . though not a genius she has good sense enough to be agreeable, and though not a beauty, she has fine black eyes." He was not quite so cool when he wrote Miss Schuyler: "I love you too much. You engross my thoughts too entirely to allow me to think anything else. You not only employ my mind all day, but you intrude on my sleep. I meet you in every dream."

Hamilton, you might say, had tact to the point of dissimulation. He used it to spare Washington. He wrote John Jay, in Congress, "Here Sir permit me to give you a key to the letters I sometimes write [to Congress] for foreigners"—the volunteers and soldiers of fortune who expected elevated commands in the Continental Army. "They serve to prevent the General being teazed with solicitations. . . . You will easily distinguish where more than ceremony is meant." Hamilton also tactfully dissimulated his feelings about Washington. In February of 1781, Hamilton quarrelled with him and resigned from his staff. In the letter to his father-in-law justifying his unjustifiable behavior, he says that "for three years past I have felt no friendship for him [Washington] and have professed none." The letter says that Hamilton had been hiding a to us incomprehensible contempt. This edition, by the way, has the fullest version of this shocking letter. Two others have appeared in print, but no manuscript in Hamilton's writing has been identified as the source for either. Professor Syrett uses a recently discovered draft by Hamilton, and compares it with the other versions, which are far less kind. The quarrel was about next to nothing, and Washington immediately attempted to apologize and asked Hamilton to rejoin his staff.

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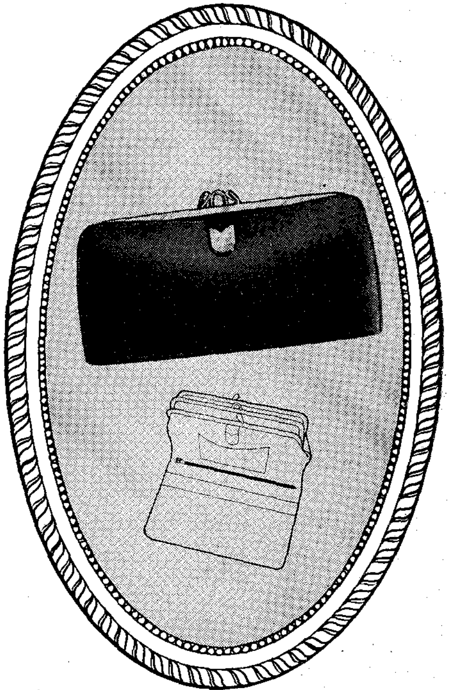

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Schuyler begged Hamilton to "make the sacrifice" of accepting Washington's apology, but although Hamilton had written Nathanael Greene, "We are entered deeply in a contest on which our all depends. We must endeavour to rub through it, sometimes even at the expence of our feelings," Hamilton's feelings were tenderer than Greene's. Or perhaps he supposed he had been rubbed harder; Greene was simply being picked on by some congressmen, while Hamilton—so Hamilton thought—had been forced into a position of "personal dependance" on a second-rate man.

Yet these papers make it quite clear that well before the quarrel Hamilton had been looking for an escape from headquarters. He was peppering his influential correspondents with plans for a reorganized government and with advice on fiscal policy. His ideas were sound enough, and they suggested the creation of institutions—a Treasury and a national bank—that might easily have employed an able young man with business and military experience and a wide acquaintance among rich patriots. He had been urging Washington to give him a command in the field, and he had tried, through Lafayette, to persuade Washington to promote him to adjutant general. Right after he broke with Washington, Hamilton started to tease the General with solicitations for a noticeable post, and, curiously, though Hamilton believed (or so he wrote Schuyler) that Washington resented him, Washington found him a spot.

Hamilton's doubleness is as striking as Adams' unity. In these volumes Hamilton appears as two personalities: the papers portray a romantic of Werther's generation—tender, sensitive to the point of sentimentality, honorable, and unrealistic, the sort of fellow who would much rather rescue a damsel in distress than marry a happy heiress; they also portray an adventurer, a young man on the make. Naturally, the romantic Hamilton is superficially more appealing; he resembles another staff officer, John André, whose charm, nobility, and courage greatly impressed Hamilton. André was both admirable and pitiable, but I've never thought that if he hadn't been hanged he would have become powerful or eminent. And it seems to me that Hamilton the adventurer, or—to use a kinder word—promoter, was a more valuable American than Hamilton the ardent young gentleman. It has been a historians' cliché that his foreign birth helped him envision a national future for the American

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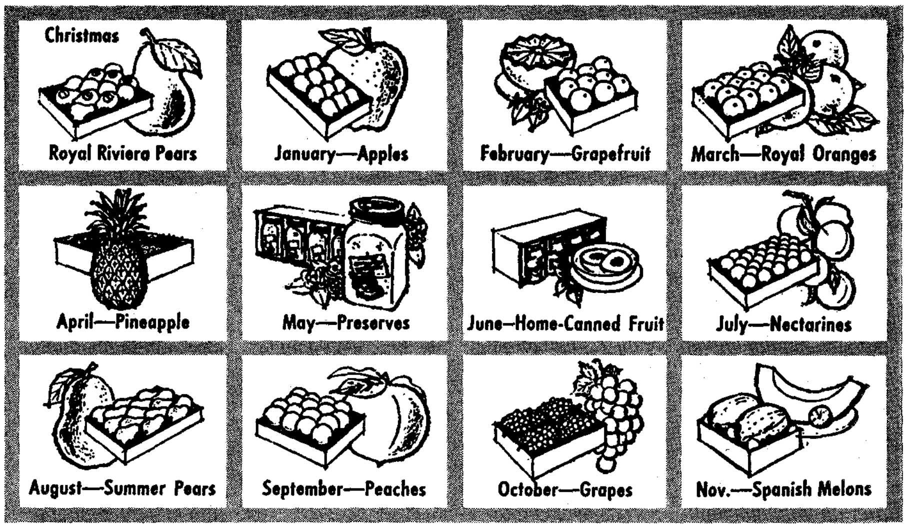

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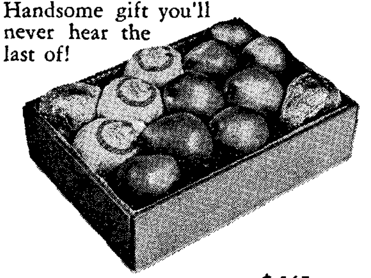

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colonies; he could never confuse his county with his country. But something besides vision was necessary: the sharp, cutting edge of an ambitious nobody. In some ways this double Hamilton looks like a Stendhal hero—passionate, at once too virtuous and not virtuous enough for the everyday world. (Later in his career Hamilton attempted some miserable political intrigues, and he usually failed; both Adams and Jefferson, who were neither romantics nor adventurers, outmaneuvered him.)

It has been hard to get a clear view of the men of the revolutionary generation, and Hamilton, obscured by years of political partisanship, has been particularly hard to see. Perhaps the curtain is at last coming down on that textbook Punch-and-Judy show called Hamilton versus Jefferson. There is enough time between the founding fathers and ourselves to make it evident that their achievements are lasting but their quarrels aren't. And, with the publication of papers such as these, we can begin to pay these men the tribute not of worship but of understanding.

—Naomi Bliven

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SENSATIONAL NEWS STORIES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From the Mainichi* (*Tokyo*) *News*]

SENSATIONAL ROBBER
LEAVES FOR KYUSHU

By Staff Correspondent

Naha, Okinawa, Mar. 25—A 20 year old boy who fled to Okinawa last week after allegedly committing a sensational robbery in Tokyo, left here for Kagoshima, a port city in Kyushu, this morning aboard a passenger liner.

Some Okinawan relative of the boy, Gentoku Fukuchi, said he is going to give himself up to Japanese police when he arrives at Kagoshima around 11 a.m. Monday.

Fukuchi, with two other accomplices, robbed a television salesman of ¥570,000 in Tokyo in the broad daylight early this month, and escaped to Okinawa in an attempt to depend on his relatives in Kosa City, Okinawa.

He left Naha aboard the Naha Maru of the Ryukyu Marine Transport Co. at 11 a.m. today. When last seen, he was wearing a clean winter suit and appeared seriously frustrated.

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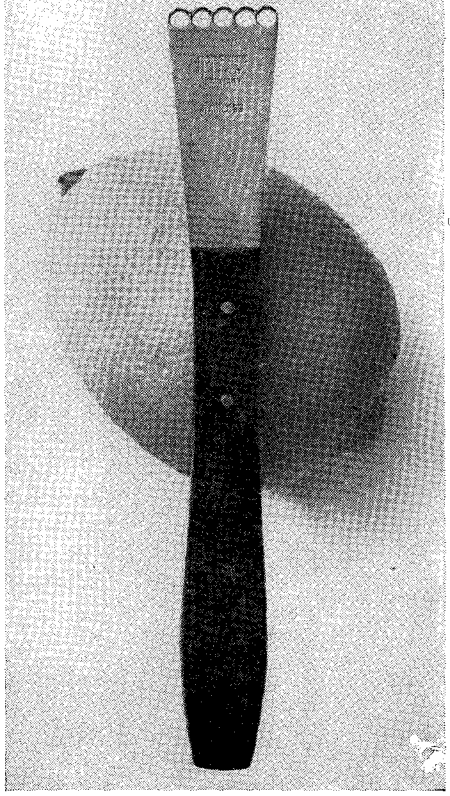

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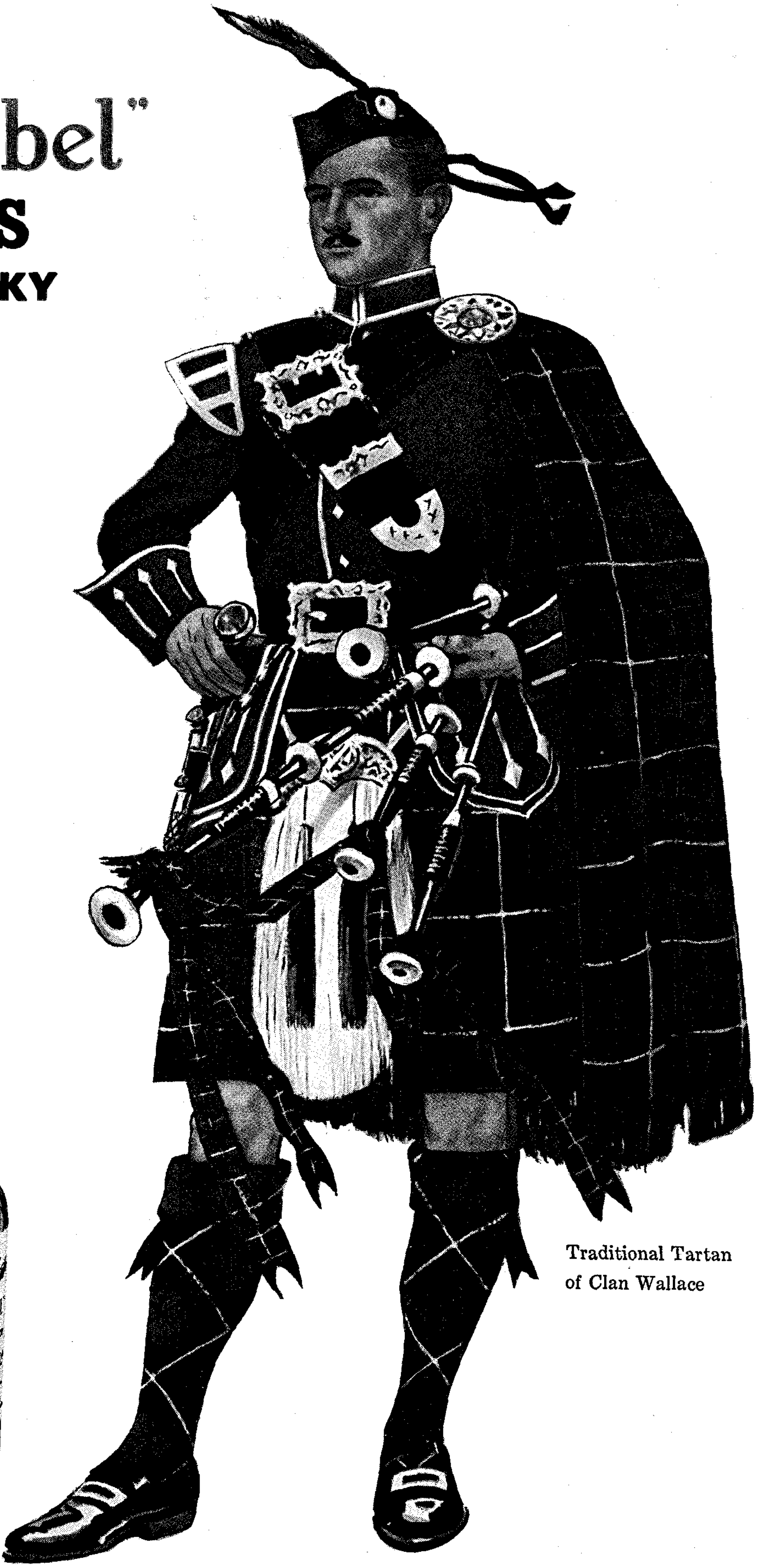

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